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September 16, 1933

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

LAWSON WOOD

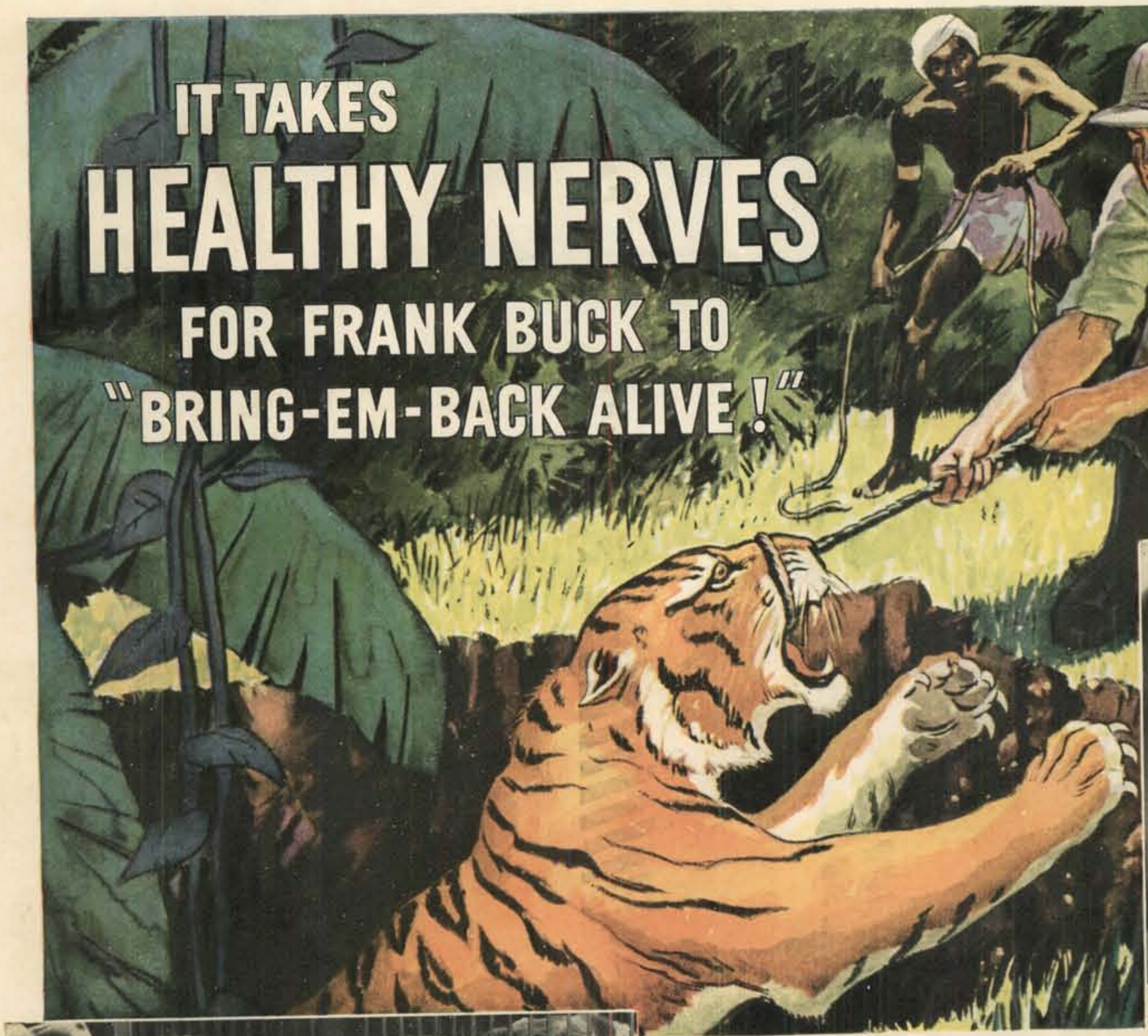
She went to the Fair

a romance lit by Arcturus

By Elmer Davis

EPT. 16, 1933

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES FOR FRANK BUCK TO "BRING-EM-BACK ALIVE!"



● ABOVE—FRANK BUCK lugged tons of rhinos, cobras, tigers, and gorillas across the Pacific to win his famous title, "Bring-'em-back-alive Buck." He *has* to keep his nerves healthy to follow his strange occupation of capturing wild animals *alive!*

● WHETHER YOU'RE ON A HOLIDAY, or hard at work, Camels are the cigarettes for steady smoking. Costlier tobaccos do make a difference.

● ABOVE — FRANK BUCK HAS SMOKED his way around the globe with Camels. He says, "I am a steady Camel smoker. Camels are milder, and they don't jangle my nerves."

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

"Bringing 'em back alive is a job packed with thrills, excitement, and real danger," says Frank Buck. "I am a heavy smoker, as you noticed if you saw my picture, 'Bring'em Back Alive,' but I can smoke all I want because I smoke Camels. They do not upset my nerves. I prefer their mild, rich flavor, too."

☼ ☼ ☼

Turn to Camels and find out for yourself how true it is that Camel's costlier tobaccos taste better . . . and do not jangle the nerves. Begin today!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. You'll appreciate the mildness ...the flavor...the added pleasure in costlier tobaccos.

CAMEL
TURKISH & B
CIG
QUALITY

A MATCHLESS BLEND

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

(REPRODUCTION OF AN ACTUAL UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH)

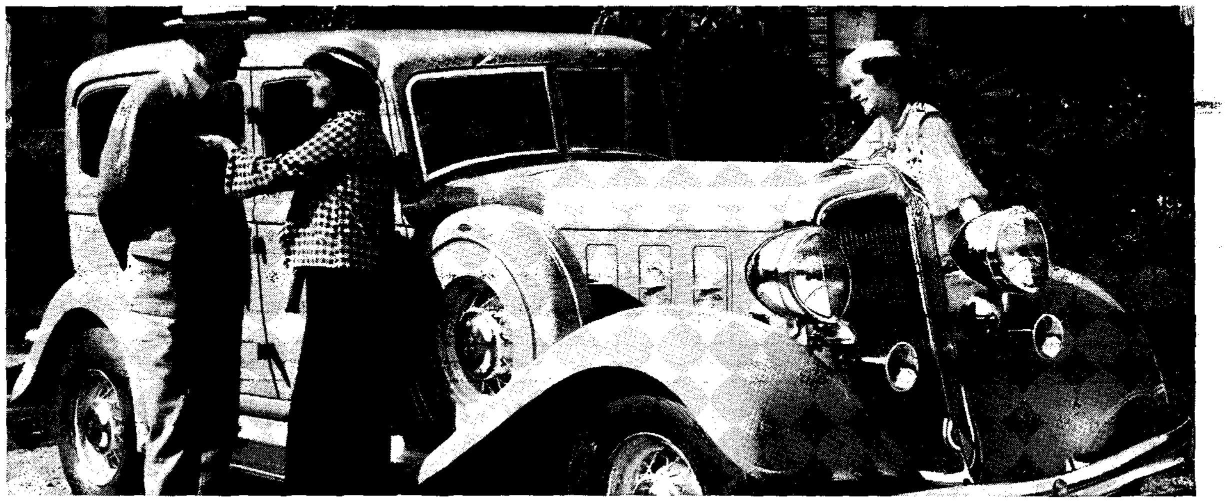
"Get out on the Road in a CHRYSLER if you want to know value!"

"SO SMOOTH! I never knew a car could be so silent, so effortless . . . so delightfully easy to handle."

"WHAT A PICK-UP! Feel that Chrysler get up and go . . . smooth as silk, silent as a ghost."

"LOOK AT THAT SPEEDOMETER! I never dreamed we were up to 85. How easily this car does everything!"

"STOPS ON A DIME! Until you try hydraulic brakes you can't imagine how much surer and softer they are."



"OH, HOW I WANT THAT CAR! It's so good looking and grand to drive. There's no car quite like a Chrysler! And imagine buying a sedan like this big 90 horsepower Royal Eight for only $925" (special equipment optional at additional cost).

"Frankly, I thought that all automobiles were more or less alike today.

"Mechanical terms and features . . . claims for this and claims for that . . . all meant little to me.

"But I do believe my own eyes and ears. So I took my favorites out on the road . . . compared them carefully . . . and I'm going to buy a Chrysler.

"A Chrysler in action has a charm all its own. It floats along so silently. It handles so effortlessly. It has so much extra capacity to do difficult things with disarming ease.

"I like the easy starting of a Chrysler . . . you simply touch your foot to the accelerator and the engine goes. I like the ease of shifting gears . . . the ease of steering . . . the ease of braking . . . the security you feel in those luxurious bodies of strong steel.

"I know we'll be a lot happier with a Chrysler. It's our kind of car.

"And the grandest part of it is . . . a Chrysler costs so little today that you just can't afford to buy a less satisfactory car.

"A Chrysler Six sedan for $785—the Royal Eight for $925—is a real piece of good news. If you want to know just how big a value Chrysler is, follow my example . . . *take a Chrysler out on the road!*"

★ ★ ★

CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN $785 83 horsepower, 117-inch wheelbase, six body types, $745 to $945.

ROYAL EIGHT SEDAN $925 90 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, six body types, $895 to $1125.

IMPERIAL EIGHT SEDAN $1295 108 horsepower, 126-inch wheelbase, five body types, $1275 to $1495.

CUSTOM IMPERIAL SEDAN $2895 135 horsepower, 146-inch wheelbase, six body types, $2895 to $3595.

All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit. (Special equipment extra).

CHRYSLER ★

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

YOU are likely to associate a girl with the scene in which you first saw her—a flower garden, a beach, a ship, a night club. Doyle Evans associated Phyllis Benedict with a triple murder.

She was a magnificent creature, tall and blond, with a conspicuous and radiant beauty. When she walked you knew that such grace could only belong to a superb body. And she was the heiress to eighty million dollars.

Yet Evans knew, as soon as he heard her voice, that she was an impostor. She was not Jason Benedict's long-lost daughter; she was the associate of racketeers. She had watched three men meet sudden and violent deaths; perhaps she had been the cause of those deaths. He also knew that he loved her.

And with that, "Conspiracy," Arthur Somers Roche's brilliant new serial, is off to a flying start. You are hereby warned to get aboard early.

THERE was a time—within the memory of kindergarten pupils—when organized minorities dictated the policies of this country. They terrified legislatures, local and national, and their ambitious schemes expanded with hurricane velocity. In the American Legion, for instance, the more sanguine element practically contemplated taking over the federal treasury.

The politicians who fathered these projects upon the American veteran encountered an unexpected and very tall obstacle in the New Deal. For a time it silenced them, but now mutterings and fist-shakings are clearly discernible. They are certain to lead to violent dissension in the Legion's National Convention early next month. Walter Davenport, himself an ex-service man, gives you an inside picture of this "Battle of the Heroes."

MR. JULIAN HAY'S nature was expensively sympathetic. It led him to take the entire cast of a defunct musical comedy to Havana. Unfortunately he was never able to recall exactly what happened there. But when a personable member of the chorus called at his office "to talk about his future," it filled him with grave misgivings. How well justified these were is the subject of Stephen Morehouse Avery's diverting and romantic short story, "Havana Honeymoon."

ROARK BRADFORD, Ray Tucker, Frederick Nebel, Mary C. McCall, Jr., Howard S. Reed and W. B. Courtney offer a gay distraction from the sinister and inescapable notes of E. Phillips Oppenheim's shadow symphony. And, of course, that's not all.

This Week

●

September 16, 1933

Cover by Lawson Wood

ELMER DAVIS
She Went to the Fair. A gay romance—abetted by Arcturus. Page 7

STORM JAMESON
Away to Sea. Love—at first sight and for good. Page 10

W. B. COURTNEY
They're Coming Through the Ceiling. The new device that makes flying possible in all weather. Page 12

ERNEST HAYCOX
Wild Enough. A daughter of the range runs true to form. Page 14

HARRIS DICKSON
Waifs of the Winding River. The backwaters of drama. Page 16

DANA BURNET
His Error. He thought he had married an actress. Page 17

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Man without Nerves, Part II. Increasing mystery. Page 18

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Manhattan Love Song, Conclusion. A grand one, too. Page 20

T. R. YBARRA
Awaitin' at the Church. Europe, tearful and profane, looks at President Roosevelt. Page 21

PEGGY LeBOUTILLIER and VIRGINIA COWLES
Society Girl. A candid drawing from life. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Bonds of Felicity, by Jean Stark. Page 25

DON MARQUIS
Ten Nights in a Drug Store. An elegant setting for the Old Soak. Page 26

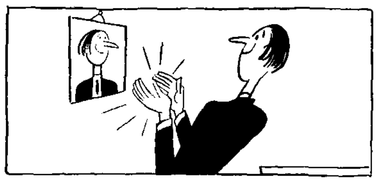
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Things you'd never guess. Page 28

EDITORIAL
Kidnapping and Prohibition. Page 62

●

Any Week

WITHOUT our knowledge, Mr. Richard B. Longan of Louisville, Kentucky, has been looking for proof of his opinion that we "are not as important as you try to make people think. I have just been looking over the list of honorary Generals, Colonels and Magicians Royal created by our governor, the Honorable Ruby Laffoon, during past years. And you're not mentioned."



MR. PAUL WALSH of Lincoln, Nebraska, is wrong. He has the idea that Frank Condon "has written so many stories so successfully that he does not care any more to have his readers tell him how much they enjoy him." Mr. Condon is practically mad about fan mail. We have known him since he used to write his own applause and carry the same around with him until worn out, when he simply sat down and wrote himself some more.

"I WILL bet," writes Mr. E. Roy Taylor of Meridian, Mississippi, "three fingers of Sowashee corn that the increase in cotton consumption will be found to be due to old sock replacements and that the wage increases will pass into said old sock instead of the banks."

THE Reverend Richard F. Henderson of Dunellen, New Jersey, writes a scholarly letter to correct a false impression we may have given in our Keep Up with the World department. We had it that amongst the ten different versions of the Bible in use today are the "Episcopal, Lutheran and Protestant." Naturally we had no intention of saying, even by implication, that Lutherans and Episcopalians are not Protestants.

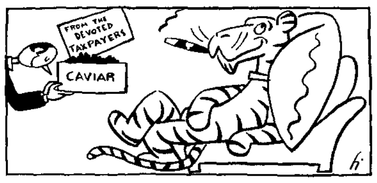
WE HAVE just received a brief note from Mr. Lew Laucks of Los Angeles, California, bidding us to "pay no attention to my first letter because it wasn't your magazine after all." All we need now is Mr. Lauck's first letter to know what not to pay any attention to.

J. H. DE ROCHE, Desk Sergeant of Pawhuska, Okla., can "visualize the thousands of congratulatory letters from denizens of the underworld" which we must have received as a result of publishing Ray Tucker's criticism of the federal secret police. This time, Mr. De Roche, we failed to get our due: not one such letter to date.

SOME time ago Mrs. L. H. Sponseller of Goshen, Indiana, wrote telling us how to end the depression. She says we practically froze her with our reply. "I was afraid for a long time," says she, "that they wouldn't even let me buy Collier's any more. I sneaked up on the news-stand every week in disguise, however, and got away with it." This time Mrs. Sponseller offers another idea. She suggests that inasmuch as the country's revenues fell off because the drys would not let the wets drink, it might be well when prohibition is no more to compel the drys to retribution and restitution by forcing them to drink. Something tells us this plan isn't likely to work.

AND Mr. Dale Guhl of New Cumberland, Pennsylvania, supposes (correctly) that we have "swung in behind this NRA." Says Mr. Guhl: "I too am with President Roosevelt 100 per cent. At the moment I even have a code in my head, but don't know how I got it at this time of year, usually catching them in the winter."

NOT that it's our fault, but the news from La Mesa, California, isn't comforting this week. Mr. H. E. Green of that town reports that the NRA is "going over big in this section. Our barbers hung out their Blue Eagles—and immediately doubled the price of a haircut, explaining that this was the way they did their part."



MRS. E. HARRIGAN of Buffalo, New York, wants to know "what on earth people are coming to." What worries Mrs. Harrigan is the disinclination of "the rest of the state to agree to tax itself more to support Tammany Hall in the manner it is used to." Mrs. Harrigan thinks it is pretty terrible that "the rest of us should try to force Tammany to cut down expenses by adopting modern government methods instead of digging down in our pockets to save the jobs of about fifty thousand utterly useless ward heelers."

"I DON'T believe anybody is really named Damon Runyon," protests Mr. O. Matchett of Atlantic City, New Jersey. "What is his right name?"

AND from you, Mr. O. Matchett, of all people!

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TUNG-SOL LONG-LIFE RADIO TUBES PROVE THEIR STAMINA!

WHILE A CITY TREMBLES... AND CRASHES TO RUIN....

...these radio tubes demonstrate their dependability...

Amateurs at W6BIF, snapped in their tent after keeping communications open for 3 days and nights without rest!

When Long Beach, California, suddenly found itself in the grip of an earthquake last March—buildings crashing to ruin, citizens thrown into panic, water and sewerage systems mangled, telephone and telegraph wires ripped to pieces—it was the voice of radio, speaking through a hastily improvised amateur network, that summoned relief, directed the work of rescue, reunited grief-stricken families, warned against polluted waters, dispatched medical aid, and turned chaotic confusion into orderly activity.

And it was the long life and stamina of Tung-Sol radio tubes—rushed to the various amateur stations immediately after the first shock—which enabled many of these amateurs to maintain uninterrupted communication for more than one hundred hours. Overloads and strain were terrific. Operating conditions were such as no tube was ever meant to endure. But in the words of Mr. R. A. McCleery of W6GWX, "in all instances where Tung-Sol equipment was used, there was complete freedom from tube trouble."

In your own radio Tung-Sol tubes may never be called upon to give such dramatic proof of long lived stamina—but the stamina will be there none the less. It's an inevitable result of Tung-Sol's precision methods of tube manufacture. Next time you need tubes, try a set of Tung-Sols. You'll find out why millions of radio owners call Tung-Sol the "long-life tube"!

RE-TUBE YOUR RADIO SET NOW FOR RADIO PROGRESS WEEK—OCT. 2 TO 7

AMATEUR RADIO STATION
W6GXW
Whittier, California

"My own station was constantly on the air for one hundred and seventeen hours, and I must say I used Tung-Sol Radio Tubes 100%, and they all proved their mettle, they all stood up fine during the day and night grind with heavy and abusive overloads and strains . ."

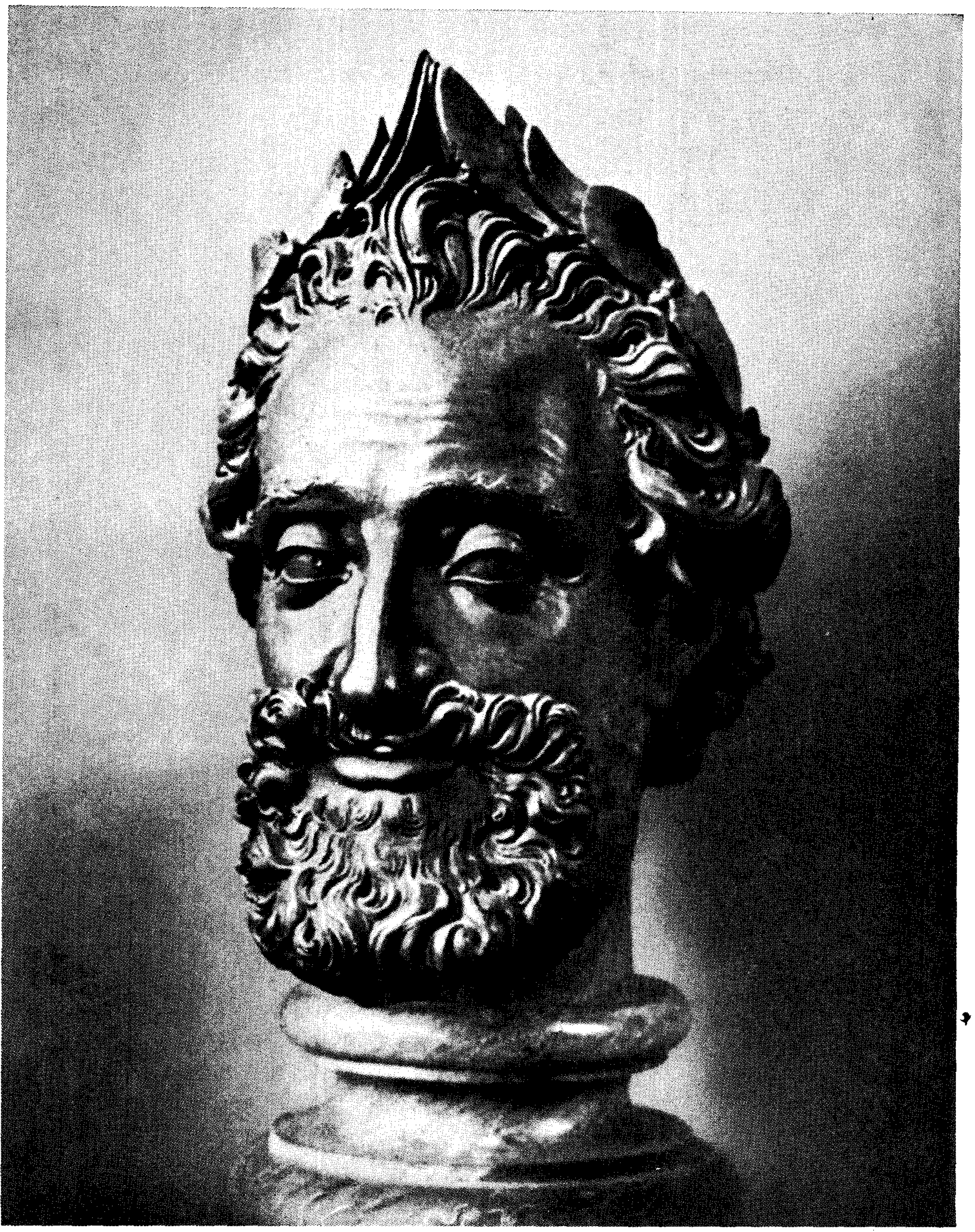
Excerpt from letter of Roy Butler, Station Manager, W6GXW.—April 7, 1933

TUNG-SOL
LONG-LIFE RADIO TUBES

TUNG-SOL RADIO TUBES INC., NEWARK, N. J.

Branches: Atlanta Boston Charlotte Chicago Cleveland Dallas Detroit Kansas City Los Angeles New York St. Paul

See what happened to Henry



Henry IV... *from the famous Louvre bust*

Henry IV, warrior king of France, was a razor coward. Poor blades had twisted the grain of his beard until comfort advised him to let his face run to weeds.

If you have the same curly, whirly stubble, if *you* are addicted to ingrown hairs—if *your* thick bristles are always at odds with a thin, tender skin—if *you* also wince at the thought of a shave, then switch to Gem and its ouch-proof, grouch-proof blades.

Gem's right-angled stroke gives the beard such a close, clean cut, that *once-over*, and *once a day*, is ample for the blackest jowls and roughest chins.

Its slanted, bevelled top reaches every crevice, wrinkle, dimple and around the most difficult nostrils.

Gem's design compels you to use the professional barber's long, swift, tugless glide.

Dual-alignment (exclusive patented feature) sets the blade so precisely and locks it so tightly at *five* points, that you simply *can't* chafe, scuff or cut yourself.

Gem Blades, single- and double-edged, are built of surgical steel, sturdy and tough enough to withstand 4840 separate stroppings. Their deep tapered edges remain keen so much longer that there's *less* shaving and *no* saving in cheaper substitutes.

The long-handled, one piece, gold-plated frame, with nothing to take apart or lose, fits both single- and double-edged blades—providing they're Gems.

Henry, with all his jewels, had no such Gem in *his* collection, but any dealer will sell you a handsomely boxed set for one dollar.

Or "doubting Thomases" may obtain a testing outfit with Gem's newest gold-plated holder and a sample of each blade, by sending this coupon and spending a quarter.

GEM MICROMATIC DOUBLEDGE
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE
MICROMATIC GEM BLADES DOUBLEDGE

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Gem Safety Razor Corp., Dept. C9, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Enclosed find 25¢ for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1.00 outfits.

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PRINT NAME...

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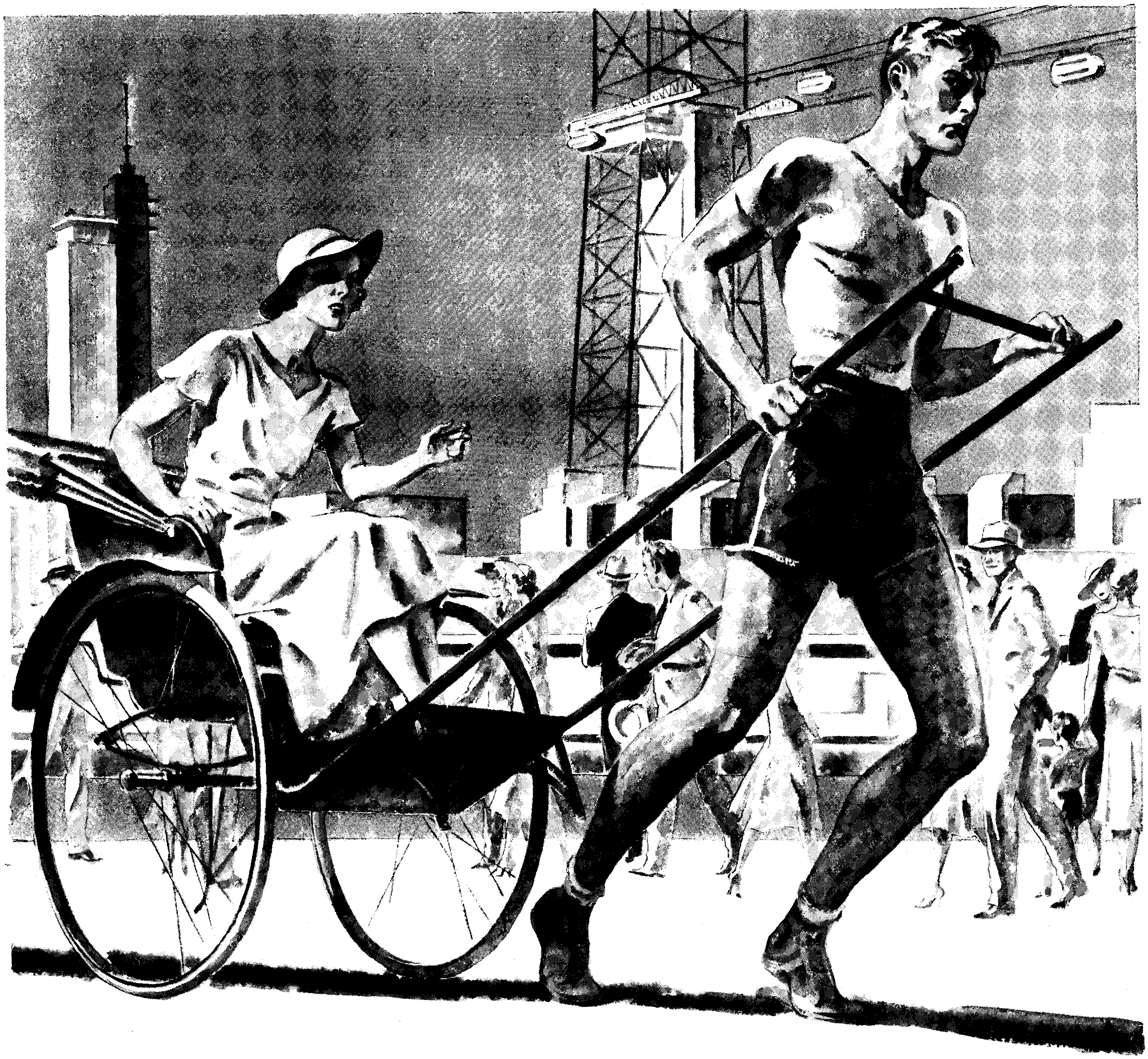
GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

Collier's The National Weekly for September 16, 1933



"You'd really take a tip?" she gasped. "From me?"

She went to the Fair

By Elmer Davis

Everybody knows about those rickshaws at the Century of Progress. But everybody doesn't know about that rickshaw man who took Miss Parrish for a ride

MAYBE all this would never have happened if old Mrs. Parrish had been able to get to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, when she was young Mrs. Parrish. . . .

A girl was sitting on the porch railing, all by herself, on a June night fragrant with roses and honeysuckle. It was no sort of evening to be all by yourself when you were twenty-one, and as good-looking as Alice Parrish—and she needn't have been all by herself. Hubert Covell had wanted to call this evening, before he went back to Chicago. But if he'd come tonight she might have had to say either yes or no—

Behind her, voices came from the living-room, where her father and her grandmother were playing bridge with the people from next door. Her father's voice, rather severe: "You're down three doubled, Mother." Her grandmother's voice, defiantly cheerful: "Well, Floyd, if my finesses had worked— Anyway, it was a temptation to take the chance."

"You wouldn't take chances like that," said Floyd Parrish grimly, "if there was money on it."

"Oh, wouldn't I? You never get anywhere if you don't try."

"Or even if you do, sometimes," he muttered. "If I hadn't renewed mortgages and extended loans in 1930, against my better judgment, I'd still be president of the bank instead of just the conservator"

Alice stared out at the shadowed lawn. If her father lived to be a hundred he'd never forget that once in his life he'd taken a chance, just at the wrong moment. No wonder, when he'd lost all his money and most of his stockholders' money and a good deal of his depositors' money; still, it got on your nerves to hear about it all the time.

And it didn't make things any easier to live with Grandma; people were beginning to say that old Mrs. Parrish was failing mentally. There wasn't much going on around town that escaped her notice, and she still played a wicked game of contract, except for her incurable tendency to overbid; but she didn't realize the seriousness of the situation. Why, she even talked of going to the Chicago Fair! Everybody knew it was only talk; but people who might have gone to the Fair themselves, if their money hadn't been in the Parrish bank, didn't like to hear it.

FLOYD PARRISH realized the seriousness of the situation hard enough for two; but he had cheered up a little since Hubert Covell, counsel for the receiver of the corporation that owned the canning factory, had started coming down from Chicago. Parrish liked to talk to him about conditions; it was good to hear him say that business was improving. But lately Hubert had been doing most of his talking to Alice. . . .

She hadn't taken him seriously at first; he was fat and forty-odd. But you couldn't take the young men of Ordsburg seriously; they all looked rather rough-hewn to a girl who had gone to school in Paris. One or two of them had attracted her a little; but when you'd known the real thing, full strength, you didn't care much for dilutions. . . . And Hubert—she liked him, and he wasn't rough-hewn, and he offered her a job she could fill. As the wife of a prosperous Chicago lawyer she knew she'd be worth her keep. But—

At this point in her musings she saw him coming up the walk. . . . So he wouldn't stay away; he wanted her too much! Her heart beat faster; he *didn't* look fat and forty-odd now—merely well built and mature.

"Why, Hubert! I thought you'd left on the ten-twenty."

"I decided to wait for the midnight." She gave him her hands.

"I've got a letter for you," he said. "From Fan—my sister. Er—naturally I've told her a good deal about you, Alice. But she didn't know the address so she sent the letter in my care."

Alice lit a porch lamp, read the letter.

"Why, she wants me to visit her next week, and see the Fair! But you know I can't."

"I know; that's why I suggested this to Fan. You'd spend nothing but railroad fare—cut rates, at that." (Why rub it in, she thought unreasonably.) "But it's got to be next week; Fan's going East soon. And I've arranged to be free next week to show you around."

"I'd love to do it, Hubert. But Father feels that every cent above our bare living expenses belongs to the depositors."

"NOW look here," he said. "I know how your father feels. But he's got to think of you!"

"When he's made such a terrible mistake—"

"Everybody makes mistakes. But this wasn't your mistake and he's got no right to make you pay for it all your life. . . . You know I want to take you out of this, Alice—give you a life of your own—"

"I know." Her hand caressed his. "And maybe I'll let you, some day. . . . But you see, once I made a mistake—tried to make a life of my own, and found I'd guessed wrong. . . . Hubert, I've been married."

"What?" he groaned. "Why, I never dreamed— Your father never—"

"He doesn't know; nobody in Ordsburg knows, thank God—except Grandma. I had to have somebody help me when I got the annulment. I knew Father'd be terribly hurt; but Grandma doesn't mind things so much."

"An annulment?" He was relieved. "You never lived together, then?"

"Only a week, in a bungalow on Cape Cod. We were supposed to be at a house party—" She shivered; silly to let memories hurt you so. "The annulment? Oh, I got that because I was just under eighteen when I married. That was three years ago—just after I'd come back from Paris."

"But— Good Lord, Alice, how did it happen? Who was he?"

"His name was Dick Adams. Maybe you've heard of him; he was on the Harvard football team. Not one of *the* Adamses; he came from some tank town in Colorado, and worked his way through college. We met at a house party, and were going on to another—but we ducked it and got married instead. Father had gone West; I didn't know where a telegram would reach him, and by the time I did— I'd never dreamed that you could be crazy about a man and still call him a dumb fool—and mean it."

"What was the matter?" he asked hoarsely.

"Well, he was going on to the graduate school for a Ph. D., and he hadn't any money. That was all right; we had plenty, then. But he wouldn't live on my money—he wanted me to live on what he made—playing professional football! I told him I'd be ashamed of a husband who made a living with his feet, and—well—we separated to cool off and never got together again. Things kept getting worse here, and neither of us was much good at writing letters; so finally we decided to call the whole thing off. . . . I'm so sorry, Hubert. And ashamed—"

"Oh, that's all right," he lied gallantly. "Where is he now?"

"God knows. I never write to my Eastern friends any more. . . . But you can see, Hubert, why I'm afraid. That seemed so real, and I don't want to—to bungle things again. Not for you—or for me either."

"You wouldn't. . . . Do you know what you need, Alice? A trip to the Fair. It will give you a completely different outlook." (And he'd be right in the middle of the new view.) "Tell your father, and see if he doesn't say you mustn't miss it. . . . Lord, I've got to make that train!"

She didn't take any chances that time; she kissed him goodby. . . . Not the way it used to feel when Dick kissed her—but that had been a terrible mistake; and Hubert didn't make his living with his feet.

HER father's face lit up when she told him, and he said he guessed they could manage the railroad fare . . . Of course; Hubert was the answer to a bankrupt father's prayer. And she did like him—only she wished her father hadn't shown his delight quite so plainly. . . . At breakfast next morning they broke the news to Grandma.

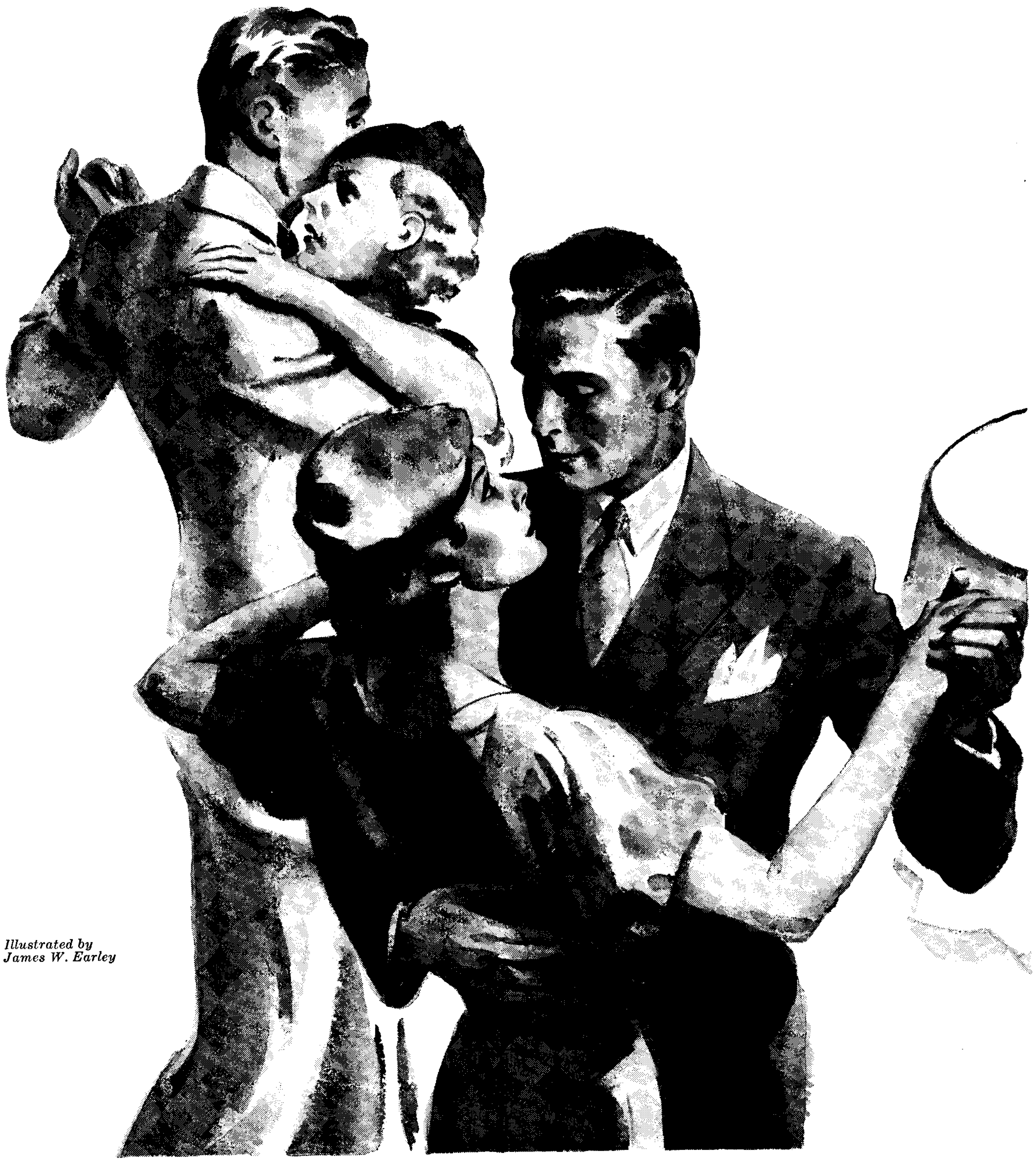
"My, won't that be wonderful!" she sighed. She was thin and birdlike; her black eyes were sharp behind steel-rimmed spectacles, and a few people remembered that fifty years ago they had been dark and sultry, like Alice's. "You know," she said, "they light up that Fair every night with light that started from the star Arcturus forty years ago. Way back in '93, just when I was starting for the Fair, too."

"We know, Mother," said Floyd wearily. "That's an old story."

"Well, young man, I'll never forget how disappointed you were. We had the trunks packed; and then the old bank failed and we had to stay at home— You cried pretty hard, for a nine-year-old. . . . And now Alice is going to see the Century of Progress. And I wouldn't be surprised if she came back wearing an engagement ring," Grandma finished archly.

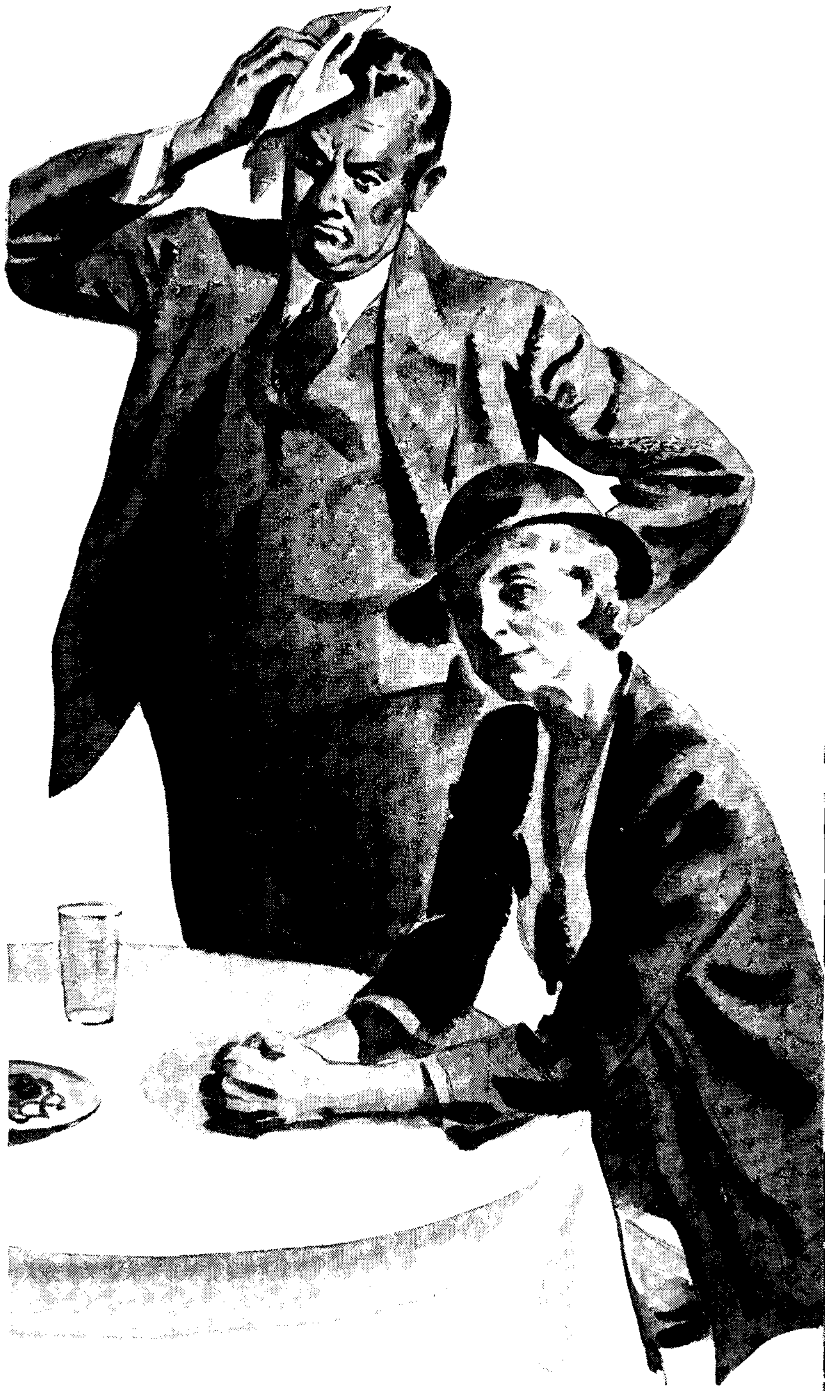
"Mother!" Floyd expostulated. But Alice was suddenly alert; Grandma didn't rub in the obvious without some good reason.

"Anyway," Grandma persisted, "this makes it nice, because now I can go to the Fair next week too." Floyd began to expostulate again, and then broke off with an excusing shrug. "You think



Illustrated by James W. Earley

And now the music was starting, and he had to drag this old woman around while Alice floated away in Dick's arms



I'm failing mentally!" she accused him. "Well, you told me I was too old to go around Chicago alone; but next week Alice will be there to keep an eye on me."

"But she'll be visiting Mrs. Lewis—" Floyd began.

"On Lake Shore Drive. And I'd stay at the Y. W. C. A., about three blocks away. Alice could call up every evening just to make sure that I hadn't got lost; aside from that I wouldn't bother her."

"But she's going to be busy! With —eh—her own affairs."

"Hubert? Anybody can see he wants to marry her," Grandma sniffed. "She won't have to spend every minute she's in Chicago working on him."

Alice reddened, and then began to laugh; but her father blew up.

"Mother! Have you no taste? The idea of her—working on him!"

"I hope she would if she had to—provided she wants him. Goodness knows I worked hard enough on your father, in '82, and never regretted it. The technique was different in those days, but—"

"Never mind that," said Floyd. "But this idea of your going to Chicago is preposterous. We haven't got the money. You know that."

"I've got it," said Grandma calmly. "Two hundred dollars under my mattress, that I was saving for emergencies. I've missed one Fair, and I'll never live to see another. This looks like an emergency to me."

"But you couldn't stand all that walking, at the Fair—"

"I can stand more than I ever have to do in Ordsburg. Anyway, they've got wheel chairs and rickshaws, with college track stars to push and pull you around. I thought you'd feel better if I was in Chicago at the same time as Alice. But if she's too busy to bother with me I guess I can look out for myself."

"But something might happen to you," Floyd persisted. "If you and Alice were both staying at the Y. W. C. A., it might be different, but—"

Grandma's eyes brightened—as if she'd just bid an uncertain slam.

"Why can't she stay there with me? I've got money enough."

"But she's invited to stay with Hubert's sister!"

"Perhaps I'd better go to the Y. W.," said Alice thoughtfully. "I could go around with Hubert and Mrs. Lewis anyway; and they'd understand, if I had to stay with Grandma."

HER father was still blank; she rose and went to the kitchen, leaving Grandma to cross the t's for his obtuse male understanding.

"Don't you see, you idiot? Hubert probably told his sister we couldn't pay hotel bills. Visiting a stranger on those terms, she's a charity patient—and so she practically promises to marry him."

"She's going to promise anyway, isn't she?"

"Very likely. But she'd look better to his sister, and to him—and to herself —if she said yes when she was her grandmother's guest."

It certainly does give you a different outlook, Alice reflected, seeing the Fair. Just to be in Chicago helped; you forgot the drab discouragement of Ordsburg in a city decked with flags, where people looked cheerful and talked about the upturn. Especially when you were rolling down Michigan Avenue toward the Fair grounds in Hubert's big, smoothly running car, with a smart chauffeur who'd probably be taking your orders next fall. And with Hubert beside you, gay in a crisp white linen suit and panama hat, showing off his home town with such enthusiasm that you got the feeling that he had practically invented Chicago.

Alice liked Mrs. Lewis, too. She was a couple of years older than Hubert, and forty pounds heavier; she showed what the Covells were like when they let themselves go. But you had to give Hubert credit for not letting himself go. . . . She wondered if he did his exercises—arching and bending and neck-rolling—in the bedroom. . . . And then they were pulling up at the gate, amid a clamor of hawkers; and ahead of them opened a long avenue of drooping red banners, with a fantastic futurist building at the end of the vista, gay in white and red and brilliant blue.

Grandma heaved a sigh as the turnstile clicked behind her.

"Forty years it took me to get here, Alice—but it's worth it."

SHE seemed to feel that way still, at the end of what even Alice had found a pretty hard day.

But she had loved it all—the crowds, the bright colors, the fantastic architecture that still made sense; the policemen in red coats and white helmets; the marine-like uniforms of the rolling-chair boys; the white shirts and blue-piped orange shorts of the college track men who pulled the rickshaws—all but the radio, blaring from loud-speakers on posts, all over the grounds. They'd spent this first day seeing it all from the outside; it had been pretty hard to keep Grandma out of the Streets of Paris, but Mrs. Lewis had told her you really ought to wait till Saturday night for that, and stay to see the sunrise.

Grandma, too, had wanted to do all her sightseeing on foot; but—

"It would kill me!" Mrs. Lewis gasped. (Alice wished she hadn't noticed Hubert's relief.) "Let's take rickshaws. I don't like the idea; it's all right for a Chinaman to pull you but it isn't a white man's work, and I hate to see college boys taking tips like servants. Still the rickshaws are more comfortable than the chairs."

So they'd ridden around in rickshaws, and stopped for lunch and seidels of cold beer in a garden by the lagoon, where transplanted palm trees provided atmosphere and bright umbrellas furnished shade; but all in all, it was a pretty exhausting day. . . . Dinner at Mrs. Lewis' apartment; then Hubert took Alice and Grandma home, and came back to find his sister, relaxed, fanning herself on a chaise longue.

"Well?" he asked uneasily.

"She's a nice girl, Hubert; she'd make you a lovely daughter." He scowled. "Oh, maybe you can keep up with her now," she admitted. "But when she's forty— With eyes like hers, she won't want a husband getting on toward seventy. . . . However, if you want her I'll do what I can to help out. What's the program tomorrow?"

"Alice doesn't seem to care —except that she wants to take her bathing suit, and finish off with a swim at the beach on the grounds. But her grandmother wants to go to the Women's League headquarters in the Social Science Building. She was quite a clubwoman in her day."

"We can do that in the morning; and then after lunch we'll go to the Oriental Village. Mrs. Parrish wants to see the muscle dancers."

"I'm sure Alice wouldn't care for that," said Hubert.

"All right; you take her swimming while I show her grandmother the arts of the Orient . . . But do your stuff quick," she begged him. "If you don't hurry we'll all be run ragged by this insatiable old lady. I wish to heaven she'd done her sight-seeing in 1893."

The second day was cooler and things went more easily; except that Hubert seemed preoccupied, and said he'd have

(Continued on page 54)

Away to Sea

By Storm Jameson

The story of an invincible romance

RICHARD LANG lay in bed considering his room. The teakwood floor and Chinese rug he could remember: the other things in the room, a cupboard in some dark gleaming wood in the corner, two chairs of colonial workmanship, the camphor chest on which he had set his candlestick the night before, the desk with its block of yellow-white crystal, occupied him for a moment. Then a yellow curtain blowing in the window caught his eye, and at once his mild interest in the room ceased.

Sitting up in bed, his face serious, he recalled yesterday's happenings—the arrival of his ship, the Java, in the New England harbor, going ashore with the chest he brought from Boston for Mr. Vanvoort, shipbuilder, the Dutch-American's sudden friendliness, and then his invitation.

Always eager to see anything new, he had accepted readily. He sent a boy to Vanvoort's house with his night-clothes and followed them toward six o'clock. The size of the house and the sober splendor of its rooms amazed him. He was still wondering, a little ruefully, what had moved the shipbuilder to invite him when his host's wife came into the drawing-room. At his first glimpse of her in yellow-white satin, he stiffened himself to meet coldness with coldness. She could only resent being asked to entertain an English shipmaster in a worn uniform.

Her face, smooth and childishly round, turned to him with an air of delighted surprise. He felt himself warm with happiness. Her voice, carefully pronouncing his name, was very clear. When he sat beside her at the long dining table, he noticed at once the smallness and quickness of her hands.

Her husband was very affable. He complimented Captain Lang on a good voyage, and discussed with him cargoes, English shipbuilding, and the prices of Barbados rum. His face, a darker color than the applewood chairs in which they sat, was intelligent and heavy. When he turned it toward his wife, it subtly altered. Lang tried to make out the feeling. Once he imagined a trace of appeal in Vanvoort's manner, but the notion was fantastic and he abandoned it.

Mrs. Vanvoort spoke gayly, asking him about New York. "What are ladies wearing in the town this spring?" she demanded.

He stared. "I don't know," he answered.

She flung a hand up in a gesture that made him smile. "But you saw some," she cried. "You must have seen them. In the streets. In the houses."

"I only went as far as the agent's office," he said. He could not tell her that he had spent nearly all a year's pay in New Orleans and was forced to economize. In an effort to please her he went on: "I did see the agent's wife, Mrs. Wybird. She wore"—he frowned—"a dress of brown silk with some kind of flowers on it."

"But the sleeves? Were they full or tight? Had it a high neck? Was it flounced?"

"I—don't recall," he said.

She sighed, laughing at him. Under her light laughter he caught a note of genuine disappointment, and wondered. "Do you visit New York?" he said.

"I was born there."

This time he was sure of the undercurrent of regret. Looking up, he saw Vanvoort's face reflected in the glass opposite his chair. The shipbuilder was watching his wife with an air half of bewilderment, half of fear, his hand clenched on the edge of the table. The expression on his face lasted just long enough for Captain Richard Lang to recognize it, then vanished. He leaned toward his wife.

"You can spend this winter in New York," he said in a light voice.

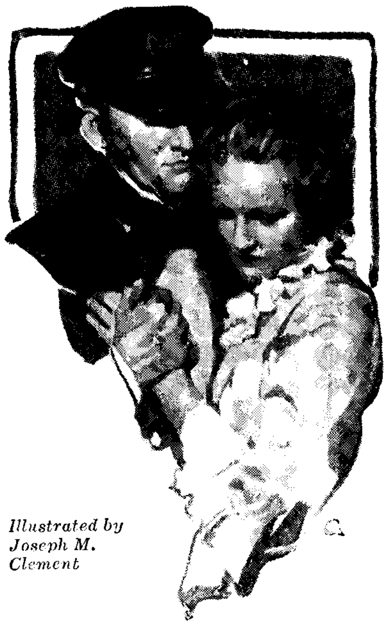
HER face changed swiftly. Lang caught himself thinking of the change of light on a moor pool open to the sky. Then she shook her head, smiling. "I shall not go."

"Why not?" her husband demanded.

Still smiling, color now in her cheeks, she began to speak of a letter she had had from her sister, married to a New York banker. There had been a concert—did Captain Lang like music? Captain Lang strove to recall the name of a piece of music, and succeeded in remembering the first line of a song. It was not a song he could repeat here.

"You're forgetting that I spend my life on a quarter-deck," he said, trying for ease. His self-assurance, grounded where women were concerned in the certainty of doing as he chose, lapsed suddenly. He did not know how to take her.

"Oh, well," she said, with another sighing smile. During the rest of the meal she allowed her husband to carry the burden of conversation. Her expression became that of a polite, impatient child, waiting for them to finish and let her out. But she was not a child, she was a young and unbelievably beautiful woman; and when—after dinner—he watched her crossing the drawing-room with that quick, unhurried movement, like a ship slipping before the wind, he felt a sudden sympathy for Mr. Vanvoort. He had taken a liking to that heavy, silent man—a liking that he felt returned. Toward midnight he rose to go to his room and Vanvoort accompanied him to the landing. They paused before the model of a clipper, a very fine model, beautifully mounted.



Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

"The Cynthia Vanvoort, May, 1868," he read aloud; "one of your ships, sir?"

"We launched her exactly three years ago," Vanvoort said. He added stiffly: "My wife's name." No suitable comment came to Richard Lang's tongue. He nodded instead.

In the morning he left the house without seeing Mrs. Vanvoort again. Her husband drove him to the wharf, and they parted with feelings of respect and liking, not expressed. Lang supposed that he had seen the last of the Vanvoorts.

In his cabin that evening, solitary, with neither taste nor money for the harborside amusements of a small port, he found himself speculating about her. How old was she? Twenty? Twenty-five? Somewhere, he felt certain, between those ages—and many years younger than her husband, who must be forty-five if he was a day.

He himself was close on thirty-one, tall—with a compact physical beauty of which he was unconscious, except that he expected his muscles to obey him instantly when he moved and would only have considered them if they had failed him unexpectedly. His reddish-brown hair was cut close to his head, and his eyes were quick, guarded and restless. His smile, younger than the rest of his gestures, was singularly charming.

HE WAS violently alive, and with as few scruples about the means he took to satisfy a restless energy as his fastidiousness allowed. Danger attracted him, provided there was an excitement comparable with the risk, but he would run coldly into danger for the sake of money—which, however, he could not keep.

So far, women had been less of an incitement to adventure than a part of it. He took little interest in them if they were too easy—but where he was interested (there had to be looks, or notoriety, or both), he did not expect defeat. . . .

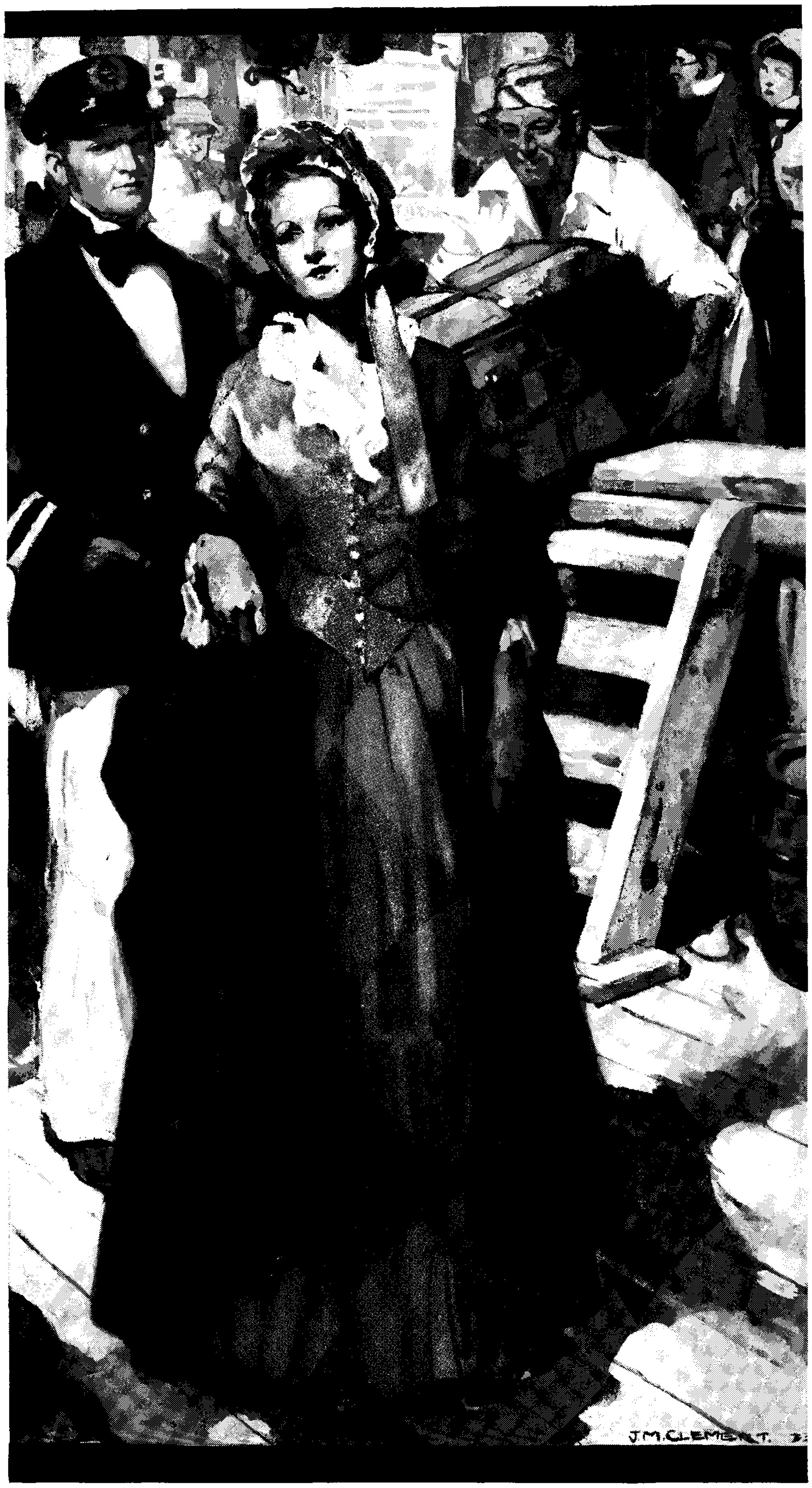
He rose and stepped out onto the quarter-deck. The night was clear and scarcely dark. Staring absently, he tried to determine where, in the scatter of houses to the south of the wharves, the Vanvoort house stood. A crazy impulse to go ashore and walk past it jumped into his head. He dismissed it instantly.

Returning with an impatient suddenness to the cabin, he began to search for something he could send Mrs. Vanvoort. He believed he ought to have sent her flowers—that was surely the right thing, after a visit—but he had not thought of it in time. He found a small ivory god, beautifully modeled, which he had bought in Shanghai.

He sent it off to Mrs. Vanvoort in the morning, with a note. The man who took it brought back another, inviting him for that evening. He dressed with unusual slowness, trying to see himself in the uniform he had had pressed and tidied up generally by the steward. For the first time he was anxious about the impression he would make.

As soon as he came into the long drawing-room he knew that he was in love with her.

She turned round quickly to greet him. Touching her hand, he felt an overmastering excitement harden in his



Cynthia came aboard at four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour before the ship was due to move out

throat. He forced it down, and at dinner talked with a new ease to Vanvoort. As he left—early, with the excuse of business—Cynthia Vanvoort's glance followed him to the door, confusing his thoughts.

In the early morning he was still sitting, sunk at the desk-table in his cabin. He had rejected the notion of an adventure almost without thinking. She was not the woman for an adventure. As soon as he had settled that, he never gave it another thought. His mind felt choked with his angry amusement. To have fallen in love now, at over thirty, after years of finding satisfaction in easier passions—and without hope. It was characteristic of him that he did not delude himself with hopes. She was as much out of his reach as if he were a common sailor.

He tried to check himself on that. The only end of his effort was to sharpen his passion at the expense of his vanity. This was not a manageable emotion; it was wild and unreasonable and—he felt—as strong as life.

FOR a week he kept close to the ship, only going on shore to the agents. The days were hot, with smells of tar and lilac in the streets near the wharf. He hurried the unloading of the Java. One afternoon, as he was planted in front of a spar yard, he heard his name spoken. Swinging round, he saw the Vanvoort barouche first, then Cynthia's clear, smiling face. A vertical line cut his forehead as he talked to her. He had no notion that he was frowning and rigid. As he accepted her invitation for the following evening he thought bitterly that he owed it to a chance. She had never given him a thought since their last meeting. Why should she? The impressive block of the Vanvoort mansion darkened his mind.

When he was shown into the drawing-room it was empty. The door into a garden stood open. He stepped out mechanically and stood looking about him on the edge of the lawn. At one side of it an opening hedge of June roses caught his eye and a moment later Cynthia Vanvoort came round it. He walked quickly toward her.

"Dinner will be late," she said at once. "My husband has just sent down from the office to say that he is kept. Can you forgive us?"

"I'll forgive anything," he said in a serious voice.

SHE studied him for an instant. "I'll show you the garden," she said abruptly. They crossed the lawn close to the hedge. She showed him the vines in their cold-frames, the lilacs and pear trees. In the orchard her skirt caught on a fallen branch. They stooped over it together, and at her sudden nearness he lost his head. His arms went round her so suddenly that she could not have had time to move or cry out.

He felt only the faintest stiffening in her body. The pounding in his veins blinded him, and yet he was all the time conscious of some thought behind it, irking him. He let her go quickly and stood looking at her. He expected her to tell him to go and he had made up his mind to say nothing—he would go without an offer of regret. He was not conscious of any regret.

"Why did you?" Cynthia asked.

He laughed, vexed with her for the silly question. Why, it was only what a very different kind of woman would say. The sound startled her, color rushing to her cheeks.

"Forgive me." He spoke lightly, out of his immeasurable disappointment. He had been prepared for contempt or anger from her, but not for usualness.

A silence followed, protracted nearly beyond bearing.

"I love you," Cynthia said at last, slowly. "I loved you the instant I saw you. You're so—" her glance moved quickly over his cropped head and the lines of his body under the shabby jacket—"so beautiful," she finished. Her face and voice were both quiet.

He did not move to touch her. A change had taken place in him before she spoke, the recognition of an unusualness completely outside his experience. Her "Why did you?" was not coquetry. She was too magnificently single-minded for any pretense. She had felt the need of an absolute certainty and had asked him for it without awkwardness. He felt a quiver of shame—he ought not to have made a mistake of that sort. It came, he mocked himself, of having had to do only with cheap women.

"AND I love you," he said. At once he was overwhelmed with a futile rage. They were caught, finished. "What can we do?" he asked her coldly. "I can't take you away. You can't live on shipboard." The whole business was frightful, intolerable. He wanted to hurt both her and himself, to kill at once any hopes she might be nursing.

"My dearest," Cynthia said, in a low voice. He stared at her face for a moment, then turned abruptly and walked away from her. He marched through the house, taking his hat and cane up in the hall, and dragged open the front door. He was conscious of a servant watching him with an air of stupid amazement. As he turned in the direction of the wharf he saw the Vanvoort carriage at the other end of the street and quickened his steps.

He went back to the ship and fastened himself in the cabin. Toward ten o'clock he began to wonder what reason she had given her husband for his rushing away like that—his cheeks reddened, he had behaved like a fool. These thoughts so worked in him that he got up and went on shore.

A lane, turning off the wide street, ran down one side of the Vanvoort house. He walked along it, keeping close to the blank fence that enclosed the gardens. At a certain point the fence became a low wall. He leaned against it and lit one of the thin Dutch cigars he had carried with him from Sumatra. After a time he heard a faint movement in the darkness behind him, so faint it might have been only a leaf shivering into place in the hedge. He turned cautiously.

Cynthia's face, as pale as though she were drowning, moved toward him from a deeper obscurity. He dropped his cigar and clasped her. At that moment he did not know whether the monstrous thudding in his brain was caused by happiness or misery. Whatever it was, as he held her it slowly steadied, clearing, until he felt nothing but an immense relief.

"How did you know I was here?" he demanded.

"I saw you. From my window. I was watching."

"For me?"

"I knew you would come back sometime tonight," Cynthia said. She laughed at him gently, drawing back in an attempt to see his face.

HE WAS surprised by his own coolness, standing with her in the warm night—too warm and overscented for his taste. He ought to have been more excited. As soon as he thought this he realized that his excitement was only held down by an overwhelming grief for her. What was he to do, how reward her for this—this risk she was running? "Cynthia," he repeated, "oh, Cynthia, oh, my dear—what am I to do with you?"

"Take me away," Cynthia said.

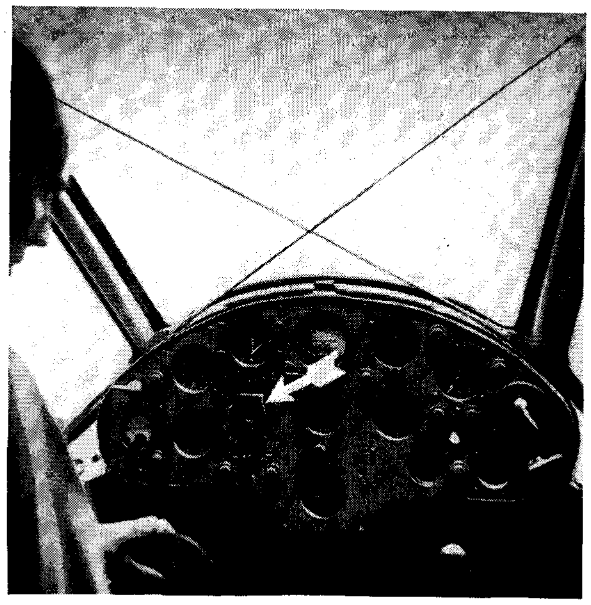
A vision of his cabin on the Java, accurate to the details of stained panels and torn, prickly matting, rose in his mind. She was as incongruous in it as a bird of paradise!

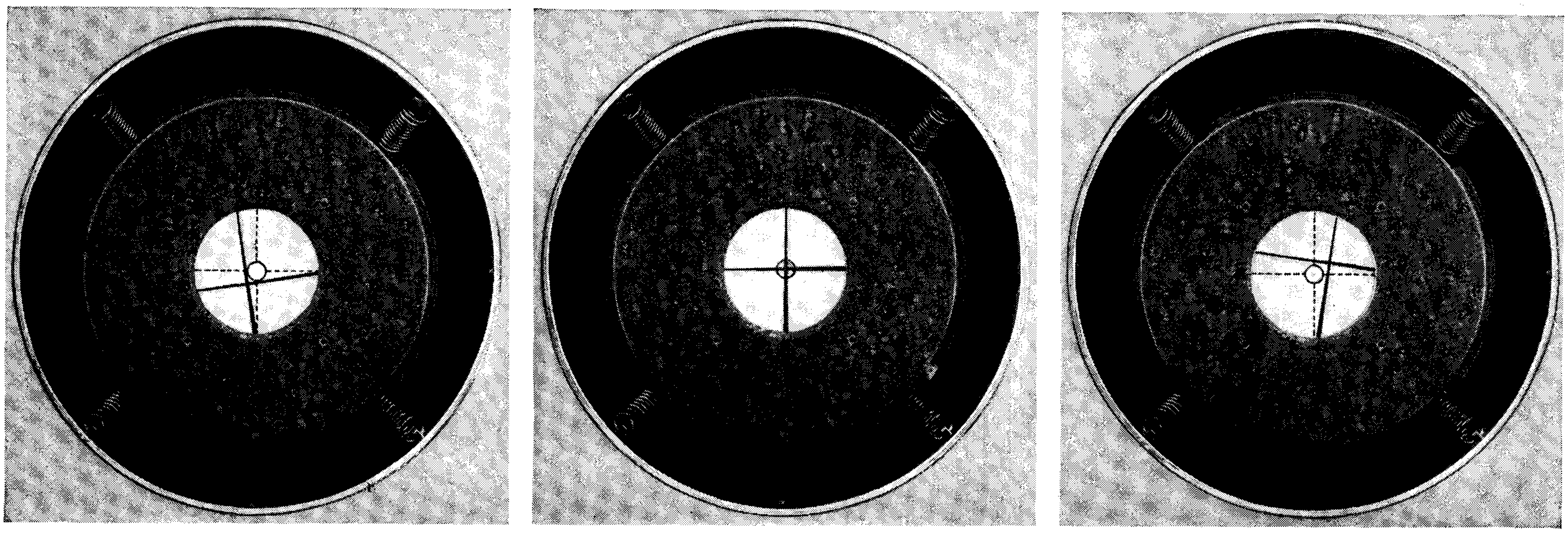
(Continued on page 41)

They're coming through the Ceiling

By W. B. Courtney

Zero visibility at Newark. The ceiling is sitting on the ground. And yet a plane slips through the fog to make a three-point landing on the runway. Impossible? Not at all; just the result of the greatest advance in aëronautics since the Wrights first flew at Kittyhawk. Collier's flying reporter takes you up into the cold smoke and demonstrates this and other safeguards that make flying possible at all hours and in all weathers





Three views of the new combined instrument as seen by a pilot "flying blind" toward an invisible runway. When the lines coincide as in center picture, the plane is on its proper course. Above, its position on the instrument panel

"FLYING blind"—hurtling through opaque space, unseeing, unseen—is a sensation new in the world of human experiences, and unless you have sat behind the stick of a fog-bound airplane, or in a hooded cockpit, nothing will make it possible for you figuratively to put yourself wholly in Pilot Jim Kinney's place. The most I hope for is a sympathetic understanding of what he was up against; how he and his passengers felt, that afternoon last April.

Not that I want you to feel sorry for him. He did not try to shake his wings clear of the "cold smoke," as the average pilot would. He did not turn back to look for a hole; or inland, to try to run out of this coastal belt of dirty weather. He did not even try to go "over the top." He had been authoritatively informed before he left Washington that here was the most vicious spring fog that had been seen for years. Moreover, he had been told that at his destination conditions were even worse; the ceiling was "sitting on the ground," and had all the earmarks of a permanent guest. His predicament, thus, was entirely of his own making. He did not have to be up there, and neither did his passengers. But take off your tam-o'-shanters to them, my bonnies. For these adventurers were impelled by that rare inner force, sublimer than courage, which animates the pioneers of science and which, when displayed to the run of us ordinary mortals, reconciles us to the shortcomings of one another and of our race in general.

Men had often flown through bands of fog that stretched across their routes. Men had occasionally taken off from fog-bound fields, knowing with certainty that clear weather lay beyond. Men had, on fewer occasions, actually broken through to a fog-shrouded airport to land when informed by radio that there was a reasonable ceiling under the "soup." But this was the first time that a flyer had dared to take off on an all-fog trip.

Jim had climbed hastily to 3,000 feet and leveled off on the Washington to New York airway before he permitted himself to think too much about what he had done. He had not intended to start today on this desperate affair. It was one of those things you wanted to talk about, think about—and worry about—for a while, in advance. Jim, test pilot for the Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce, had flown down from Newark to pick up some equipment. He had been engaged up there in making final tests of a radio system for the blind landing of aircraft. Those trials had been only around the field; but Jim had known that some day, if the full practicability of the system were to be proved, he would have to venture cross-country, from one field to another, in weather that kept every other ship on the ground.

Test Conditions Made to Order

While he loaded, the weather, threatening and lowery all day, suddenly thickened. Throughout the East commercial planes raced to get in at the best fields that were open. By the time Jim Kinney's ship was ready to fly, not a single plane was a-wing over the Atlantic seaboard. Jim looked quizzically at Harry Diamond, the brilliant young Harvard scientist who was in charge at the Bureau of Standards of the work of developing the blind landing idea. Diamond smiled at him. Here were conditions made to order for the first real test. So they climbed into their ship and took along William Laviolette, radio mechanic of the Bureau.

Kinney will tell you that nothing happened on the flight. He merely tuned in on the radio beacon, and with its aid kept his little ship headed north by east toward Newark, the chief commercial airport for the New York metropolitan area. His eyes steadily watched the artificial horizon on the instrument panel. Keep the bus level, and let her ride. Rain, cold and persistent, dripped in from a dozen slack joints. A gray aureole rode, in muted brilliance, around the nose of his ship; that was the propeller. Infinity had swallowed his wing tips. No use looking out.

Somewhere far below were rivers, wires, poles, factories with tall chimneys and cities with high buildings—Baltimore, Newcastle, Wilmington, Chester, Philadelphia with its vast industrial districts sprawled along the sooty bottomlands of the Delaware River, and its lovely suburbs meshed in the green back-country.

One hour; two. The longest two hours Jim Kinney ever flew; the longest that Diamond ever waited. They knew that no matter how long their flight lasted, the crucial five minutes would be the *last* five minutes. When he had turned up the volume control of his radio range to its fullest pitch, and still the signals—coming from behind him—grew weaker, he knew that he was passing out of range of the Washington Beacon, and into range of the Hadley Beacon, near Newark. He would be, then, some place just north of Havre de Grace, where the Susquehanna River empties into Chesapeake Bay. When, a long time later, he had the volume control of his radio turned back to its lowest pitch, and still the Hadley signals grew louder, he knew that the end of the flight was near—one way or another. So he clicked in his radio transmitter, called Newark, and asked them to switch on the landing beam.

A Day in Ten Thousand

Up and down the Washington-New York airway, and on connecting airways, radio men were quiet at their instruments. They had listened to Kinney talking in flight, and knew that the big test was on. On the Newark Municipal Field the Department of Commerce radio man looked toward the window; he could not see two yards beyond the pane, much less to the wet field outside. Word that Kinney was coming got around, and a little crowd began to gather; pilots of earthbound ships, mechanics, managers from the offices of the commercial airlines that use this airport. They stood in the cold mist and strained their ears for a sound of Kinney, and their eyes for a sight of him. It was a strange drama, in which the hero and the principal characters were invisible to the most sympathetic and interested audience that could be desired.

The beat of an engine, muffled as though it had passed through many layers of wet cotton, fell from the opaque murk overhead. A plane, flying high and fast, had overshot the field and was swinging off in a great wide arc. A knot of pilots stopped gibing about their golf scores. "Reckon here he comes!" said one. The weather man told anyone who edged near him that it was seldom as thick as this. Why, Kinney wouldn't be able to see the runway before his wheels touched it. This was one day in ten thousand.

The airways keeper at Department of Commerce landing field, Beowawe, Nevada, using a clinometer to measure the angle between the ground and a spot of light thrown vertically on the cloud base by a searchlight 500 feet away. "Ceiling" height is then determined and radioed to incoming pilots

Jim Kinney and Harry Diamond, who developed and tested the combined instrument

Teletypewriters transmit and record information of airplane movements

Within the fog-bound plane, meanwhile, Kinney was able to tell through his radio beacon signals when he had arrived over Newark Airport. He deliberately swept away from the airport in a wide circle, concentrating all his skilled attention on two other instruments on his radio panel—two instruments brand-new to the world of aëronautical and radio science. The first was so unique it had not been adequately christened; those who conceived it called it, lamely, the "combined instrument"; the second was the "approximate distance indicator." Kinney's passengers, too, had lost all consciousness of the fog, the hazards; inched to the edges of their seats, they watched the instruments over his shoulder.

The circle he made was spacious; it carried him six or seven miles from the airport, while he killed altitude with prudent allowance for ground obstructions, and studied the combined instrument. On the small round face of this he saw a fixed cross of two thin lines bisected at the exact center of the dial. He saw, also, two heavier lines, one vertical and one horizontal, and both movable. The vertical one swung from side to side, the horizontal one jittered at the bottom of the dial as Kinney held his plane in its great sweeping turn. Obviously, if the movements of these two lines were coincided and controlled they could be brought to form a cross precisely matching the thin fixed lines: to that end Kinney's work was now devoted.

These two movable lines comprised the receiving end of the blind landing device which shot out, from the unseen airport, signals that aided Kinney to build up certain information on his position with reference to the runway.

Riding the Landing Beam

The movable vertical line was tuned on the "runway localizing beacon." His first efforts were to maneuver his ship until this vertical line was straight up and down in the center of the dial. Then he would know that he was flying directly toward the runway. The vertical line, hinged at its bottom end, inclined toward the left of the dial, then right; then left again; finally it hovered in the exact center. His eyes flashed to his altimeter, which showed him that he had 2,000 feet elevation; then to his distance indicator, which told him that he was about five miles from the field.

The upright pointer, however, like the ordinary radio beacon, only told him that he was on a true course for the runway. If he maintained his present altitude he would merely pass in a straight line above the field. Therefore, he now began to work to get the second, or horizontal, movable line on his dial up until it centered to match the cross member of the fixed line. This horizontal pointer was tuned in on the signals of the landing beam proper, which flashed out along the dead center of the runway a curving pathway down which he could glide to safety on the field.

The blind landing beam was aimed from a transmitter at the head of the runway as a bullet might be aimed from a rifle. It was set to rise from the earth at an angle which had been adjusted to clear all obstructions in the vicinity. When his distance indicator showed that he was still three miles from the airport, Kinney contrived to center the horizontal line. Now his two movable lines formed a fair cross. His altimeter registered 1,500 feet. He must keep his ship, through control exerted on his rudder, elevator, and ailerons, in true line of glide down this invisible ramp. His hand was delicate on the stick, his feet on the rudder bar, as he watched that tricky, mercurial cross. The vertical line fell off to the left, and the horizontal line jerked up toward the top of the dial. That showed he had moved to the left of the runway, while his nose had lifted above the proper gliding angle path. He corrected, gently; there were a dozen variations in as many seconds.

By way of additional precaution, Kinney kept his motor throttled at a speed five miles an hour above the usual gliding speed. This obviated any possibility of a stall. The two passengers stole quick glances through the rain-spattered windows; that soup *is* thick! Now the distance indicator showed Kinney that he was nearing the field; less than half a mile to go. His altimeter showed that he was down to 300 feet. Close. The movable lines were crossed precisely in the center of the dial and holding true.

The First Victory Over Fog

His ears, straining under the radio phone head-harness, heard the signal that broke the mounting tautness of his nerves. A quick, imperative buzzing sound, sent out by a marker beacon on the ground. This, an important part of the whole blind landing system, informed him that he was now precisely 1,600 feet from the edge of the airport. A few seconds later there was another warning note in his ear-phones—a quite different sound, loud, clanging, a shout where the first signal was a whisper. It told him that he had crossed the boundary of the field. Instantly he throttled his motor all the way back to idling. Still following the landing beam—that is, with the horizontal movable line centered—the nose of his ship rose to the landing position. There were a crunch and a rumble. The Department of Commerce test ship was on the ground and rolling to a stop. Out of the murk running figures burst—suddenly, as objects do in fog. Good work, Jim. Hi, you! Well, I see you got here!

Thus ended a flight that the aëronautical world, here and abroad, acclaimed as the most important since the day that Orville Wright lifted a heavier-than-air machine, partly by the energy of a tiny motor but chiefly through the contraction of his stomach muscles, off a sandy Carolina beach. Man had won out at last over the element that robs him of his vision, of his soul; the enemy that had lain for centuries barring the path of transportation science.

Breaking the Weather Shackles

In its worst manifestations fog could paralyze every wheel that turned on the world's highway; every railroad train; shipping on the seven seas. But it was the day air flight came in that fog discovered its particular victim. On the surface you can always stop, tie up. In the air you couldn't stop; you had to run from fog, as you would from a plague.

There still remains refining, perfecting work to be done on the blind landing system. But immediately after Kinney's demonstration the great air transportation companies began sending men to him for instruction; and Diamond, who ought to know, is confident that within a year or so the use of the blind landing system will be a commonplace on all the airways throughout the United States. Then we shall have on all our scheduled airlines virtually 100 per cent operation and reliability; bad weather will have lost the grip which, on perhaps three or four per cent of their days of scheduled operations, now leads operators cautiously to turn away customers. Transport pilots will be unable to get licenses to fly passenger ships until they have demonstrated to the Department of Commerce inspectors that they are thoroughly qualified in the use of the blind landing system.

The success of the blind landing system is the final triumph of the work of the Aëronautics Branch to make air travel safe for you and for me. Since 1926 it has been rearing, about air transportation, the greatest and yet the least complex system of scientifically organized safeguards that have ever surrounded any method of transportation. These safeguards, extended throughout the federal airways as rapidly as congressional appropriations permitted, have gained for American commercial flying a safety record unmatched elsewhere. Where available and used, they have reduced accidents until scheduled air transportation compares favorably with surface transportation.

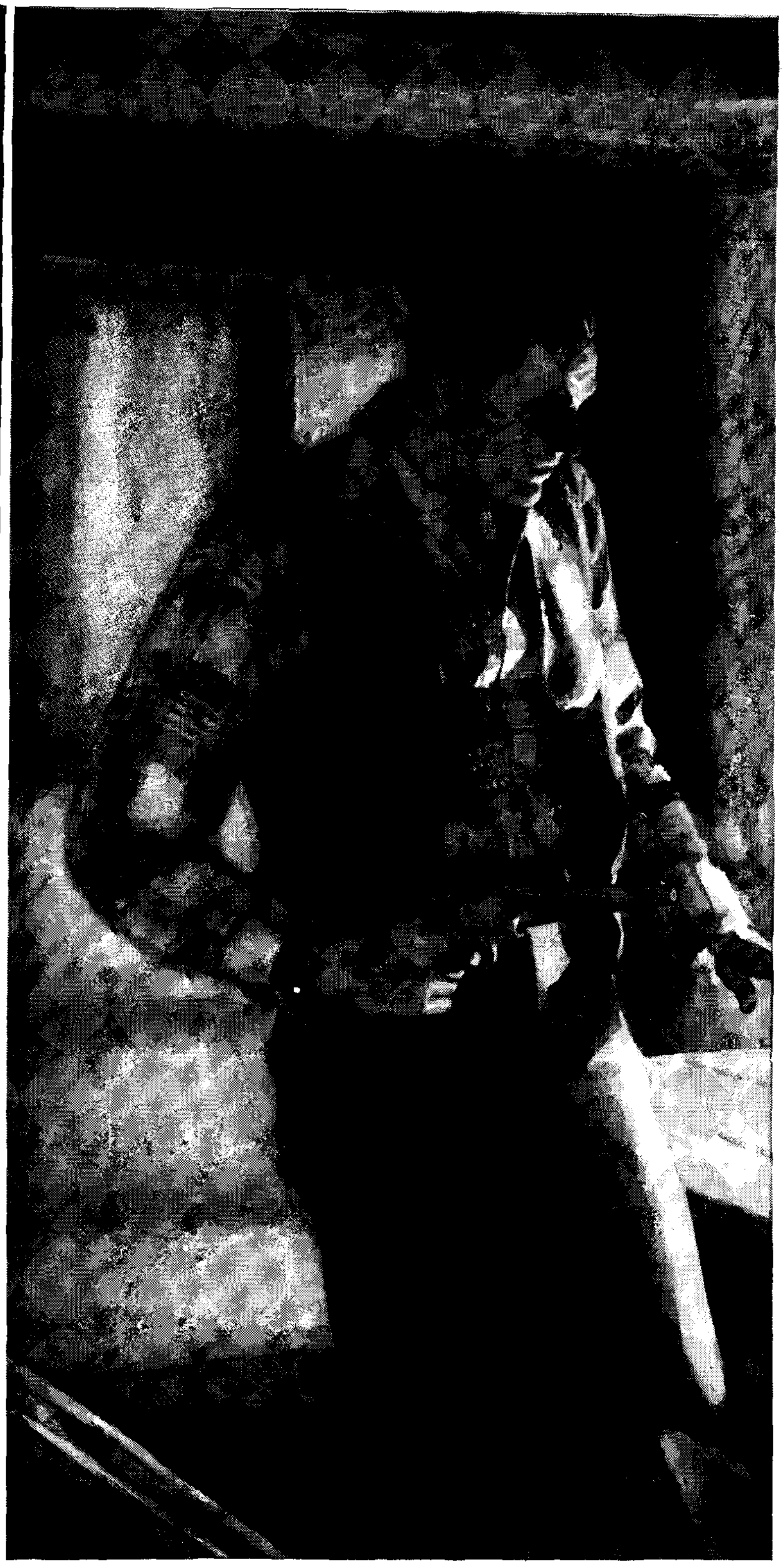
All the aids to safe air navigation

(Continued on page 34)

Wild Enough

By Ernest Haycox

The romance of a modern girl
who went to look for the past



"You think you're pretty smooth," muttered

HENRY HORN complained: "What am I to guess?"

"Keep Rand under key for thirty-six hours," said Miles Anderson. "That is all."

"I'd like to be in on it."

"Why do you think I brought him here at three o'clock in the morning? I want him sunk from sight for thirty-six hours."

Three blue globes slightly diffused the frigid, muddy gloom of the cell corridor and the metallic color of this winter night cut black squares through the windows. A drunk in the vags' cell threshed his body across a wooden floor, screaming; January's wicked prairie wind rushed sibilantly along the outer edges of the building. Miles Anderson stood there, laying his will against the sheriff's will in silence, the raised collar of his fleece-lined coat rubbing the solid edges of a purely western face, somewhat hawkish, somewhat hungry, and very smooth. He was young, with the dower of free-running blood apparent in him, but these mealy jail shadows crept into the softer joinings of his features and obliterated them and left only an intractable changelessness in high relief.

Henry Horn, faintly shivering from the memory of the warm bed Miles Anderson had summoned him from, stared at Rand locked behind the bars. Rand, never speaking, let his eyes express his rage.

"All right," sighed Henry Horn, and turned down the stairs into his office. A small night light shed a wan halo on barren walls and barren furniture; the blued metal of half a dozen racked rifles reflected faint parallel streaks of glow. Henry Horn laid an old, tired glance on Anderson. "It's on the square or you wouldn't ask it, but I want some of this."

MILES ANDERSON pulled on his gloves. "I'm using Rand's cabin up in the pines, but I can't use Rand. Such as the story may be, you'll get it. I'm a pretty patient waiter, Henry. Is that enough?"

Henry Horn said: "You can be rough and tough when you're so inclined, Miles."

"Sometimes we come to a corner that needs turning. Tom Cherburg was the best friend I ever had. All right, Henry."

Miles Anderson passed into that peculiarly brittle coldness presaging snow; and in fact there were flakes in this bitter wind drumming Pendleton's housetops and plucking its eerie tones from the telephone wires. The town was asleep at this hour and the street lamps marched along the blankness of wall and window with an indescribably lonely effect. It was easy, in this situation, to think of the land as it really was—primeval solitude returning to claim its own, hovering over a little man-made compound that had no validity after dark. Towns died and men died; the ancient hills remained. Head down, shoulders swinging impatiently against the wind, he cut diagonally across the intersection for the hotel.

"Some things don't change," he said, half aloud.

The hum of mufflers fled with the wind and two closed cars slid off the residential hill and across the bridge, to halt at the hotel's curb. Half a block removed, he saw a mixed party get out and run into shelter, a few high-pitched words whipping on. As he came up he noticed that one of the cars belonged to Sam Medellon, cattleman of his own age, from the LaGrande side of the Blues; when he entered the lobby he suddenly confronted them. And for some reason or other his entrance turned all their sleepy, curious eyes his way. Sam Medellon, a roan-headed man as temperamental as electricity, said:

"Why didn't you tell me you were in town? Listen, people, this is Miles Anderson, of Y Cross."

He made no effort to remember the names Medellon spoke. They were, he guessed, the usual high-powered young people up from Portland on a week-end trip and now showing the wear and tear of wasted hours. They had been drinking, but the drink was wearing off and all that held them together was the deeply ingrained manners of their kind. The men's faces had a wooden oiliness of fatigue, a faint blueness of jaw and eye-socket; as for the women, they were on wire edge, talking in tones pitched too high and too loose. They were rather vivid girls, wraps thrown back from bare, powdered shoulders and from evening dresses only meant to show the frank modeling of their bodies. Aloof and indifferent, he picked up Medellon's talk again.

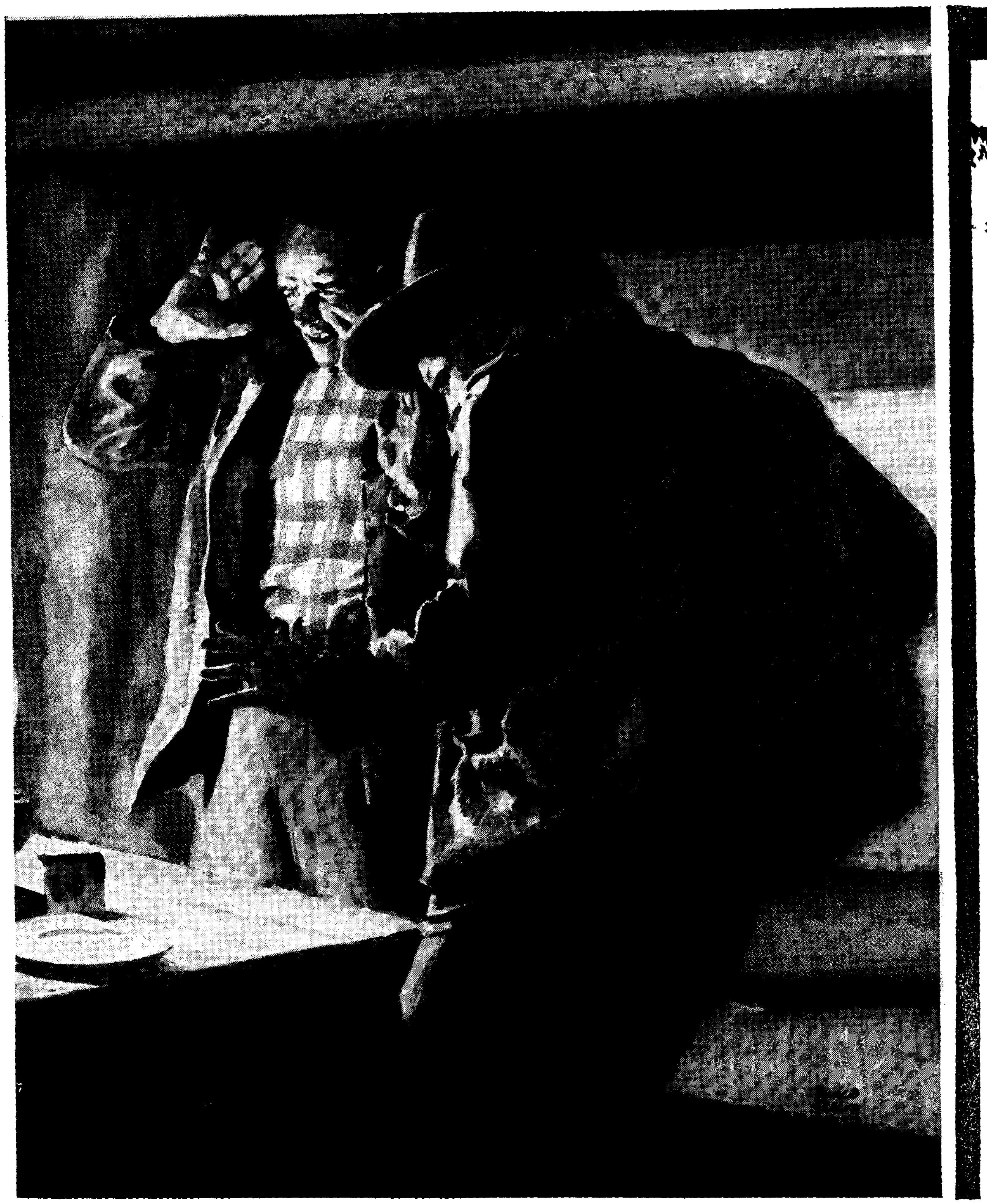
". . . Judith Steele. This may interest you, Miss Steele. Miles runs Y Cross, which your grandfather owned in his lifetime. The party's from San Francisco, Miles. Miss Steele's marrying Lew Drummond—no, this one—tomorrow night. A little sentiment. She wants to marry in the town her family sprung from."

Disinterest fell from him. She stood slightly apart from the group; consciously or unconsciously, he didn't know, but the effect was at once gripping. The late hours and the fast pace had done nothing to her; she was somehow fresh and turbulent beneath a surface as hard as onyx, as smooth as glass. Thick copper hair ran back from a broad brow and pale temples, and in the strange levelness of her eyes—disturbing a long-forgotten memory in him—was a light that burned as clear and still as a candle's glow in a quiet room. It was cool, speculative—very deliberate in intent; it was like a call from a great distance. The gown she wore rose in close, yellow-gold curves from narrow hips to thin straps across erect, faintly arrogant shoulders.

"Click," said a limp girl in a red dress, sleepily.

A MAN—it was Lew Drummond—moved toward Judith Steele and took her arm, the trace of possession there. "Tomorrow's another day," he said. "Or today is."

They straggled up the stairs, wearily complaining of the steps. The limp girl now murmured: "Where's chivalry? Push me up, somebody." Miles Anderson swung sharp on his heels and went



Donald Teague

LeBold. "But I think I'll give you my gun and take a jury. I've done it before"

to the door. But Sam Medellon called out, "I want to see you after breakfast, Miles," and he turned and got one more glance at Judith Steele. She was at the stair landing, poised against the newel post and looking down at him with that same proud, translucent wonder. The girl in the red dress laughed and said "Click" again and put a careless arm around Lew Drummond's shoulders. "You better marry that woman, Lew, before you lose her. This is the country of the barbarian, and it's a Steele tradition. Being carried off, I mean. Oh, torture!"

EYES and forehead and a still intensity along clear brows. Miles Anderson went out to the bitter street and to his own car at the curb with this in his mind. He drove down Court Street, passed the rodeo grounds and swung into the Old Oregon Trail, heading east. Beyond the limits of town the wind, no longer baffled, hurled itself savagely on the car and steering became difficult. It was then definitely snowing and all the flat land of the reservation was overwhelmed by a curdled black. Presently he reached the foot of the Blues and began a long circling that took him higher and higher into the desolation of this January night. A filling station's lonely beam glimmered abreast and soon died behind the thickening flurry. He remembered then. Out of his boyhood recollections marched the face of old Guerdon Steele, her grandfather. That full-living, piratical man had had the same unquenchable and lusty flame in his eyes, the same air of rugged independence.

Near the summit, fifteen miles from Pendleton and buried in the pines, Miles Anderson ran the car from the road, opened the radiator drain and walked away. He struck a side trail and went a half mile along it, as far as the black outline of a cabin squatted faintly against lesser black. At this point his thinking ran wholly into sensory impressions and he halted there with a taut, hard interest controlling him, facing Rand's cabin and all that Rand's cabin meant in the next thirty-six hours. Feet slipping in the fresh snow, he circled the place, pressed a back door open and entered a thick, sightless silence.

THE girl in the red dress pulled that dress over her head and heard it rip, and said "Damn!" with a faint, weary petulance. "Is there no heat in this room, Carol? Ring for extra blankets. I haven't been warm since we got off the train."

Her roommate, bundled in a quilted robe, bowed an ash-blond head over a cigarette. "I had planned," she said, "to be a very striking bridesmaid, walking up the cathedral aisle with half San Francisco looking on. This last-minute rush to the wilderness leaves me utterly flat." She turned and looked at the other out of alert eyes. "Tell me, my dear Watson, why a girl with the most impressive wedding of the Christian era in prospect should suddenly junk it and run a thousand miles to be married before some local justice of the peace."

"She said she hated a wedding that was a cross between a Roman spectacle and a Stanford-California football game. She said she wanted to be married in the town her grandfather practically put together in his spare moments. The man must have been a barbarian. Where else could Judith have gotten the nerves of a parachute jumper and that utterly outrageous energy?"

"I have a different answer," said the ash-blonde. "She doesn't want much of an audience to this bargain—because she's not so sold on the bargain."

"How charitable we are! Listen, darling. Judith's entirely too primitive to look at marriage as something to fill in an idle day."

"Well, there's something in that beautiful head and it isn't all romance. On occasion she can be brutally realistic. I know the signs. When she's restless she gets on a train. Here we are, aren't we?"

AT FOUR that afternoon, twelve hours later, another premature night was closing down. The wind had stopped and the snow, falling straight and solid and continuous, blanketed the earth and all the earth's sounds, its ceaseless screen isolating the cabin. Beyond, nothing much could be identified except trees dimly banked against a failing light. Miles Anderson had only a moment ago lighted the lamp and was in the act of stoking the kitchen stove when the knock drummed the front door; whirling about, nerves cocked, he saw the door swing and Judith Steele swiftly enter.

When her eyes found him he knew that whatever she might have expected here she had not expected him. The quick, surprised glance dwelt on him and a faint relief came and passed, leaving remote amusement behind. Her talk was full-noted, unhurried, without waste.

"I ran out of gas half a mile down the main highway. Pendleton seemed a million light years away until I discovered the telephone wire leading in here."

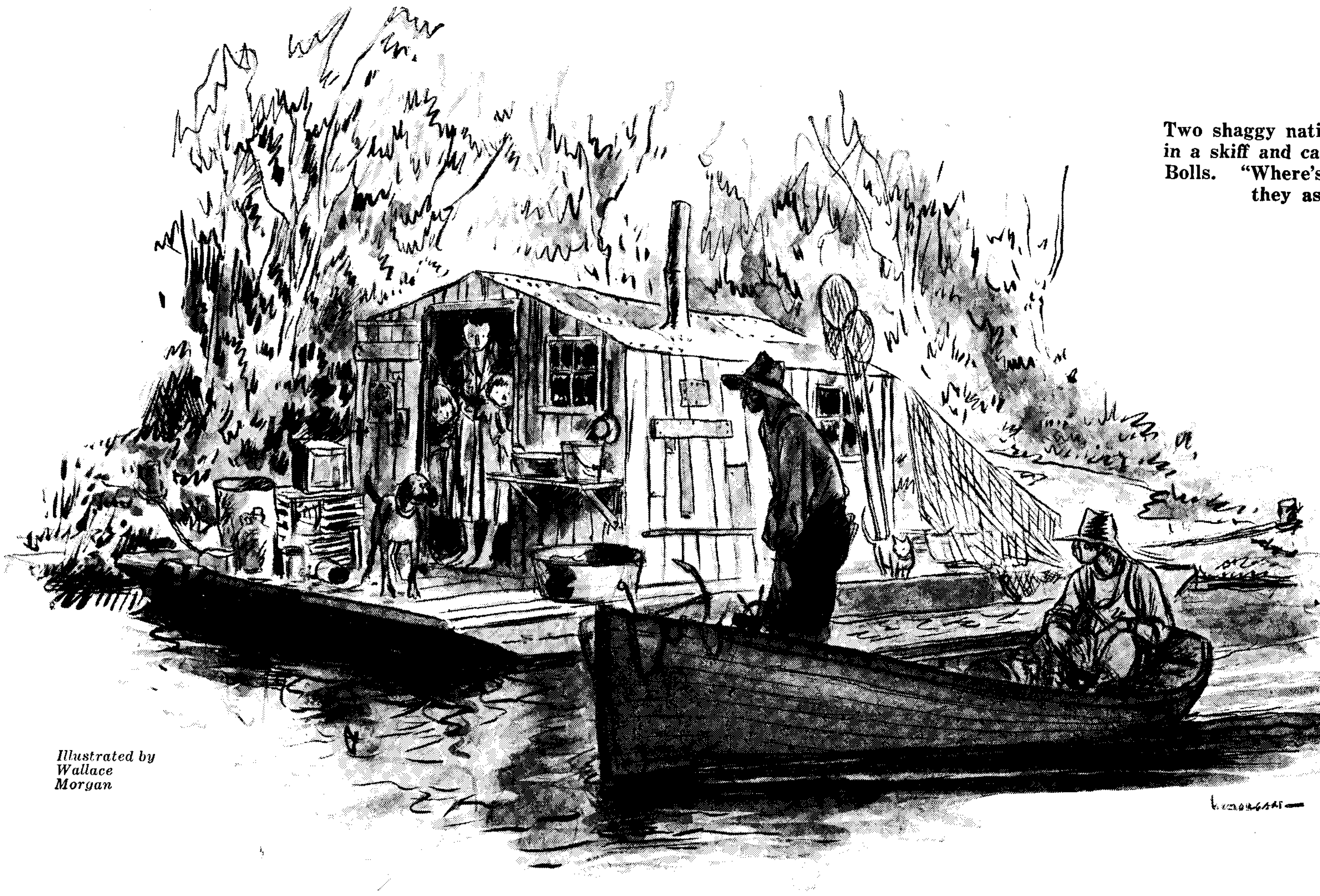
A short spasm of cold shook her; snow particles sparkled with silver brilliance against the bronze hair showing beneath a brimless hat's edges. The weather had bitten mercilessly through her sheer clothes, had turned her face somehow bleak. Miles Anderson nodded back to the kitchen fire. "You had better get in there."

Some thought indefinably changed the color of her eyes, and her head tipped on him, and he felt himself being analyzed for his danger with an utter realism. Held in that judging survey, he saw her waiting for the answer, plainly without much fear or without much hope. It vaguely irritated him—the penetrating power of that wisdom which seemed so sure and had so little faith—and he said, rather ironically:

"You'll have to take your chances. But I suppose that's part of your equipment."

She turned into the kitchen and sat down and removed her shoes. Her voice came back to him on an even, modulated note: "This was all impulse. It came to me that I wanted to see the ranch Grandfather started from. I was very

(Continued on page 51)



Two shaggy natives crept up in a skiff and called for Mrs. Bolls. "Where's yo' man?" they asked

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Waifs of the Winding River

They appear on no tax roll or jury list. No court maintains jurisdiction over them. Their laws are of their own making, few and primitive, and the drama of their lives is tense and secret. Here is the story of a people apart—the Shantyboat Folk

By Harris Dickson

THROUGH the very center of this civilized republic a narrow strip of barbarism goes wriggling southward along the west bank of the Mississippi River from Cairo, Illinois, to the Gulf of Mexico, a region of hidden lakes and deep black bayous that stagnate in eternal shadow. From Memphis to Vicksburg the eastern shore is like the west, an abandoned territory which lies outside our levees, the sport of every flood, and remains today just as it was a thousand years ago, a wilderness inhabited by amphibian creatures.

Bustling towns may thrive behind their dirt embankments and tractors plow the fields, but beyond the protection of those bulwarks the soil can never be cultivated, nor cities built upon this irreclaimable playground of Father Mississippi. At high water his floods sweep over it, then recede and leave vast sandbars that glitter along the edge of shrunken channels. A jungle vegetation springs up almost overnight to shelter jungle beasts, and not even in savage Africa can the explorer find more primitive conditions than here, where sheriffs are powerless and courts maintain no actual jurisdiction.

Yet men live here, men and slatternly women and tangle-haired children, waifs of the winding river who acknowledge only the law of their own weapons. Shantyboat people appear on no tax roll or jury list, neither is a sandbar citizen enumerated in the census.

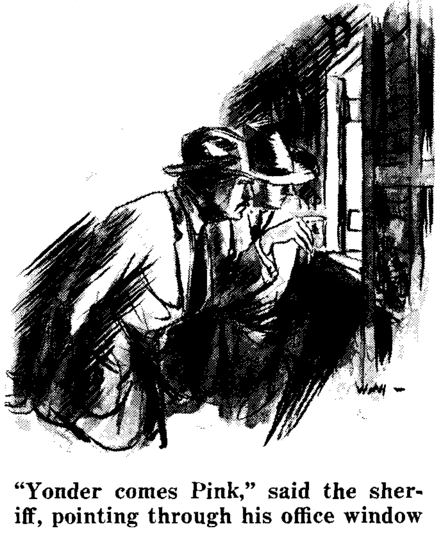
From a steamer's deck the river voyager may notice here and there a dingy houseboat concealed in a cove; or it may be stranded on shore, propped up while the hull is being calked. All these craft are cut on the same pattern, a flat-bottomed scow, square at both ends, with a makeshift cabin built of boards. The roof is of tarred paper. A rusty stovepipe sticks out. A gasoline skiff lies moored beside it. From the tiny window a sullen-faced woman peers suspiciously at every stranger, a sallow woman who lives upon the water and feels no sense of kinship with the land.

Atop the eastern bluffs at Vicksburg there rises a steel tower, part of an electric project, so lofty that its summit commands a far-spread panorama of wilderness and river. Just opposite, the Louisiana shores are low, covered by a dense swamp growth outside the levee, and vacant sandbars project into the current.

The Eye on the Tower

Anything might happen in the isolated glades amongst those thickets without being witnessed by any planter in his cotton field or by any straggler along the stream itself. No tattler ever penetrates to that secluded spot where Tod Lamb shot Benny Marks and thought his act unseen. But Tod Lamb had not reckoned with the eye upon the tower.

The tower was in process of construction, and a foreman on its pinnacle surveyed operations through a pair of powerful binoculars. Quite accidentally his glass picked up a moving object—a man who ran swiftly into an open space surrounded by willow brushwood, diagonally across the river. Then the foreman saw another denizen of the sandbars, who wore a slouch hat and patched blue overalls, level his shotgun at the fleeing figure and fire.



"Yonder comes Pink," said the sheriff, pointing through his office window

The runner tumbled upon his face, and two women showed themselves. The three of them together lifted the limp body and bore it to their skiff. After covering the corpse with a scrap of tarpaulin, the man and two women started paddling lazily down the river.

All of this the foreman saw very clearly and immediately telephoned to Sheriff Andrew Sevier at Tallulah, Louisiana, twenty miles distant. Mr. Sevier raced to the river, commandeered a gas boat and came upon the killers just as they were giving hasty burial to their dead.

One Out of a Hundred

At the trial a sordid story developed, one which is common enough along our river. Benny Marks, deceased, had a buxom wife, somewhat more seductive than the snuff-dipping hag who called herself "Mrs. Tod. Lamb." Being a thrifty fisherman, Benny also possessed a well-kept houseboat, valuable fishing tackle and a gasoline skiff in excellent order. So Tod killed Benny for his woman and other property. After which he intended to shoot his unwanted wife. But instead of forming a new partnership and living happily ever after, Tod and both women were sent to the Louisiana penitentiary.

By a miracle, this one murder out of hundreds was punished, and its detection reads like Poe's famous story, The Gold Bug. According to that famous tale, the seeker for buried treasure seated himself in a definite position at the edge of a rocky cliff, and directed his glass forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast by north. From no other point in the vicinity could he see a white skull nailed to the seventh limb of a tree. Only from the top of that tower could any human eye have seen that murder.

The mouth of White River is perhaps the toughest locality in all our Valley; tough because its inaccessible swamps

(Continued on page 29)

His Error

By Dana Burnet

Explaining the perplexing predicament of that young Benson couple, who were perfectly delighted when their house burned down. (Note: They did not need the insurance!)

HE HAD fallen in love with her across the footlights, which of all the ways of falling in love is one of the most hazardous. But Todd Benson was a reckless young man, with a singular aptitude for hazards of all sorts and sizes. Also, he had been born with a large amount of money, which is always pleasant, and which in Todd's case enabled him happily to indulge his passion for taking chances.

He had risked all the breakable portions of his large frame playing football at Yale, hunting big game in South Africa, tobogganing in Switzerland, flying a decrepit pursuit plane in a South American revolution and climbing various unfriendly mountains in stray parts of the world. Then, at the ripe age of twenty-nine, he had come home, had gone to see a play which was a current hit in New York, and for the first time in his life had found himself risking not his neck but his heart.

The play, which was nearing the end of its run, was entitled The Princess Returns. It was a gaudy little comedy, whose plot concerned the return of an exiled princess to her fabulous homeland. For the first twenty minutes of it young Mr. Benson sat in bored apathy, gazing chiefly at a piece of stage-property — an ornate, heavily carved, empty chair upholstered in purple plush that dominated the center of the scene, rear. There was a great fuss made over this chair. Fifty-dollar-a-week actors entered and explained to each other, with gestures, that it was the princess' own particular pet chair—a sort of everyday throne, in fact—which since her exile had been kept religiously unoccupied. Mr. Benson didn't care. He wasn't interested in people who specialized in sitting down. He had sat down very little in his own strenuous career.

Then Carola Dean, as the princess, stepped onto the stage; and instantly Todd began to care. He cared about everything—the play, the actors, the audience, life, the city of New York, the world in general and Carola Dean in particular. And when at last the lovely lady deigned to seat herself in the expectant chair, Todd Benson figuratively took that lush piece of furniture to his 48-inch (expanded) bosom.

By the end of Act Three he was seeing visions or, rather, a vision; and because he was a young man of great determination, not unmixed with charm, the vision eventually became a reality, with results hereinafter set forth.

IN SHORT, Todd Benson met Carola Dean and married her. The meeting was not hard to arrange—merely a matter of digging up a theatrical friend who knew her. Nor was his courtship difficult. (He found he had a gift for it.) But the marriage was another matter. For a whole month, till the play closed in June, Carola held out against it, while he bombarded her with long-stemmed roses, impassioned telegrams, gold-embossed dinner menus, the atomic energy of his own engaging and rather naïve personality, and a square-cut diamond that she kept returning to him. "The chances are all against our being happy, Todd," she told him at last, on the night of her final performance.

"Why are they against it?"

"Because you don't really know me. How can you, when I don't know myself? I mean, except as an actress. I'd probably be an awful flop as your wife."

"I'll take that risk. Besides, you're forgettin' one very important fact."

"What?" asked Carola.

"I love you," Todd said with momentous originality; and took her in his arms and kissed her. It was then approximately that Carola discovered, to her dismay, that she was a woman as well as an actress.

She woke up several mornings later in a strange bedroom, in a quiet little inn on Long Island, with the square-cut diamond and another plain gold ring on her finger. Lifting her blond head, she saw a huge young man with a reddish-brown thatch of hair doing calisthenics before an open window.

"I'm married," said Carola faintly.

THE young man turned and grinned at her. "So am I," he said, "and I'm crazy about it. I thought you'd never wake up."

"I'm tired, I guess. Look, Todd, do we have to go places on our honeymoon? I've traveled so much in my life!"

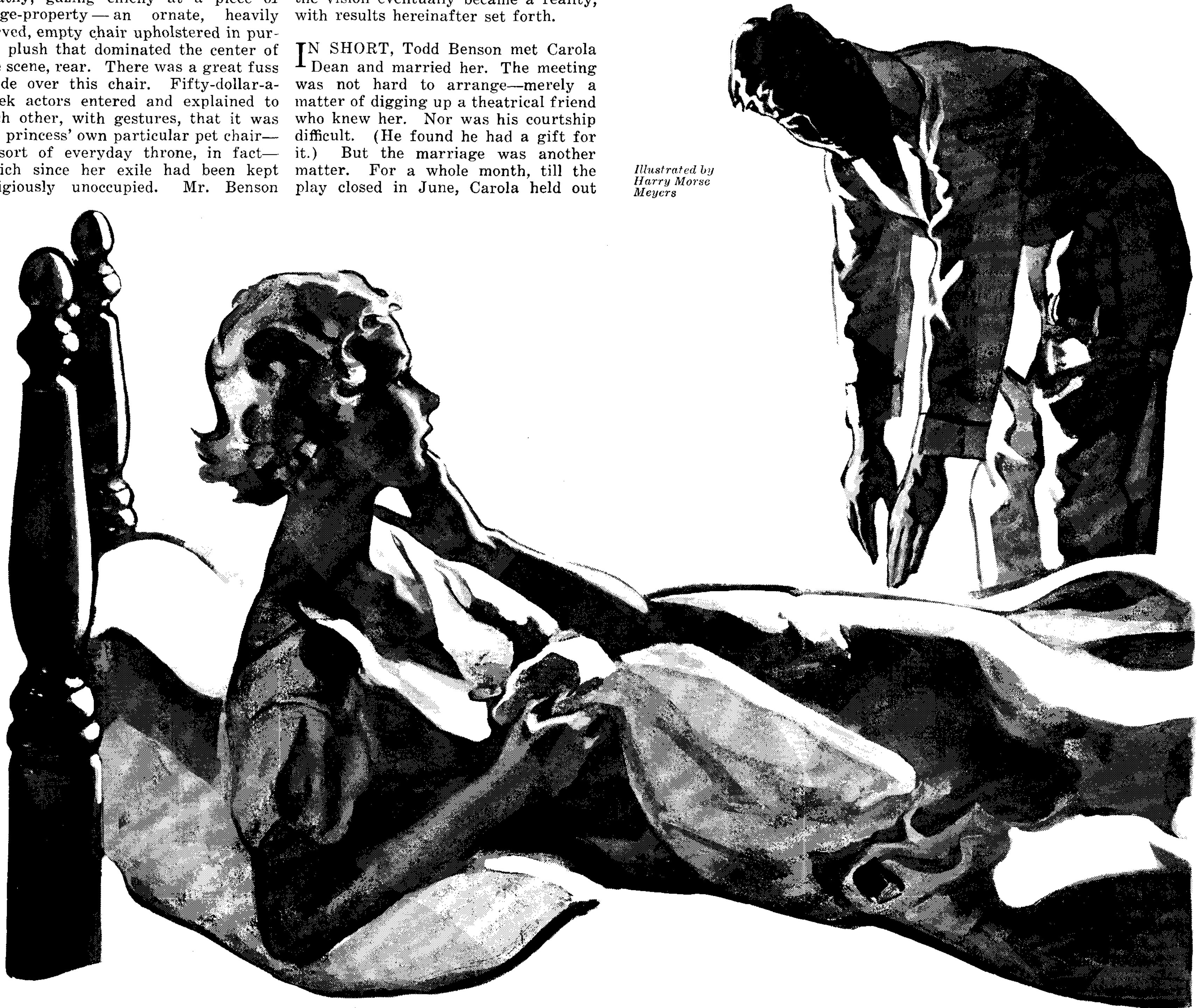
"No! We don't. We can stay right at home if you prefer."

"Have we got a home, darling?"

His grin widened. "Wait and see," he said. "It's only a couple of miles from here—on the Sound."

She sprang out of bed. "Oh, Todd! What a lovely surprise! Do you mean

(Continued on page 28)



Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

She saw a huge young man doing calisthenics before an open window

The Man without Nerves

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

HIS revolver beside him, a bullet wound in his heart, Sam Jesson, respected resident of Sandywayes, a Sussex village, is found dead in his garage. A farewell note to his wife, in which reference is made to "financial troubles," makes it obvious that he has killed himself.

En route to London, four of Jesson's old friends—James Huitt, who, as manager of the Aldwych branch of the great banking firm of Barton's, had handled Jesson's affairs; Andrew Cresset, corset manufacturer; Timothy Sarson, wine merchant; and Roland Martin—discuss the tragedy. All but the banker express amazement at Sam Jesson—the *wealthy* Sam Jesson—having pecuniary difficulties. Huitt is noncommittal. A few hours later, in his office, he receives a young newspaper reporter—a "Mr. Tyssen," who says bluntly that his associates do not accept the suicide theory. Then: "Mr. Huitt, you were Mr. Jesson's banker. *Was he, or was he not, in trouble?*" Huitt rivets his eyes—shrewd, calculating eyes—on his caller. "At the coroner's inquest tomorrow," he snaps out, "I shall answer publicly any questions asked me. Good day!"

Tyssen thus disposed of, Huitt summons a clerk, one Merton. "Bring me Mr. Jesson's *statement," he orders. Merton hesitates;* then—"You remember, sir, yesterday afternoon Mr. Jesson rang up and inquired the exact amount of his balance. We told him—and he laughed at us! He was to have come in this morning, I believe." Huitt stares at the clerk. "Yes," he says finally, "I remember. I had an appointment with him at 11 o'clock. . . ."

While returning to Sandywayes, the banker's thoughts revert constantly to young Tyssen. An impertinent young fellow, he thinks. Over six feet in height, but of most unimpressive appearance—pug nose, freckles, huge ears, unruly hair. And what clothes! No—Mr. Huitt does not approve of young Tyssen. . . . Arrived at the village, he goes to the Oasis Lawn Tennis Club, of which he is the president. Tyssen—that reporter!—is there. What is more, he is playing tennis with Sybil Cresset, Andrew Cresset's daughter; Pauline Sarson, daughter of Timothy Sarson; and Timothy's son, Anthony! Huitt orders tea. The waitress who brings it gives him some gossip. Mr. Tyssen, she says, is a writer. "He's lodging with Mrs. Foulds," she says; and, lowering her voice, "a strange person he is, too. Wanders all over the place every night!" Whereupon Tyssen strides over, is introduced. He wants to join the club—to use it while writing a novel. Irritated, Huitt leaves the club. The tennis game is resumed. Pauline Sarson laughs. "You seem to play much better when our president, Mr. Huitt, isn't here," she observes. "*You don't like him, do you?*"

II

TYSSEN frowned slightly. He was already rolling one of his innumerable cigarettes, and the process seemed to demand more concentration than usual.

"No," he replied. "I don't know that I have any feelings concerning Mr. Huitt—as a man. As a type he interests me rather."

"A robot type I would call him," Pauline remarked, smiling. "I cannot imagine anyone ever making him act upon impulse, saying or doing an incorrect thing. I should love to hear him swear just once."

"You never will," Anthony assured her. "He is encased in the invisible armor of an invincible propriety."

"He ought to have married," Sybil Cresset observed. "Marriage might have made a human being of him."

"Considering Mr. Huitt for the first time as a human being," Anthony meditated, "one cannot help wondering what effect he would have had upon any ordinary woman who became his wife and what his children would have been like!"

"There is one position in life," Tyssen said, "which I imagine he fills to perfection and that is the position of bank manager."

"That's what the Dad says," Anthony remarked. "He has him over to dinner sometimes and Dad isn't himself until the evening's over. Then he lights a pipe, has a whisky-and-soda and looks around at the rest of us. 'Anyway,' he declares apologetically, 'he may not be the man for a sociable evening but he's the man to leave your money with.'"

"That," Tyssen admitted, "is a great deal. It is something to be able to trust your financial advisers.

"You called him just now a robot man," Tyssen continued. "Queer, but that's exactly how he appeared to me when I was shown into his sanctum."

"Are you going to bank with him?" Anthony asked carelessly.

"I may," the young man replied. "I am not quite sure whether he would not consider my affairs too small, however. Seven o'clock," he went on, listening to the chime of a distant church clock. "I must go. Mrs. Foulds has all the virtues but she has also the vice of punctuality."

TYSSEN took his leave, a little ungainly in his movements and his farewell speech. They watched him on his way towards the gate.

"Seems a queer sort of fellow," Anthony Sarson observed. "I can't exactly place him."

"Eton and Oxford wouldn't, I suppose," his sister said, smiling.

"He seemed rather dreadful at first, I thought," Sybil Cresset remarked. "Afterwards one wonders."

"One wonders," Pauline said, "because he changes so much. I'll tell you a discovery I've made concerning that young man. I'm rather interested in him. After all it may be I who will write the novel!"

Anthony Sarson filled his pipe with leisurely fingers.

"Out with it, Pauline," he begged.

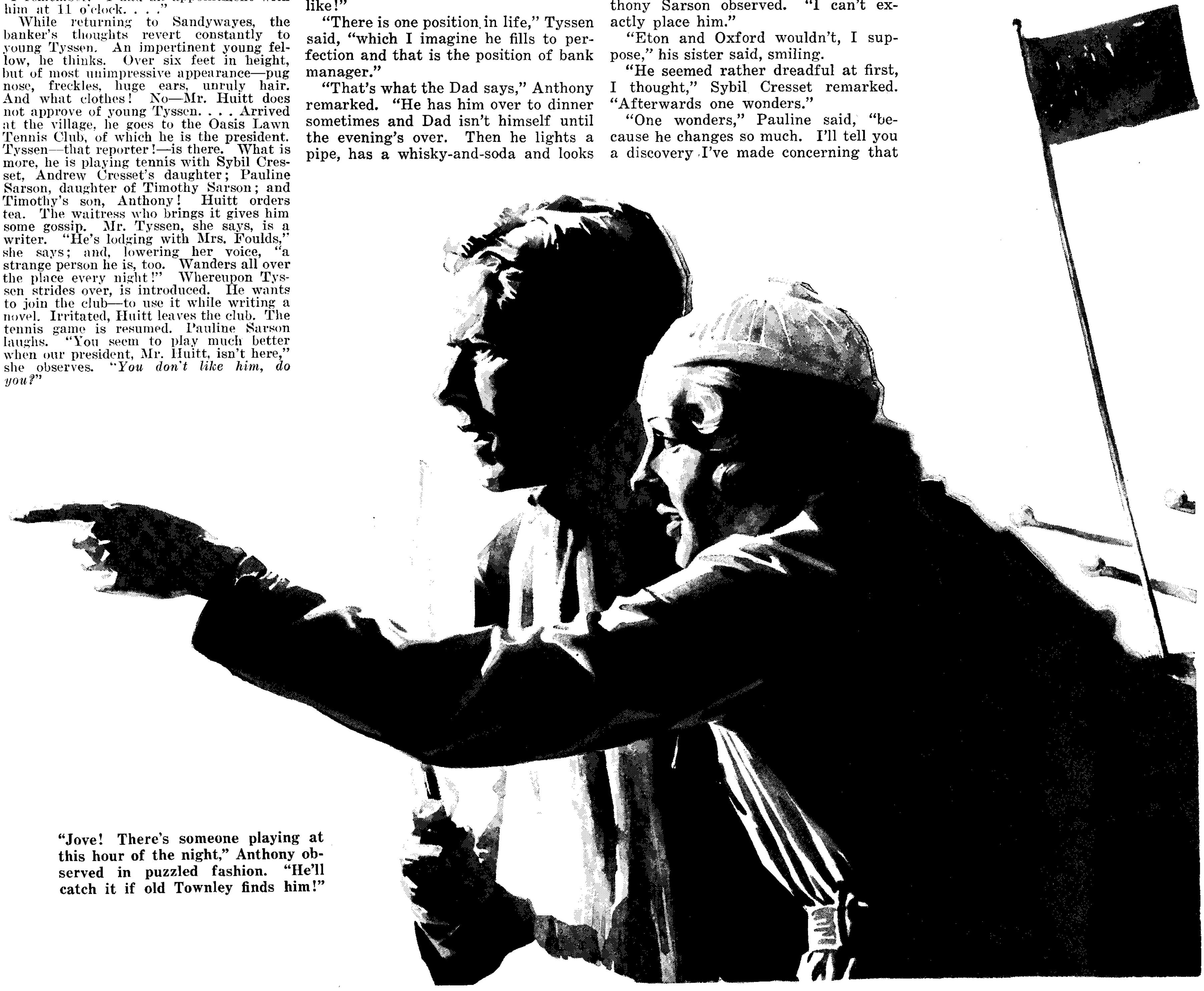
"Mr. Tyssen," she said deliberately, "is not the same person when Mr. Huitt is about. To me it seems just as though he were acting a part at times. When he was alone with us he was quite natural and though, of course, he's shy and in a way uncouth, there is much more of the man about him. Directly Mr. Huitt is within speaking distance he is a changed being."

"I daresay you are right," Anthony observed indifferently. "I think it is only decent to be civil to a stranger but the young man doesn't appeal to me very much. Has anyone seen 'the beautiful lady' today?"

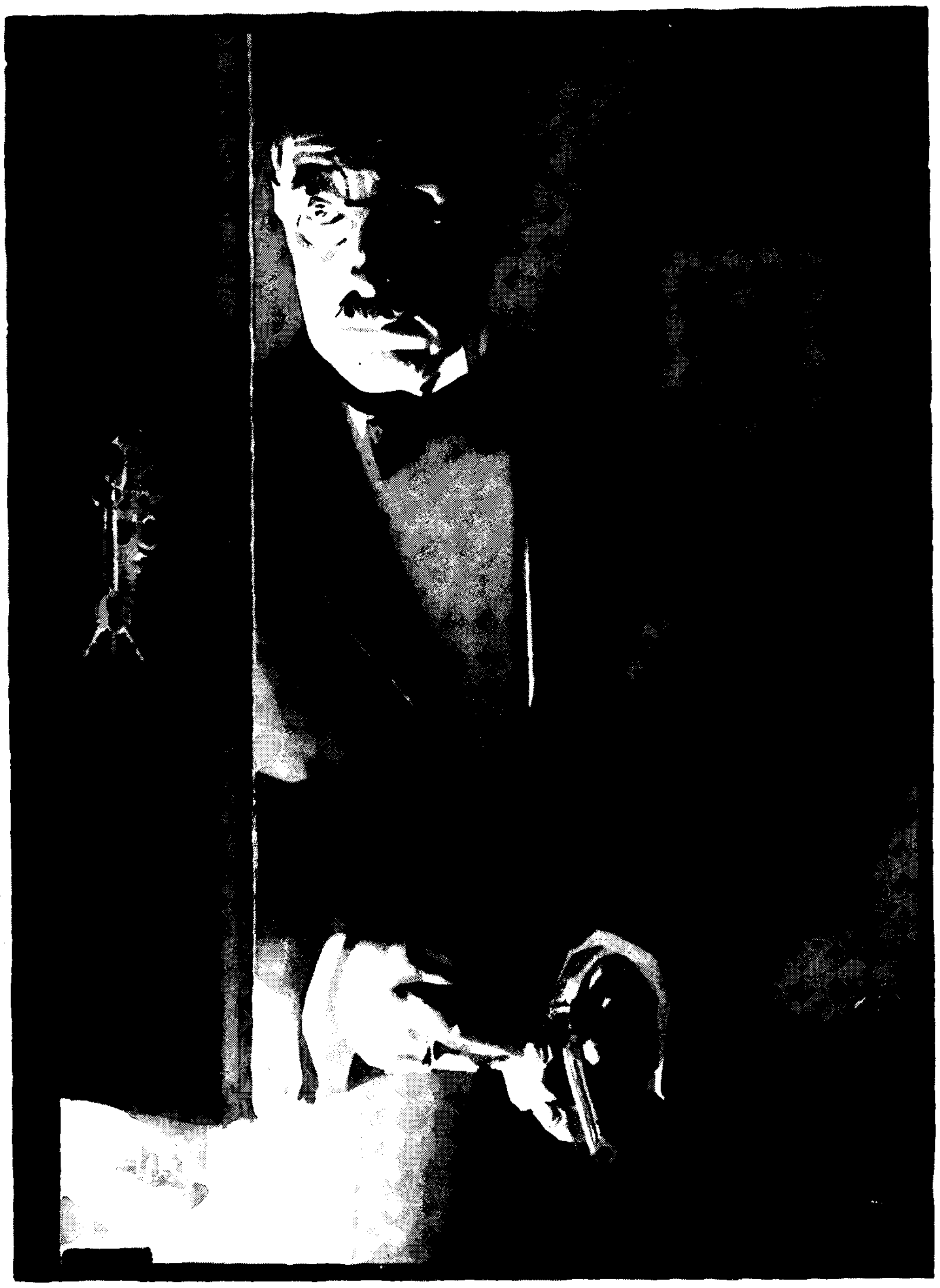
Sybil indulged in a little grimace.

"If you are going to rave about your divinity again," she pronounced with the faintest touch of acerbity in her tone, "I may as well go home. No, I have not seen her."

"I saw a glimmer of white in the dis-



"Jove! There's someone playing at this hour of the night," Anthony observed in puzzled fashion. "He'll catch it if old Townley finds him!"



Illustrated by George Howe

He loaded the weapon and moved the catch with firm fingers to safety

tance," Pauline confided. "If you want something to dream about, Tony, I believe she is wearing white today!"

"She would look marvelous in anything," the young man declared. "We ought to have talked to Tyssen about her. If he's really idiot enough to think he can write a novel there is the perfect heroine."

Sybil rose to her feet with a pout.

"After the attentions you have paid me during the last few weeks, Anthony—" she began.

He patted her hand.

"Serious attentions, my dear Sybil, I assure you," he said. "Madame is a creature of one's dreams. One cannot imagine her coming to life. You, on the other hand, are the girl I am going to offer to take to the dance at Godalming tomorrow night."

"You are forgiven," Sybil declared. "Are you sure that Pauline doesn't want to go?"

Pauline shook her head.

"I have not the least inclination," she said. "Anthony dances far too well for me to find it any pleasure."

"First time I've heard it put like that," the young man murmured.

"A sister's attitude," Pauline pronounced, "is always different. To me you represent monotony. You play tennis far too well, and your golf has just the same irritating qualities. It is absolutely perfect. Every drive right down the middle—every putt well on the line. One might worship it in someone else. In a brother it is monotonous. No wonder Lord Milhaven insisted on your election to the Paradise Golf Club!"

Sybil smiled as they all rose to their feet. She was a very pretty girl and Anthony was her idea of perfection.

"I really think," she declared, as they moved off together, "that Mr. Tyssen is the type of man Pauline is looking for!"

THE proceedings at the inquest on the following afternoon moved for the first half-hour or so along the well-recognized lines. The body of Samuel Jesson was duly identified, the doctor's evidence indicating suicide was reluctantly given and the deceased's letter to his wife, found lying on the floor of the garage by the side of his limp fingers, was duly read in court. Its contents were brief but pitiful:

My dear Hester:

I pray your forgiveness for what I am about to do. I have made a great mistake with regard to my money affairs and I must pay for it. Alone you will be quite well enough off. Some years ago, before I ever dreamed of this trouble, I insured my life with a company whose policies did not contain a suicide clause. I scarcely noticed it at the time but I am thankful enough now. Forgive me, dear, and thank you a thousand times for the many years of happiness we have had together. SAM.

There was a little rustle of sympathy in court after the reading of the letter. One of the jurymen stood up.

"I should like to ask a question, if you please, Mr. Coroner," he said.

"I shall be glad to reply to it if possible," was the courteous response.

"I should like to ask whether any effort has yet been made to investigate the financial affairs of the deceased. My idea is that their condition was not nearly serious enough to account for suicide."

The coroner looked over his spectacles at the questioner.

"The evidence of the next witness, sir," he announced, "will answer your question."

Mr. James Huitt was called and stepped at once into the box. It would be unfair, perhaps, to say that he was prepared to enjoy the importance of his position, but his attitude towards the whole affair was certainly one of gentle patronage. He had the air of a man who knows what is expected of him and is determined not to disappoint. He wore a black morning coat of formal pattern and a black bow tie. In the witness box, calm and detached, he looked the very prototype of the self-respecting, earnest, professional man.

The coroner bowed to him as he took his place. Mr. Huitt returned the greeting.

"Your name, I believe, is James Huitt?" the former asked.

"James Huitt is my name, sir."

"You are manager of the Aldwych branch of Barton's Bank?"

"That is so, sir."

"The deceased's banking account came under your care in the natural course of affairs?"

"Precisely."

"You are the deceased's executor, I believe?"

"Unless a later will has been executed of which I have no knowledge."

"The account was well kept?"

"Until the last three months it was a model account."

There was a rustle of interest in the court. Everyone felt that elucidation was coming.

"Tell us briefly, Mr. Huitt, the change which took place in Mr. Jesson's account during the last three months."

"THE deceased has withdrawn large sums of money and, from having a considerable credit balance, he applied to me only last week for an overdraft. With your permission, Mr. Coroner, I should like to enlarge for a few moments upon this point."

"By all means," the coroner conceded. "The Court is very desirous of obtaining all the information which you can give us."

"During the last six or seven years," Mr. Huitt confided—and, although he seemed to speak in a very low tone and in a voice without volume, every word of what he said was clearly heard in the court—"Mr. Jesson's account has been a model one. He kept a balance of between one and seven thousand pounds, upon which we allowed him a trifle of interest. The idea of an overdraft was abhorrent to him. I imagine that, although he had an excellent business, it was not capable of any great development and he would not have known how to use the money. We had also in safekeeping some thirty thousand pounds' worth of excellent stocks and bonds.

"About two months ago the change began. Mr. Jesson asked to see me and was shown at once into my room as a valued client. He made out a check in my presence for four thousand pounds. At his request I procured the money myself and he buttoned up the notes in his pocketbook. I remember the occasion because I ventured upon some chaffing remark to the effect that I hoped he was not betting too much. He failed to reply in his usual light-hearted way.

"Three times within this last month Mr. Jesson has called, has insisted upon seeing me personally and has drawn out in large notes practically the whole of his available balance. A fortnight ago he began to sell his stocks and shares and invest in bearer bonds. Ten thousand pounds' worth of these he took away when he called to see me last week. He sounded me then as to an overdraft."

"AND what was your reply?" the coroner asked.

"I did not precisely refuse, but I took the opportunity of talking to Mr. Jesson as his executor and as a friend. Without wishing to seem curious, I asked him the reason for these large withdrawals of cash and for the change of his excellent securities into bearer bonds. I asked him too, as was within my province as a bank manager, for what reason he required an overdraft and I told him that my directors would insist that I be permitted to see his last balance sheet."

"And his reply?"

"I regret to say that, although I spoke as tactfully as possible and although I have always considered Mr. Jesson as a friend, he told me practically to mind my own business, it was his own money he was getting rid of and, as for the overdraft, he could get it elsewhere if not with me. I expostulated but without result. Mr. Jesson left me in a temper and I expected at any moment to be served with a notice of the withdrawal of his account."

"Can you remember the date of this interview?"

"Last Thursday week."

The coroner stroked his chin. There was much that was incomprehensible even in the clear statement of this admirable witness.

"Tell me, Mr. Huitt," he asked, "did you form any conclusion yourself as to the reason for this extraordinary change in your client?"

"I am afraid I must confess that I did, sir."

"The Court is bound to ask you what it was, Mr. Huitt. You see, we have to rely a great deal upon you."

Mr. Huitt was silent for a moment. He seemed graver than ever. Finally he answered the coroner's question.

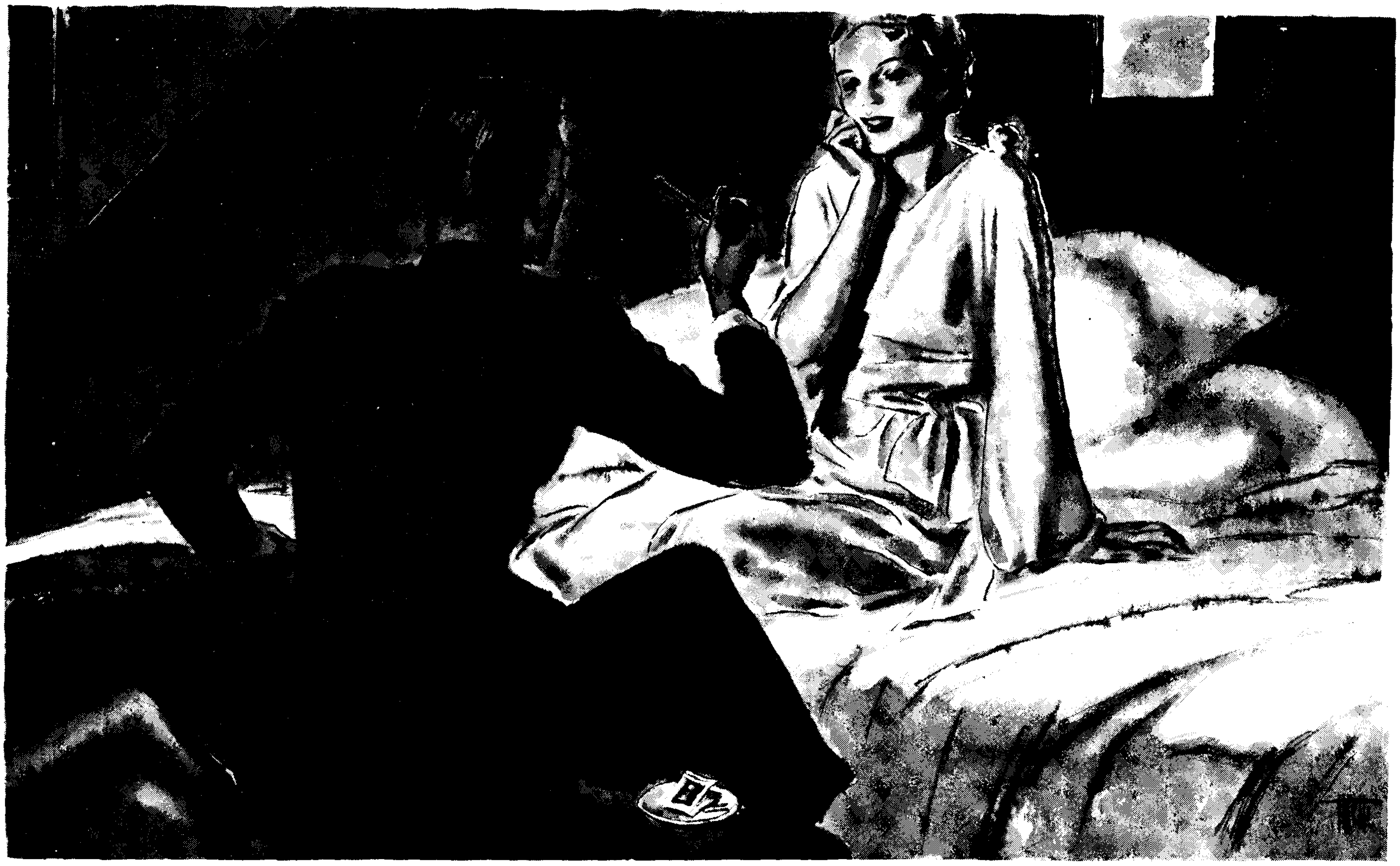
"My experience in such matters, sir, is practically nil, but I came to the conclusion—I could think of no other explanation—that Mr. Jesson was being blackmailed in some new and mysterious fashion."

The coroner inclined his head gravely.

"Thank you, Mr. Huitt," he said. "We need not trouble you any further."

Half an hour later the obvious thing

(Continued on page 59)



Walter C. Klett

"Oh, Chris, then we're really going! That makes the whole thing perfect!"

Manhattan Love Song

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1933, by Kathleen Norris

The Story Thus Far:

FOUR young Californians—Chris Thring, Madge Rountree, Mack Wise and Fanny Furness—come to New York, secure jobs. All are happy—except Fanny. To her it is perfectly obvious that not only Mack but Chris (whom she loves) is in love with Madge!

Months pass. Mack and Madge go to California, where they plan to be married. Chris, wretched, ships before the mast. Fanny, suffering keenly, goes on the stage, secures a small part in a play soon to be produced. Then, quite by chance, she learns that Chris has returned. He is desperately ill and penniless. She nurses him, saves his life. And presently they are married.

Glorious days follow for the young couple. But Madge and Mack reappear; they have, they announce, decided not to be married. And Madge, a fascinating girl, calmly informs Fanny that she loves Chris, intends to win him if she can.

Alarmed, Fanny awaits developments. They come quickly. Madge, she learns, is meeting Chris secretly, sending him love notes. Then comes a shocking experience. Chris has a job with a law firm. He asks Fanny to bring him some extremely important documents. He will, he says, be at the Grand Central station at four o'clock. Fanny finds the papers in their apartment, rushes to the station. Chris is not there. Knowing where the papers must be delivered (to Gerald Mockby, in Scarsdale, one of Chris' employers), Fanny goes to Scarsdale. There, quite by chance, she meets Gerald Mockby's uncle, Jesse, and his wife. Due to a misunderstanding, the cousins have not spoken to each other for years. Fanny's sweetness and charm do much to bring them together.

Mr. Mockby, delighted, seizes the papers. He opens them. They are not legal documents. They are poems—sentimental lyrics, written by one of Madge's young friends!

Horrified at her error (which may cost Chris his job), she returns to New York, goes to the apartment. Chris, extremely indignant, meets her. She had, it appears, locked him in when she had rushed to the station. But his anger does not last long. Fanny tells him she is going to be a mother!

Conclusion

CHRIS," Fanny said, before he was up the next morning, "have you ever been to the Bronx Zoo?"

Chris rolled over with an awakening moan, regarded her stupidly. Fanny was crisply fresh in clean gingham, her hair was brushed into an aureole of damp waves. September sunshine, fragrant from a heavy rain in the night, was streaming through the wide-opened windows; there was a good smell of breakfast in the air.

"Bacon?" Chris suggested.

"Bacon, cornbread, plums," Fanny told him. "And your bath awaits!"

"Fan," said Chris, lying on his back with his big arms locked behind his head, "I lay awake for hours, and you apparently slept like a baby. Doesn't anything worry you?"

"Nothing! Nothing on a morning like this," Fanny said, straightening the room, jerking chairs into place. "I'll tell you what let's do. Let's get started about eleven; it's almost ten now—"

"It isn't!"

"It *is*. Let's have breakfast and get everything in order here, and then I'll pack some sandwiches and we'll go out on a bus to the Zoo. We can get coffee somewhere at about two, and eat our lunch on the grass or somewhere, and see all the monkeys and lions and everything, and come home for late supper. There's no park concert today, and we'll save the organ concert at Columbia for some Sunday when it rains. It'll be cold soon now, and this is a divine day for the park!"

"I'd love it," said Chris.

"All right then; take your bath."

Rolled in his wrapper, he disappeared into the inner room, and Fanny made the bed and set the breakfast table, peered at her baking cornbread, broke eggs into a yellow bowl. Presently she and Chris were idling over their meal in great harmony. When she had finished, Fanny brought in her brown bread, cream cheese, tomatoes, cold fried salmon, and proceeded to make four substantial sandwiches.

"But you've not finished your coffee, Fan."

"Coffee wasn't so good this morning."

"You poor kid!" he said.

"Oh, I'll be all right by noon. It comes and goes—a sort of sickishness. It won't last!"

SHE wrapped the sandwiches stoutly, and Chris put them in his pocket. Fanny drew down the shades against the battering sunshine of mid-morning, and just as the clock was approaching eleven they stood eying their orderly domain, Fanny turning off faucets and gas jets with great carefulness, Chris checking such details as books, lunch, keys.

"Just be sure that I'm not asleep in the tub when you bolt that kitchen door, Fan!"

"Oh, wasn't that awful!"

"Awful! Eight hours of it! Fan, what *is* it?"

For Fanny, dressed in her nicest linen, and with her coat on her arm, had suddenly stepped back into the room and was clutching at Chris with an expression of consternation on her face.

"Oh, Chris—Chris—Chris! Oh, my *heavens!* Mr. Mockby, Gerald Mockby! He's waiting for you! Down at the Sartoris— Oh, Chris, quick—it is almost eleven now!"

"Gerald Mockby!" Chris ejaculated.

"Oh, yes, darling! You were to take the notes down to him at half past ten this morning, and he was going to send a copy to Mr. Kessley by air mail! Oh, Chris, *hurry—!*"

"It's ten of eleven!" Chris shouted. "*Fan, why didn't you tell me!* He's been waiting—"

"I forgot it!" wailed Fanny. "We were talking about so many other things. I'm sorry! Here—look at them, these are the right ones—hurry, darling!"

Chris gave her one look, snatched the brown envelope from her shaking hands, and was gone. The sound of his feet flying down the bare stairs came back to her, mingled with all the other noises of the Sunday house.

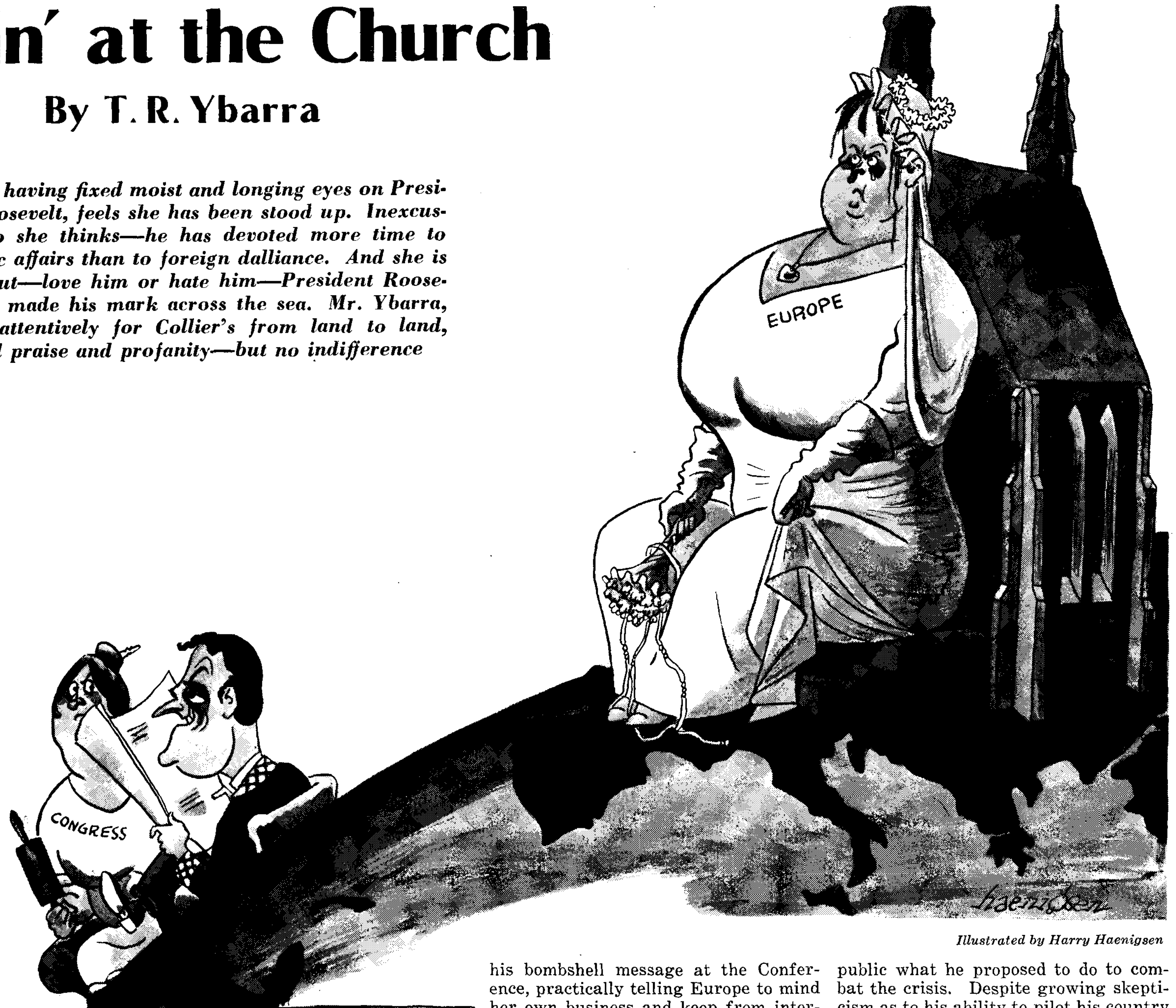
Then there was a great silence. Fanny, deciding that she had felt anything but enthusiastic over the Zoo plan anyway, changed her clothes, disposed herself comfortably on the couch, and

(Continued on page 39)

Awaitin' at the Church

By T. R. Ybarra

Europe, having fixed moist and longing eyes on President Roosevelt, feels she has been stood up. Inexcusably—so she thinks—he has devoted more time to domestic affairs than to foreign dalliance. And she is sore. But—love him or hate him—President Roosevelt has made his mark across the sea. Mr. Ybarra, flitting attentively for Collier's from land to land, found praise and profanity—but no indifference



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

I HAD just heard King George V, modest of bearing and kindly of eye, yet symbolic, for all his modesty and kindliness, of the grandeur and power of the British Empire, make the speech which officially inaugurated the World Monetary and Economic Conference in London. I had just heard Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald describe, in words wrapped in several thicknesses of closely woven Scotch accent, his drrreams of a pairrrfect wurrld.

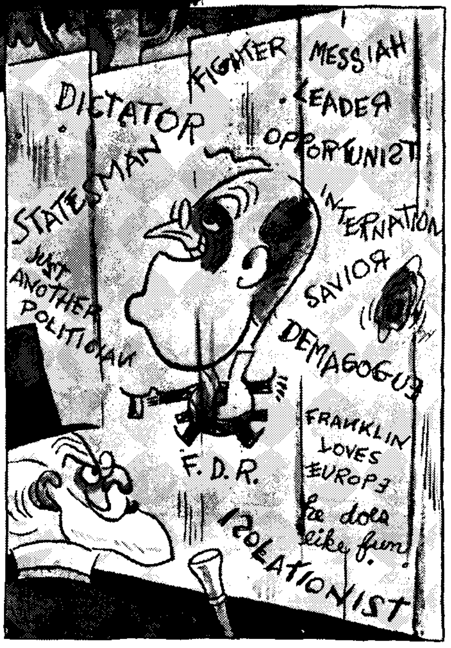
I had watched and listened while one star after another shone oratorically on the rostrum of the big conference hall—Secretary of State Cordell Hull, bringing to calm London a whiff of electric Washington; Neville Chamberlain, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, furrowed, phlegmatic and forceful; Comrade Maxim Litvinoff, from Moscow, speaking a jargon compounded of Slavic, Whitechapel and unclassified ingredients, which he (alone among all those present) considered to be English; Eduard Benes, guiding genius of Czechoslovakia's foreign affairs, who would doubtless die of asphyxiation if suddenly deprived of the air of international conferences.

I had looked upon delegates from sixty-six lands, a few in exotic garb, some beribboned and bemedaled, many as hugely important in their own eyes as in those of the crowd outside the conference building. All these, and many more, of similar eminence, prominence and eloquence, I had contemplated; and while so doing, I had tried to work myself up to the proper pitch of admiration and awe. When I thought that I had reached it, I turned to a fellow writer, seated near by, and asked him:

"Whom do you consider the most important person here?"

"Franklin Roosevelt," he replied.

Right! He had hit the nail on the head. He had said a mouthful. President Roosevelt, thousands of miles away in Washington, seemed to overshadow everybody there in the hall. He seemed to overshadow the heads of governments gathered together—MacDonald of Great Britain, Daladier of France, "Tom Thumb" Dollfus of Austria. He seemed to overshadow all the delegates, even those most conscious of their high hats, and most bespangled with medals, and clothed in the most effective imitations of statesmanlike dignity. What is more, he seemed to put in the shade all their absent bosses—scowling Mussolini, brooding Stalin, rampageous Hitler.



Europeans may dislike Roosevelt but they cannot ignore him

This became all the more true after Roosevelt, a few weeks later, had hurled his bombshell message at the Conference, practically telling Europe to mind her own business and keep from interfering with him in his endeavor to bring back prosperity to the United States. From that moment I began to realize fully something which I had been suspecting for several months—that Europe, for the first time in her history, with the exception of the Woodrow Wilson era, might be on the road to becoming genuinely aware of an American President before he was dead.

It might not be an awareness bred of liking—this summer, in Europe, there were precious few signs of liking for the occupant of the White House!—but awareness, nevertheless, seemed in process of creation. You can't sputter with anger about a man every time you pick up the paper, and spit out swear words about him every time you mention his name, without getting a working idea of him as a living, breathing human being.

A Substratum of Friendliness

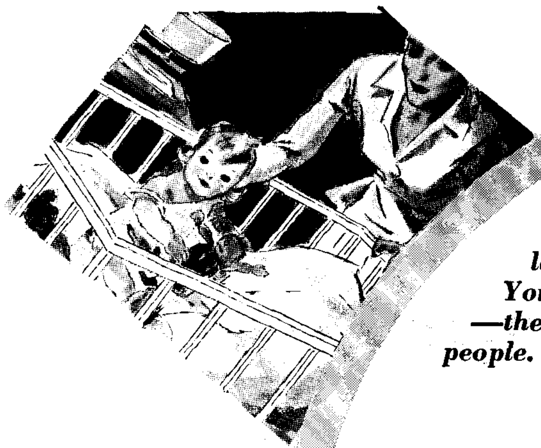
This does not mean that there has not been an undercurrent of admiration for Roosevelt among a considerable number of Europeans. It started when he took office and was maintaining itself even at the height of the European anti-Roosevelt wave of this summer—even in France, where that wave threatened, now and then, to sweep away every vestige of friendliness for America and Americans.

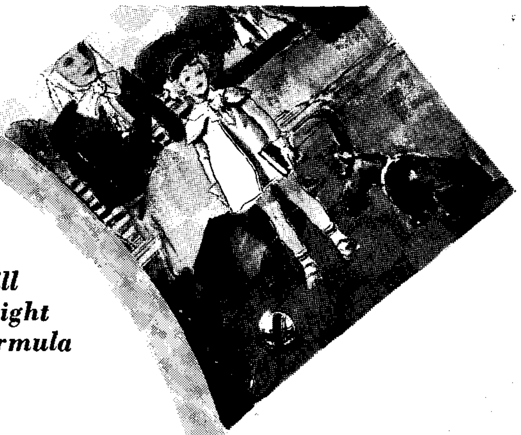
Many Europeans, like almost all Americans, had been favorably impressed by the President's actions immediately after his inauguration last March. They approved of his prompt action with regard to the banks. They approved of his frankness in making public what he proposed to do to combat the crisis. Despite growing skepticism as to his ability to pilot his country out of the woods, a friendly substratum of sentiment about Roosevelt persisted in certain sections of European opinion. Many Europeans respected—and still respect—him. They admire his courage in the face of physical disability. They sense his personal charm. Deep down—when they manage to look upon him detached from political considerations—they like him.

But this liking is not unselfish. One may define it as the cynical Frenchman defined gratitude: "A lively sense of favors to come." If Franklin Roosevelt is useful to Europe, then these Europeans and others will like him, and like him more and more. If he is not, then he will become just another one of "those dreadful Americans." You hear a great deal of talk in Europe nowadays about the duty incumbent on nations to make concessions to each other for the good of all. But when you get down to brass tacks it almost invariably turns out that each European thinks that the said concessions should be made not by his own country but by some other—preferably the United States.

A large number of Europeans are firmly convinced that the principal reason that Americans were created was in order to give them a chance to be of service to Europe. They think that an American President who helps Europe is a good American; and that an American President who not only helps Europe, but, in so doing, hurts his own country, is a perfect American. Confronted with this attitude of mind an exasperated fellow countryman of mine in France exploded recently as follows:

(Continued on page 48)





Virginia Cowles made her début in Boston in 1928-29. A year later Peggy LeBoutillier came out in New York. They've been through the approved mill —the right schools, the right parties, the right people. And here's what they think of the formula

Society Girl

By Peggy Le Boutillier and Virginia Cowles

THE society girl is less of an individual than any other class member. She is, in miniature, a perfect reflection of American mass production. She looks alike, she talks alike, she thinks alike, she plays alike. She is the result of a formula. And from the time of her birth her life is run according to this formula.

Her father is a professional man, a banker, a lawyer, a merchant. Whatever his line, he has business prestige. He may have family; he may be self-made. He belongs to good clubs; he is in the social register. He provides the money, his wife the social opportunity.

Their daughter is sent to a smart kindergarten, or tutored by a governess. After two years of nursery rhymes and weaving she goes to a correct day school, such as Miss Chapin's or Brearley, where she learns her ABC's in the best environment. She is brought and fetched by the chauffeur. She studies obediently. She snatches glorious moments in the washroom, chatting with the right young ladies.

At fourteen she is sent away to boarding school. This school, like the previous ones, is chosen, not for its academic standing, but for its smart patronage. It may be Fermata; it may be Foxcroft; it may be Farmington. Whichever it is, it is amiable, expensive, and although it may not pique her imagination or stimulate a thirst for knowledge it satisfies her parents in the matter of correctness.

Popularity Above All

She enjoys these years. She has crushes on the older girls; she plans midnight feasts; she tells doubtful jokes; she plumbs into the facts of life. She adores discussion of "deep" subjects. She has current passions for actresses and actors. She likes to be a leader; to be on the tennis team, the basketball team, to hold class office, and she is willing to work for it. She writes hundreds of letters, and reads aloud the letters she receives from her friends. Her interest in and curiosity about boys increases daily.

Her vacations are spent at the films, tea-dancing, buying clothes. She attends subscription dances; her mother has carefully arranged a membership in the Holiday dances, the Cosmopolitans, as a preliminary to the big fight. Even at the age of sixteen tremendous emphasis is placed on popularity. Her greatest satisfaction is to pass for eighteen or nineteen. She craves sophistication.

Then comes the finishing school in Paris run for American girls. Here she has the opportunity to get the finer points of instruction, to study French culture, history and literature. But since the primary aim of her previous schooling was to guarantee social friendships, and not to give her an educational foundation, she has the ability neither to concentrate, to evaluate, nor to think. Therefore she fritters her time away scoffing at museum trips, evading lessons, resenting her seclusion.

The Product of the Formula

Her thoughts center on her imminent début. She awaits in it all the things she expects of life: the excitement, the pleasure, the romance. She is a little afraid. She consolidates her popularity by an extensive correspondence with her beaux and girl friends at home.

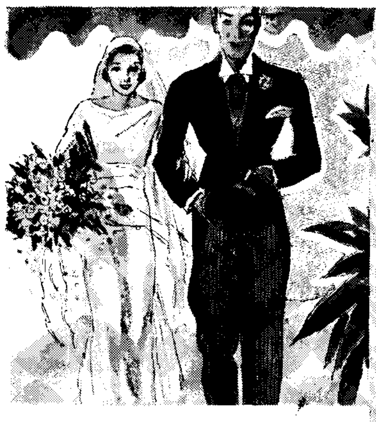
She returns. She becomes, as a débutante, the focal point of her family. Everything is done for her; she takes it all for granted. She is keyed up to step out and take her place in the world.

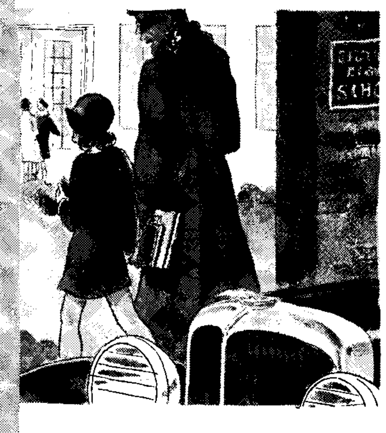
She is ushered into her dreamland on a landslide of publicity, generosity, compliments, flowers, beaux, committees, proms. She is treated with the glory of an opera singer although she has done nothing to deserve it. She is immature, unsure and susceptible. She believes this life of all take and no give is a genuine one.

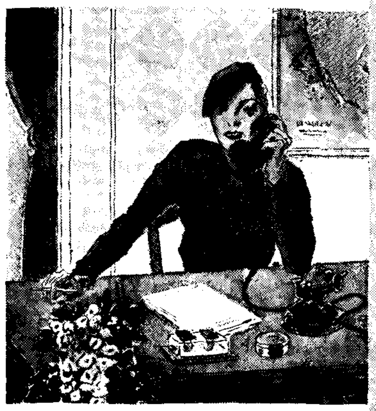
When her year is over and the tumult and the shouting dies, she rolls out of the débutante machinery as uniform as an engine from an automobile plant. The formula is completed; she is the finished product. She takes her place as a young society woman. What is she?

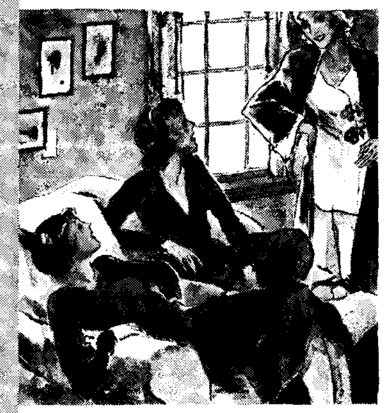
She has a good body; she flaunts it. Her attraction

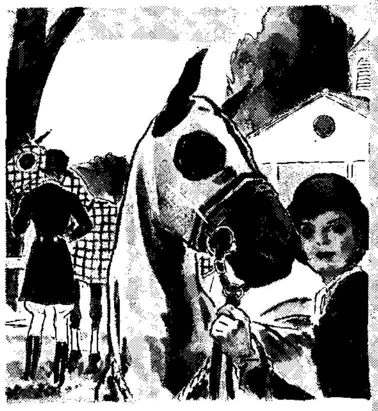
(Continued on page 57)

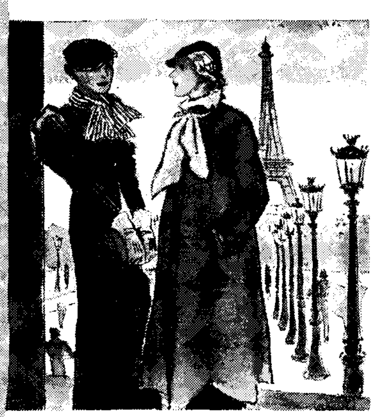


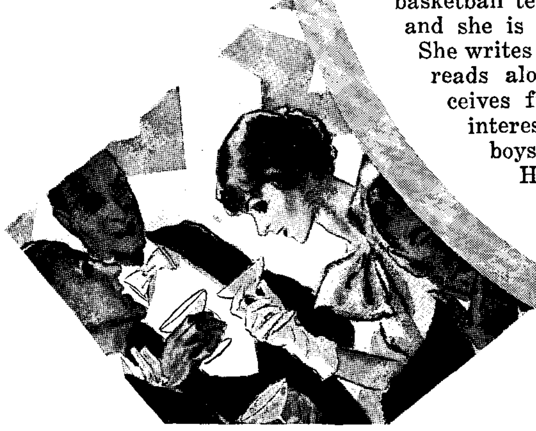


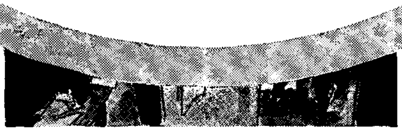


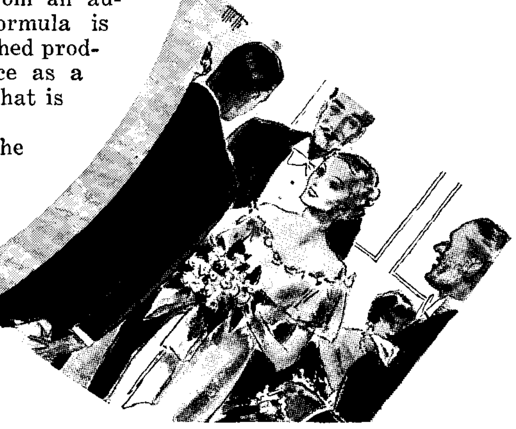








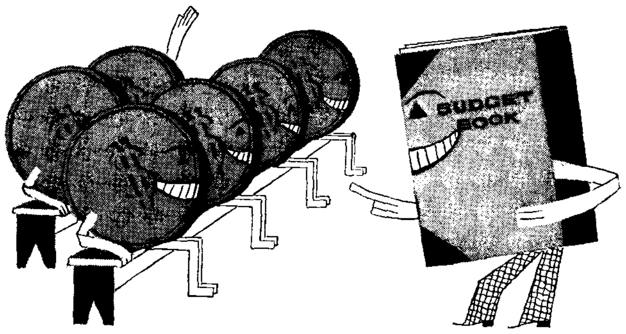




Learn about pennies from her... with just a few she buys this delicious budget-breakfast!

BUDGET-BREAKFAST No. 10

Grape-Nuts with Milk and Sugar
Broiled Tomato and Bacon
Buttered Toast
Coffee or Postum



WHAT a breakfast to squeeze out of just a very few pennies! How *can* she do it—and still be sure that this economy meal is also *fully nourishing?*

It's easy!—Thanks to Grape-Nuts! With this energy food, anyone can serve delicious "Budget-Breakfasts"... appetizing breakfasts that are fully and properly *nourishing*, too!

For Grape-Nuts supplies breakfast with *concentrated* nourishment. Why, one serving of these crisp, golden kernels, with milk and sugar, is rich in energy—and actually provides more *varied* nourishment than many a big meal!

And that one breakfast serving of Grape-Nuts is just two rounded tablespoons—which means you're getting a big bargain in nourishment!

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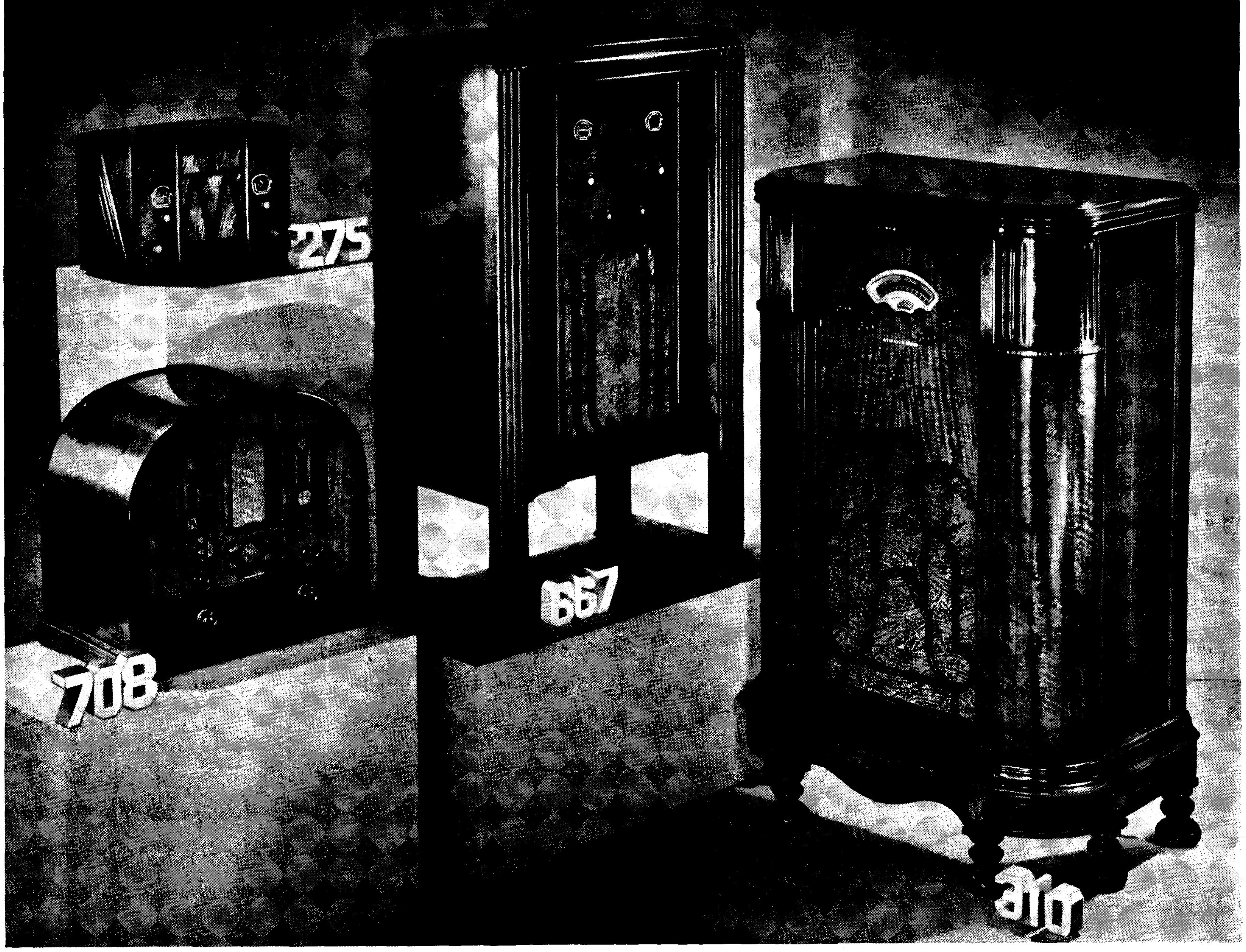
ATWATER KENT RADIO



ONE PART HASN'T CHANGED

THE new Atwater Kent Radios for 1934 give you every improvement that makes listening better. But amid the many changes, one part—and a most important part—has not changed.

The nameplate of Atwater Kent—with all that it stands for—is still there.

It tells you more about the excellence of workmanship than a microscope could. It tells you that *this* Atwater Kent is going to give you the complete satisfaction, the freedom from interruptions and trouble that *every* Atwater Kent is built to give.

You could pay more money—but the *only* way to get a radio as good as an Atwater Kent is to get an Atwater Kent. And there has never been a more favorable time to buy one than right now.

ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY, *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MODEL **708**	This is an 8-tube *full* size, *full* performance combination broadcast and short wave receiver—but designed with watchmaker precision to fit the convenient table cabinet shown.
MODEL **275**	In this smart, modern, small radio, Atwater Kent offers the newest five tube A. C. and D. C. receiver at a surprisingly low price.
MODEL **667**	Latest 7-tube Atwater Kent Radio in a strikingly beautiful cabinet of artistic, modern design that adds to the charm of any room.
MODEL **310**	Magnificent 10-tube receiver of extreme power and needlepoint selectivity. Its *truthful* tone sets new standards of radio enjoyment. Richly carved cabinet of beautifully matched and blended woods.

Bonds of Felicity

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Jean Stark

LOUIS ANDRE ABELARD DE RIBAN went speedily up three flights. On the first landing he encountered an odor very unlike the perfumes of Araby—boiled cabbage and horsemeat. On the second a cat thrust a head of leonine proportions between his ankles and squalled. It had tremendous whiskers, unblinking eyes that reminded Louis André of his Adele's latest bracelet, very fine emeralds and not yet paid for, so he whacked the nuisance across its flamboyant tail. On the third floor Count de Riban drew a new breath, reflecting that it was just like his sainted mamma, the penurious old bat, to fly into an attic like this for a Paris winter.

Madame Lucy Kosciusko de Riban, Countess, Patroness of all the Arts, opened the door herself. Leaning on her cane, she suffered his kiss on both cheeks, both hands. She was old and rich. Time hung heavily and, never having had anything more startling in the way of beauty than a fresh Slavic complexion, she strove these days to improve on the Lord's handiwork. Her heir regarded her affectionately:

"You look," he said, "like the very devil! And will you tell me why you couldn't live in a decent location? I refuse to call on you more than once a week. It will impair my health."

The great lady thumped her way back to her divan, scolding because Louisine, her maid, always left wastebaskets where visitors were bound to trip over them. Louisine bowed to Louis André and scuttled back to the kitchen.

"I doubt if anything but a hole in your purse impairs your health. I adore Paris attics. They remind me of our starving geniuses while I eat my Louisine's large dinners. No, my dearest Louis, I am here because I refuse any longer to have my thoughts involved by your morals." Her jowls quivered faintly. Her son moved restlessly. After all these years was she going to make a scene about Adele? . . . "I think, Louis, that you should marry her. She has intelligence. For a woman of her type she is handsome enough. It is possible she may produce sons we all may admire. I say this because I have given up hope of your ever marrying any woman I choose for you."

"They never have had anything more than their dowry to recommend them." Louis André beamed at her. If she really accepted his Adele, he would be supremely happy. He owned but two loves in his life, his perfume business and Adele, who came by way of the *Folies Bergere*—a long, glamorous way, moreover.

His mother was talking vigorously. She wished no publicity. He wanted every atom available. They argued bitterly. Louis André leaned forward. For the first time in her life, he thought tenderly, the bedizened old darling appeared to have a good idea.

LESS than seven months later it occurred to Louis André with his morning chocolate that not only had his Adele taken to holy matrimony like a duckling to water but that she would succeed in drowning both of them most damnably. Once her hair clung to her head in the perfect coiffure of a statue but here she was this moment with it flying about her ears. Her negligee was held together in front in an unbecoming clump of pins and fabric. Once, if her darling Louis André favored her with his presence at *petit déjeuner*, she made herself as immaculate in outline as a spring crocus. She inquired brightly into his business, his health. She was amusing, jealous of fancied conquests he might make away from her.

On those nights when they dined out, she was always the slim Venus, gay, enchanting, her skin so white, her eyes so much like gentians, teasing him, so indifferent to other men. And her hair. Heavens, the stuff men had written about her hair! It was red and gold. It was bronze. Depending, of course, on whether they saw her under the sun or beneath crystal chandeliers. True enough, but only he himself knew it for the river of delight that these other men imagined. But what now?

Now Adele, who used to throw many thousands of his francs all over Paris —now she counted stingily, spending meagerly. She bought no new clothes. She scolded servants for recklessness. They must save for their family. In vain Louis André pointed out the extent of their fortune. She persisted in all the sweet capitulation of a mule. The more wealth, the better. Sons were demons with money.

Once their quarrels amused the whole of Paris. Regardless of where they happened to be, if he irritated her, she flew at him with an amazing, a clear and bitter wit. He hated and loved her. She was everything an exciting woman should be, including a fishwife. To keep up with hers, his own wit must never be allowed to sleep. She adored him for it. He was the only man living who could hold her. Her jealousies had made him miserable, yet satisfied.

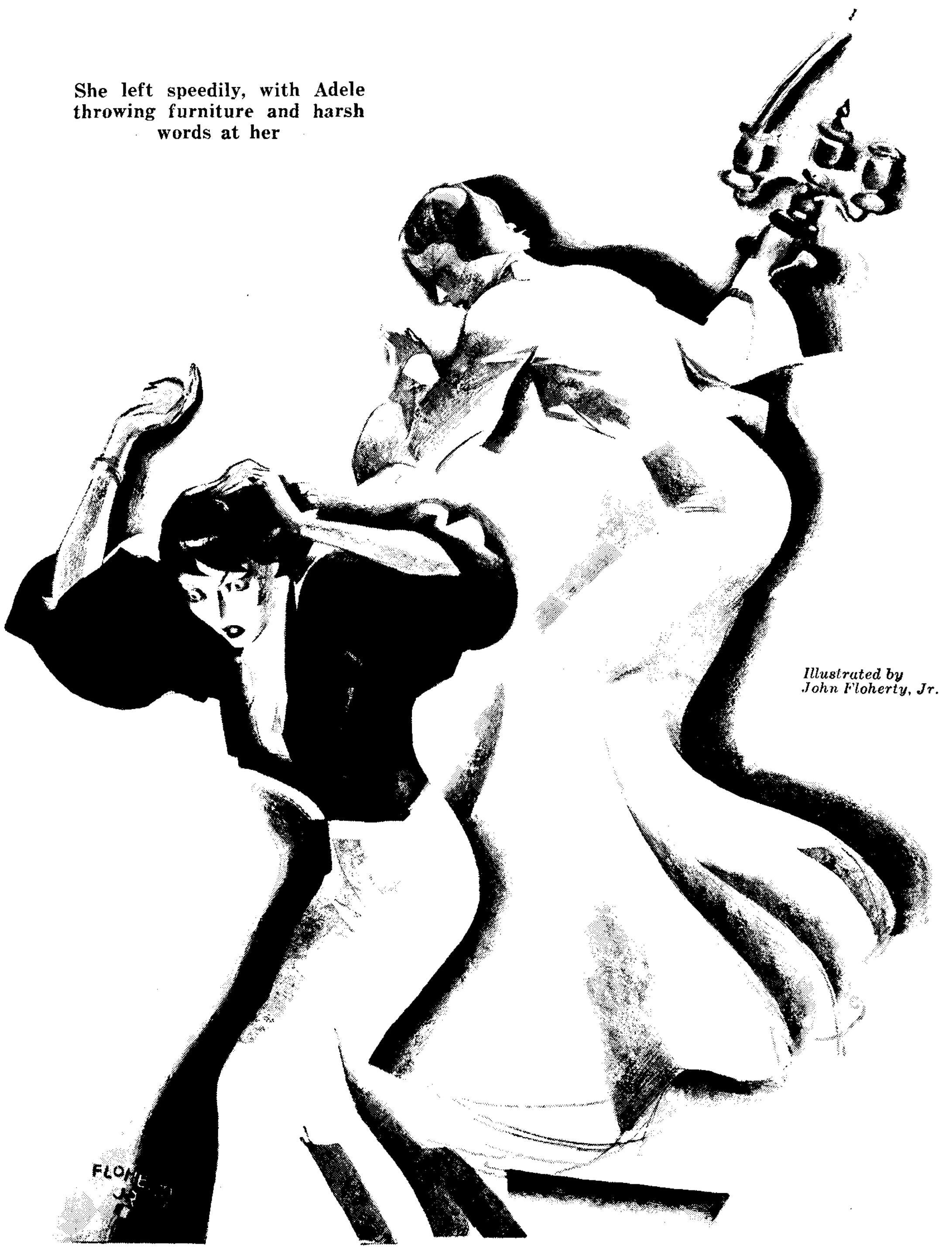
IT PLEASES any man, whatever he may say publicly, that a woman who stands out above other women like a rare flower is jealous of him to frenzy. But what now? Now in these legal bonds of felicity, so much approved by society, his slender flower was becoming ordinary. Louis André sipped chocolate moodily. Adele had been Dido, Helen, Eloise. Now she was just a cabbage. Not a thought in her head, not an interest beyond conjugal merit. Unless something rocked her world asunder, she would be a mother and continue the appalling process indefinitely. No man devoted to orchids can care for cabbages. It is unthinkable.

Louis André gave way to a sullen fit of the vapors. A friend took him through endless cafés to cheer him, in company with a brunette minx named Mariette who, later, with the cocotte's audacity, helped him, reeling, right into his own home. She left speedily, with Adele throwing furniture and harsh words at her. Louis André tried to sleep but Adele would have none of it. Her magnificent tirade grew out of the premise: Was it for this —*this?*—that she had given him the best years? *What?* . . . Hearing no answer for he had fallen helplessly asleep, she woke him by becoming once more his passion flower and hitting him smartly over the head with a vase.

Louis André sat up, his eyes round and limpid. He watched Adele circling his bed with the calculating stride of a leopard. It was likely she meant further assault. He knew his nostalgic yearning for months had been due wholly to the loss of these delightful, these ancient brawls. It was a deplorable way for a count and his beloved to act but it was no one's concern. He and Adele understood each other. Soon he would roar at her and put her in her place. He did.

Adele sank to a chair and wept stormily, steadily. Louis André could relax again with safety. Under the satin quilt his fingers smoothed his waxed mustache, a little bent, alas, from the night's problems. Tomorrow he must call up Mariette. He must see to it that Adele found it out. That would wake her up. Shortly she would be her old self again, the siren he adored and the very best in Paris.

Louis André fell asleep deliciously. Of course, one or both of the ladies might become irked with him and stab him. But a man must be prepared for such hazards even in the perfume business.



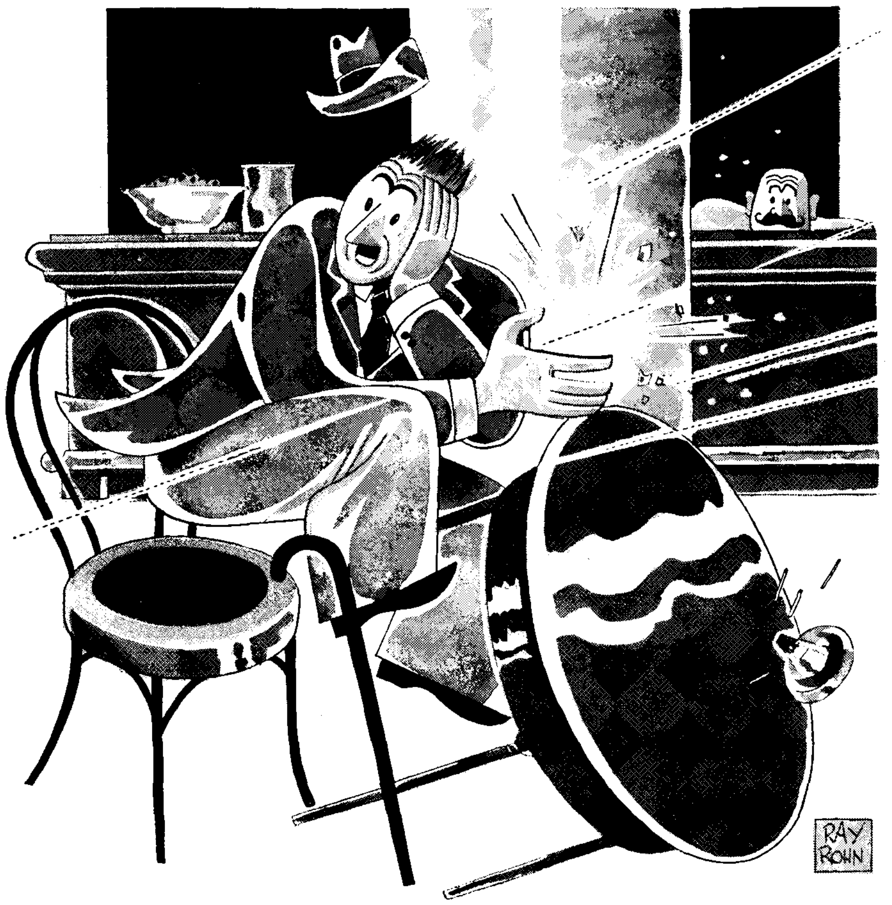
She left speedily, with Adele throwing furniture and harsh words at her

Illustrated by John Floherty, Jr.

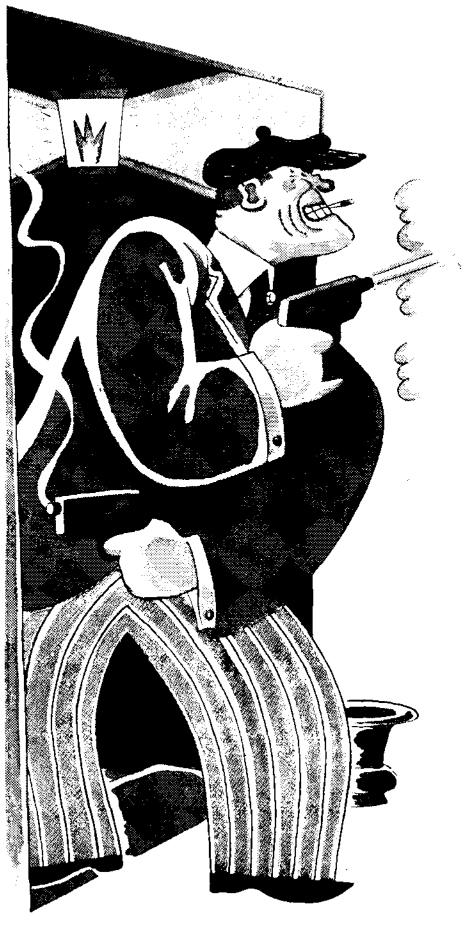
Ten Nights in a Drug Store

By Don Marquis

Illustrated by Ray Rohn



"It ain't good for digestion to have a glass shot out of your hand"



BUSINESS has turned the corner," said the Old Soak yesterday, "and so have I. Right around the corner is where my favorite drug store is located.

"If the government was to start one of these here investigations, aimed directly at finding out all about my private life and public behavior, they'd find me spendin' a good deal of time in that pharmacy.

"It ain't that I got any overwhelming interest in the state of the hairbrush trade or the nail-file market, neither. I don't hang around there to find out how bath mats or rubber hot-water bottles is sellin'.

"My presence there has got a more or less direct connection with regard to how much liquor a doctor can prescribe for a patient under the new rulings. Things is gettin' liberalized—they're lettin' a doctor hand out enough now in a month so that a patient can have all he wants for a week. So all a man's got to do is get enough doctors to prescribe, and he can get a continuous flow.

"It's good liquor, too. The best there is; good, safe, honest liquor, with the government okay on it.

"But what makes a hit with me is that the surroundings is refined. A lot of them there old-fashioned speakeasies wasn't, really, all the heart could wish in the way of elegance and refinement. Every now and then I used to meet some person in a speakeasy whose social standing was such that it used to make me shudder.

"More'n that, you never could tell in some of the speaks whether the proprietor had paid up all his membership dues or not—what I mean is, mebby he was behind in his payments to some racketeer organization or other, or mebby he wasn't in good standin' with some of the enforcement agents—mebby he had been posted, or somethin'—and now and then the result was some kind of a raid.

"When you're takin' a drink, happy and comfortable and meditative, you don't want it interrupted by a raid.

"If you're just raisin' a glass to your lips, it ain't good for the digestion to have it shot out of your hand by a more or less stray bullet fired by some incompetent gunman who is workin' for a racketeer collection agency and is tryin' to hit the proprietor.

"You don't run into none of that occasional rough stuff in the new model drug store. It's legal and it's safe.

"I got four different doctors workin' on my illnesses now, so that there ain't any danger of my runnin' out of good cheer and prescriptions.

"One of 'em is treatin' me for nervous trouble; and I really get it, too. I get so nervous sometimes thinkin' mebby that amendment won't be repealed after all that the emotions in my bosom just twitter like a basketful of hummin' birds.

"Another one of my doctors is treatin' me for continuous and unsightly dandruff which keeps fallin' onto my coat collar all the time. And my third disease is . . . well, I disremember just what it is right now, but it gets me plenty of prescriptions. I never could pronounce the name of it, anyway.

"Well, you see, as long as I don't make any mistake and go to a doctor that cures me up, I'm in a fix to enjoy poor health to the utmost right up until the amendment is repealed.

"IT ALL makes for happiness at home, too. Jake Smith has closed up his old speakeasy shebang, which used to make so much trouble between me and my wife, and bought him this drug store where I inhabit a good deal of the time. Jake saw the great change comin', and went out and bought him—or hired him, I don't know which—a registered pharmacist and a drug store right away.

"He tells me that a lot of the regular liquor racketeers took the guns away from their assistants and made pharmacists out of 'em overnight.

"The change is a good thing for the real estate interests, too. Drug store property is changin' hands with great rapidity and frequency.

"Take it all in all, I'm more satisfied with the new model drug store than I been with anything since prohibition broke out nearly fifteen years ago. You meet such really nice people at the counter that even your wife and her prohibition relatives have got to drop the complaint that you're associatin' with a bad crowd."

■

This stuff that they are selling around town these days possibly tastes all right to the generation that has grown up without ever having known what real beer was.

■

Howe'er it may be, it seems to me,
It's only noble to be good—
Kind hearts are more than quadruplets,
And simple faith than Mormon blood.

■

Occasionally the humorist is a philosopher, who breaks the sad news very, very gently to the world, because he is so sorry for it.

By the way, when is the Gideon society going to get busy and put a Bible in every taxicab?

■

the human race
need not be surprised
if it is looked upon
with considerable animosity
by what it chooses to define
as the lower animals
the inferior species
and orders of life
to them the human race
appears as the outfit
who exercise their ingenuity
and sweat their brains
to invent work and whips
to invent traps and fishhooks
to say nothing of insect powder
and roach paste
archy the cockroach

■

One of the most valuable functions of any government is to provide entertainment for the discerning.

■

Whenever a wife says in front of her husband that she is always guided by her husband's opinions, it is a pretty good bet that his opinions are home-made.

■

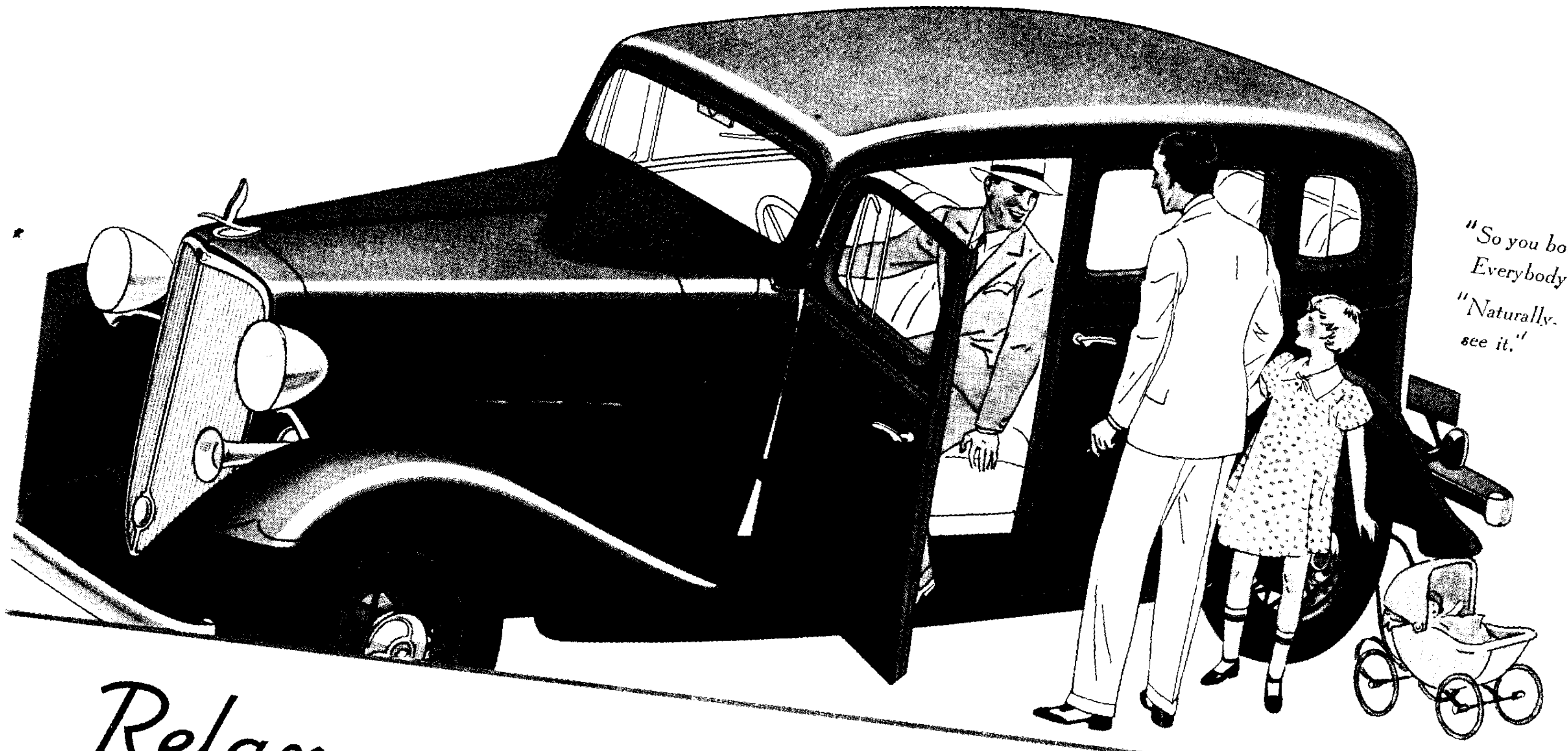
To certain current writers of fiction: If you look at small, trivial things so closely—

That you can see scarcely anything else at all—

In the long run you will begin to deny that great things exist at all—

And then great things soon or late will take a somewhat grotesque revenge upon you—

They will simply sidle up and stand beside you where you sit writing, and thus you will be, in the manner of speaking, reduced to scale.



"So you bought a Chevrolet, too? Everybody is doing it these days."
"Naturally. I know value when I see it."

Relax every minute - Enjoy every mile
BE MONEY AHEAD IN THE BARGAIN

"Then we're agreed—we'll buy the Chevrolet?"
"Of course. I wouldn't think of having a car without Fisher Ventilation."

CHEVROLET Don't you envy them all the fun and freedom they have—these happy thousands who are driving Chevrolets? Nothing to worry about—not a motoring care or trouble to spoil one moment of a grand and glorious excursion. Not even expense to bother about—Chevrolet costs so little for gas and oil and upkeep! All they have to do—these Chevrolet owners—is settle back, be lazy, forget the blues, and take life easy. Who cares if the roads *are* rather rough—Chevrolet is a big, full-weight, soft-cradled car that takes the bumps smoothly, without having to slow down. Suppose the weather *is* hot and muggy—Chevrolet has Fisher's breeze-making ventilation system to keep everybody cool and fresh. And what if time *is* short and the distance *is* long? Chevrolet is a quick, fleet-footed six. Does 70 any time you say—and does it smoothly, serenely—without making any effort. Ask yourself, now: Aren't you missing something? Aren't you passing up a grand opportunity to have fun, and *save* money—by worrying along with that old car? Why not trade it in on a new Chevrolet, right away?
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

$445 TO $565

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. A General Motors Value.

Save with a New
CHEVROLET

"Don't tell me this car is inexpensive. I've seen the same upholstery on high-priced cars."
"Well, it has a Fisher body. And neither Chevrolet nor Fisher ever skimps on quality."

"Weren't we smart to trade for a Chevrolet? Our expenses have dropped 'way down."
"And that's not all. I'm proud of it, no matter where we go."

His Error

Continued from page 17

I'm actually going to have a home of my own?"

"Yes. I bought it the other day, when I was pretty sure you were going to give in and marry me. Hope you'll like it."

"I'll love it!" cried Carola.

But when, an hour later, he stopped his car in the drive before the house that he had bought for her, her emotion was largely one of awe. The house seemed enormous. It was beautiful, but it was so big! As she entered it with Todd she had a familiar feeling of weakness in the knees.

"I've got stage-fright," she confessed, with a shaky laugh.

"Oh, you'll soon feel at home here," he told her confidently. "Especially when you see what I've got for you in the living-room."

"Another surprise?"

"Yep," said Todd; and laughed like a delighted schoolboy.

THEY entered the living-room through a doorway that reminded Carola of the proscenium of a theater; and there, near a huge stone fireplace at the end of the room, stood the ornate, purple-plush chair in which she had sat nightly during the run of The Princess Returns. To say that she was surprised is to put it mildly. She had to make an effort to keep from shrieking.

"I bought it when the show closed," Todd explained. "Thought it would be nice to see you sittin' in it, here in our own livin'-room."

"Oh, yes, darling. That was sweet of you."

"Let's see how you look in it, sweetheart."

She glanced at him, observed his beaming happiness, and smiled. "All right, Todd."

He led her to her throne. She seated herself in it and he stood off and admired her. "You can go right on playin' the princess, Carola," he said.

"Do you want me to?" she asked, still smiling.

"Why, sure I do. Just because you're married doesn't mean I expect you to change in any way. I love you just as you are—and so will everyone else."

"Everyone else?"

"All my friends. I know a lot of people on the North Shore. Be a great kick to have 'em meet you. I thought when we got settled we'd give a party. For your friends, too, of course. You don't mind entertainin', do you, Carola?"

"I've never done any real entertaining. But I'll try to be a good hostess—if that's what you want. I'll do my best to try to please you, Todd," said Carola.

"YOU'LL be wonderful," he assured her. It was exactly as if he were a manager or a playwright offering her a new rôle. Well, she loved him enough, she decided, to try to put on a good show.

She did. Their first party was a great success. So were the ones that followed. For Carola, dispensing hospitality and feminine loveliness from her theatrical throne, became the rage that summer with the North Shore crowd. Smooth young men and polished bachelors called her "the Princess Carola" and smart dowagers toyed with the idea of having throne-rooms added to their salons. In short, Carola was the fashion.

At first Todd was pleased and proud. Then things began to go wrong in the Benson household. There were no unpleasant scenes, no quarrels; nothing that Todd could put his finger on. But a nagging voice within him kept repeating: "After all, she's an actress. Her real love is the theater."

Then in September Carola's former manager made her an offer to take The Princess Returns to London. Carola told Todd about it as they were dressing for a costume party that she was giving that night.

"Well, what are you goin' to do about it?" he asked, trying to keep his voice calm.

"I think I'm going to accept the offer, Todd."

He stared at her. She was wearing an ermine gown with a coronet of pearls in her yellow hair. She was ravishing. His heart ached at the thought of losing such loveliness. But his reckless spirit refused to recognize his hurt.

"Do whatever you think best," he said.

"Thank you, Todd."

He drank a good deal that night. He wasn't really drunk when, toward two in the morning, he asked Carola to dance with him. But he'd had enough champagne to be articulate.

"You called the turn," he told her, "when you said the chances were all against us. Our marriage is a bust. You belong on the stage. I'll give you a divorce and you can go back to it. I'll do anything I can to help you."

"Todd! You're hurting me! Your arm—"

He released her abruptly, turned and plunged through the circle of dancers. He left the house; took his car from the garage and drove furiously away. . . .

It was almost dawn when he returned. As he approached the house, rounding a curve in the road, he saw a red glare in the sky. That glare meant a fire; and there was no other house but his near by. With a startled oath, he jammed down the accelerator.

Racing up the drive, he heard the siren of the local fire truck shrieking behind him. It added a quick terror to his thought of Carola. He swung the car off the drive and jumped out.

THERE were people huddled about the lawn; fantastic figures in their bedraggled party costumes. He heard a woman's hysterical question: "How did it start?" A man's voice, amazingly bored, answered: "A cigarette in the upholstery, probably."

Then Todd saw Carola.

She was standing alone on a slight rise of ground, her tall, slender figure clearly outlined by the raging fire. His first impulse was to rush to her. But there was something so arresting in her pose, something so striking in the dramatic stillness of her white-gowned body, that he was stopped by a bizarre and bitter admiration.

Always the actress, he thought. Our life, our love going up in smoke and she stands there making a theatrical performance of it—!

A madness descended upon him. He ran toward the house, not heeding various alarmed shouts, and disappeared through a cloud of smoke that billowed from the front doorway.

Several minutes later he emerged from that same smoke-filled doorway carrying Carola's famous chair in his arms. Incredibly, ridiculously heroic, he staggered toward her with his sentimental burden—just as the roof of the house crashed with a roar behind him.

"I've saved your throne, princess!" he gasped, and placed the chair on the lawn before her.

Carola looked at him. By the fearsome light of the fire that had destroyed their home she looked into his eyes. Then those who were watching saw her do an astonishing thing. They saw her, with a strength that comes only at moments of extreme anger or excitement, pick up the heavy chair and, taking a few steps forward, hurl it into the consuming flames.

But no one but Todd Benson heard what she said as she turned and flung herself, sobbing, into his arms.

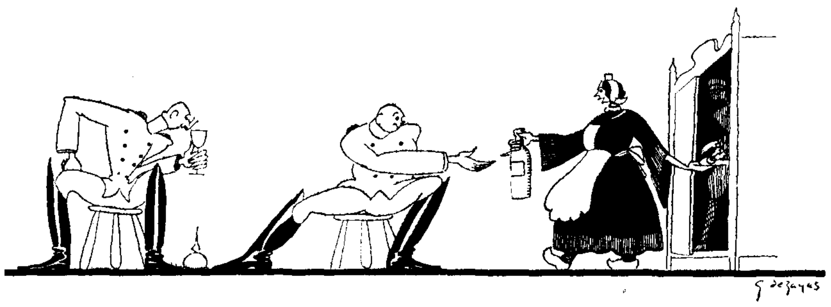
"Oh, Todd, you fool!" she cried. "You risked your life for a piece of rubbish! Pure rubbish, do you understand?"

"But, Carola, I thought you'd want it—"

"I want you. I want to be your wife. That's all I've ever wanted. To be your *wife*, you idiot—you darling!"

"Idiot is the word," said Todd.

THE Todd Bensons have rebuilt their home, following a simple Colonial design. For the past couple of years they have done little entertaining. They are reputed to be happy. Also, it is reported, by hearsay, that the only piece of furniture they are especially interested in is the high-chair that Carola bought for the baby.



Keep Up With the World

By Freling Foster

Among the thousands of war souvenirs in London's Imperial War Museum, one of unusual interest is the "little cupboard from Le Cateau." For almost four years an English soldier hid in this cupboard in a house occupied by German soldiers, his food being brought to him secretly by the Frenchwoman who lived there.

Japanese women have always dominated the literary history of their country. In fact, Japanese literature today possesses few, if any, works of outstanding merit that have been written by men.

The most costly magazines in the world are the German medical and biological periodicals. America and England combined have only seven that cost more than $20 annually, while Germany has 51 of them—29 costing between $20 and $50, 16 between $50 and $100 and 6 more than $100. Its most expensive one is $240 a year.

Gasoline is one of the highest-taxed commodities in this country. Its tax ranges from 3.5 cents to 12.5 cents per gallon, which increases the retail price from 25 per cent to more than 100 per cent. Thus the tax revenue is more than the total profit made on its manufacture, distribution and sale.—*By W. L. Baker, Dallas, Texas.*

Up to 300 years ago in Europe, whipping was used as a remedy for nearly every human ailment. Medical treatises on whipping, written at that time, describe how it "stirs up the stagnating juices, dissolves the precipitating salts and purifies the coagulating humours."

In and around the mountain village of Visp, Switzerland, the land is so steep that the peasants have to tie little iron weights on the legs of the chickens to keep them from rolling off the farm.—*By L. F. Ahearn, Everett, Washington.*

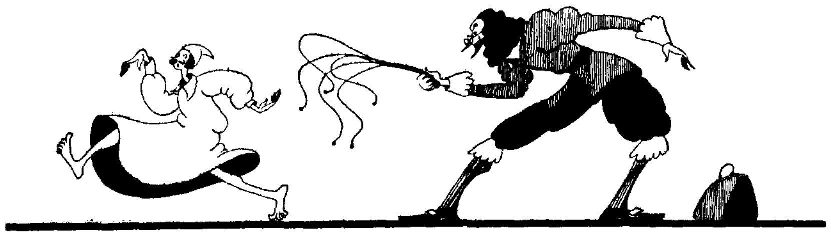
The cost of baseballs amounts to a sizable sum in major league expenses. During the season of 1932, the American and National leagues combined used 105,840 balls, which—at $1.225 each—cost $129,654.

While persons with normal hearing have difficulty in listening to a conversation in the midst of noise, persons afflicted with certain abnormal deafness can actually hear better in a noisy place than in a quiet one.—*By Dr. J. A. McCarthy, El Paso, Texas.*

One of the greatest acts of courtesy in history took place at the Battle of Fontenoy in 1745. As the armies met, the English invited the French to fire first. The French refused and asked the English to begin, which they did—killing 50 officers and 760 men with the first volley.—*By Robert Bryson, Brooklyn, New York.*

A strange sight in London is the double row of empty camp chairs, sometimes a block long, that are seen "standing in line" for tickets to the Covent Garden Opera House. The owners have attached their names to them and left for near-by restaurants, knowing that, by an unwritten law, no place will be stolen.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Waifs of the Winding River

Continued from page 16

afford outlaws a wider labyrinth in which to hide themselves. Ten miles away from the White the Arkansas River also enters the Mississippi. Between them lies a marshy land, "The Free State," which is governed by the natural laws of free men. God Almighty gave them a right to make red liquor and Uncle Sam is not permitted to meddle. Official interference causes plenty of trouble, for White River distillers get vexed and shoot.

Once upon a time this government sent eighteen of its most experienced operatives to request the attendance at court of certain prominent citizens. Eighteen officers went prowling into that forbidden swamp—and remained. Outsiders never heard what happened, for no whisper has yet come back. Just silence.

Swamp Justice

J. D. Beesom played a lone hand, posing as a "cruiser" for the Alluvial Lumber Co., his ostensible business being to locate and estimate standing timber for the sawmills.

Ordinarily the "spotter" does not make arrests. By subterranean routes he passes on his dope and himself keeps under cover. No sane spotter after being suspected will tarry on White River. Beesom, however, made the mistake of leading a marshal to arrest one Ezra Bolls, who retailed whisky from his boat.

The officers took Ezra on Tuesday morning. Wednesday noon two shaggy natives crept up in a gas skiff and called for Mrs. Bolls, who squinted out from the shantyboat door with frightened children clinging to her skirts.

"Where's yo' man?" they asked.

"Jail."

"Who took him there?"

"Marshal an' that log hunter."

"Beesom?"

"Yep."

"Got any rations for them chillun?"

"Nope."

"We'll fetch you some."

White River folk are never garrulous and this pair expended no idle conversation as their skiff chugged away, dodging through serpentine bayous until it grated alongside the trim little craft occupied by J. D. Beesom.

Possibly he did not see their weather-beaten gasoline skiff when it approached, bearing two avengers who meant to give that spotter no more chance than they'd allow a rattlesnake.

"Hello, Beesom," a voice hailed him, and Beesom opened his cabin door just as the other fellow snatched up a shotgun, firing from the hip. A hurtling blast of buckshot struck the spotter squarely in his face. He dropped like a slaughtered ox and his executioners stepped aboard, kicked the bloody corpse to one side, then ransacked the yacht for such provisions as might be used by Mrs. Bolls.

White River swamp is theoretically a part of the United States, where our government must save its face by making occasional gestures which resemble law enforcement. So, for many weeks, Chief U. S. Marshal Lockerby had been rawhiding his subordinates because they failed to bring in one Rod McTavish. From the safety of his mahogany desk, Lockerby could not comprehend their dilly-dally methods, and wanted to know why, for McTavish was a killer, a cattle thief, a public enemy. Deputies Thomas and O'Rourke, who went after him, knew Rod well and had even chatted with the outlaw, which was a far, far cry from snapping their nippers on his wrists.

Never did a beast of the jungle walk more warily than McTavish, or prove himself quicker with his claws. Before he'd submit to capture, as O'Rourke and Thomas were agreed, they must first shoot it out and take the hazard of results.

They had established headquarters at the village of Millertown, where the telephone rang at their hotel. Long distance. Boss on the wire.

"That you, O'Rourke?" Lockerby's angry voice demanded. "I'm getting red-hot complaints about McTavish. Why th' Sam Hill don't you boys bring him in?"

Seven to One

O'Rourke had already heard so many jeering comments that he felt sore and blurted out like the plain-spoken man that he was:

"Suppose you come up here and see for yourself?"

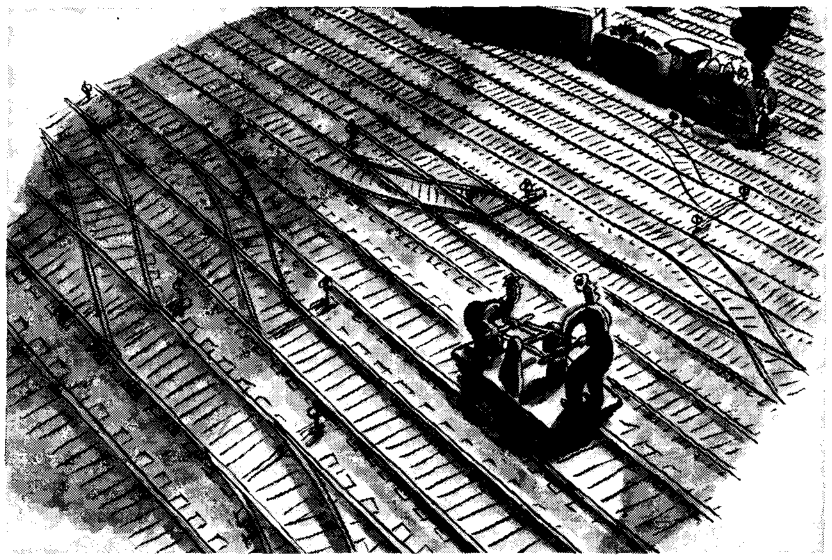
"I will."

Their chief showed up on the 8:27, and to his utter stupefaction learned that McTavish was then alone at a camp just beyond Bobcat Bridge, less than three hundred yards from Millertown.

"O'Rourke, can you show me exactly where he is?"

"Sure, sir. Come along."

(Continued on page 30)



"Which one is the main line?"

Robert Day

Step up gentlemen and get 15 SHAVES FREE

We are not in business for our health. We don't give away 15 free shaves to *anybody* for the fun of it. We make this offer simply—and selfishly—because we know that practically every man who sends in the coupon below will go on using Listerine Shaving Cream.

How can we be so sure? Because we've watched it happen. And because we know how Listerine Shaving Cream compares with others, regardless of price.

You could spend a dollar and you wouldn't get anything better for a tough beard and a tender skin than Listerine Shaving Cream—at 25¢! It lathers up like a cream puff. It soothes the skin. It softens the beard. Your razor slides through it like nothing at all and leaves a clean, smooth path behind. Chafes and scrapes just don't happen.

Before we allowed the name Listerine to be applied to a shaving cream it had to be *good*. But that doesn't mean it had to be costly. The big tube of Listerine Shaving Cream should last any man three long months. It contains 104 quick, comfortable shaves. Yet its price is 25 cents. Get that big tube at any drug counter. Or if you want to be shown, mail the coupon for 15 shaves, absolutely *free*. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

ACTUAL SIZE OF
REGULAR 25¢ TUBE

Tear off this Coupon NOW

Lambert Pharmacal Company
Dept. C9S, St. Louis, Mo.

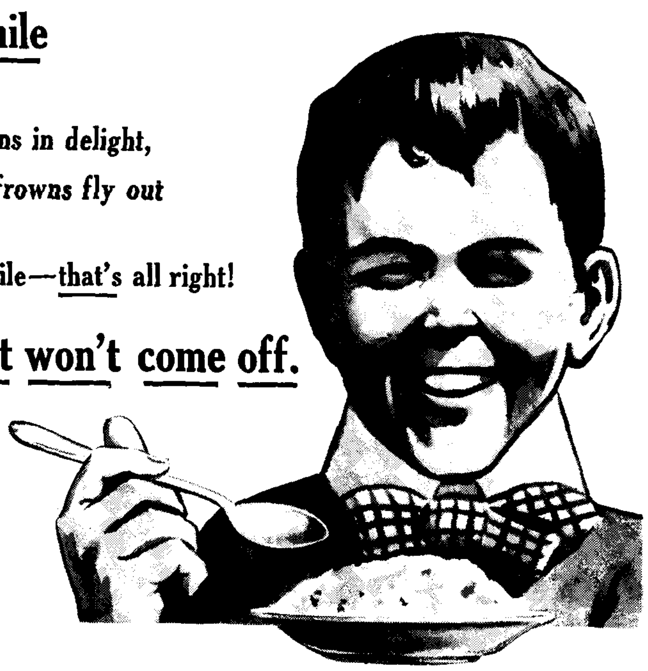
Gentlemen: Below is my name and address. Please send me, free and postpaid, your large sample tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

Name______________________________

Street______________City____________State__________

Jack's Smile

The Smile that widens in delight,
That makes Jack's frowns fly out
of sight,
The Quaker Oats Smile—that's all right!
The Smile that won't come off.



You lose that delightful flavor when you fail to get Quaker Oats★

SOME people think oatmeals are alike. But please remember this. It's flavor that counts in oatmeals. And it's flavor that has won the world to Quaker Oats.

Why the Quaker flavor is richer

Quaker Oats are flaked from just the finest grains. Sifted 32 times to get only the perfect ones. It takes a bushel of choice oats, to make 10 pounds of Quaker.

How our process differs

These choice oats we roast whole. To a very perfection of flavor. Then they are further enriched with ultra violet rays. This gives an added food value no other oatmeal boasts.

Remember this. Don't merely ask for oats. Ask for *Quaker* Oats. Then you get all that wealth of flavor. You get a vim food with which nothing else can compare.

Cooks faster than toast

To save time we make Quick Quaker Oats. They take but 2½ minutes of cooking. And give you the same delightful Quaker flavor.

The extra flavor, extra nourishment is worth having. You get it in Quaker Oats.

QUICK QUAKER OATS

★Quaker Oats is purer, richer, better, because of the exclusive Quaker process which includes:

1—The use of choicest oats.
2—Better flavor due to 10 different roastings.
3—Purity—untouched by human hands during making.
4—Further enrichment by the use of modern ultra violet rays.

U. S. Patent No. 1,680,818.

(Continued from page 29)

Outside the corporation limits a bayou went meandering southward, spanned by a bridge whose loose boards rattled under every wagon. O'Rourke piloted the chief to a deserted stable that overhung the bayou and from its rear window directed his reconnoissance.

"Two hundred yards down stream, sir, you can glimpse a bit of fire where a horse stands hitched. That's McTavish. He always camps in the open."

"Good! We'll bag him. Bag him right now."

Lockerby was an artful strategist with a record of many captures. He had brought with him four extra deputies, and promptly laid his plans. Two by two, six well-mounted officers skirmished out from Millertown in the opposite direction, made a wide detour, forded the bayou and hid themselves in thickets so as to surround McTavish. Precisely at noon, as agreed upon, Lockerby himself started across Bobcat Bridge in a buggy, carrying a concealed shotgun. His campaign was to advance from the north and drive McTavish into their ambuscade.

Spoonbill Caviar

Groups of curious citizens eyed him, feeling a hunch that something might happen, but they were not prepared for the sudden storm. They saw Chief Lockerby's buggy go rattling across Bobcat Bridge, where the boards made such a racket that nobody seemed to hear a single shot which came from the brush. At two hundred yards Rod's shot missed the chief's heart by an inch, merely nicking his forearm and glancing off a rib.

Instantly the cunning detective tumbled out of his buggy and sprawled face-downward on the bridge, not hurt much, only playing possum. Some spy, perhaps, had warned McTavish of their raid. Anyhow the woodsman figured, and figured correctly, that he was hemmed in by marshals on the south and west. The bayou prevented a quick escape on the east. Lockerby approached from the north, and Rod guessed that no reënforcement of deputies rode behind him. Therefore, instead of running *away* from Lockerby, he first shot the chief, then galloped directly *at* him, and his raw-boned horse paused a moment as it came thundering upon the bridge. There lay the high cockalorum, apparently dead, so Rod clattered past and vanished in a wilderness north of Millertown.

Chief Lockerby did not stir or make the slightest move to detain the desperado, but got up and was limping back to his hotel when six breathless deputies overtook him.

Special agents spent years in attempting to find McTavish. He was never again located.

Fearsome tales leak out and create the impression that all shantyboat people are wanton killers. Nevertheless, it is true that upon our broad river a great majority of them are honest folk who work hard at a profitable industry. They also use their heads, for in tributaries like the Yazoo a successful fisherman must know the contour of his river bottom so as to locate the popular paths of traffic along which the catfish promenade upstream. He plants his nets in their runways and makes a good haul, whereas other nets placed twenty feet distant will come up empty.

The river is no loafing ground for lazy men. One fisherman may tend forty nets, and each net means a lift of one hundred and fifty pounds dead weight into his small gasoline skiff, taking out the fish, and resetting. Every few days his tackle must be dried, and well tarred at intervals.

An active man makes pretty good money. Ice boats regularly come alongside, collecting his catch for wholesale companies at Vicksburg or Memphis, and pay cash on the spot. When the Muscovite Empire got tied up by the World War, the production of caviar on our Mississippi River was stimulated—pure Russian caviar made from roe of the spoonbill catfish. These eggs, properly cleaned, brought $1.50 per pound, six pounds being frequently obtained from a single fish. In addition a fair-sized spoonbill may dress thirty pounds of commercial meat, worth 30 cents a pound at Vicksburg, or one dollar in New York. So that one specimen may net $16 to $18 at the boat's side.

No Southerner, however, would recognize old Mr. Spoonbill, all garnished with gewgaws as some kind of "steak" with a fancy name and served in city cafés. Excellent steak, too, without bones, juicy and tender. Enthusiastic fishermen claim that he's the finest fish that swims; but this writer's humble opinion does not rate the spoonbill in the same succulent class as our "channel cat."

Buffalo is the staple market fish; but where waters are so full of trout and perch, of bass and savory bream, the fastidious gourmet balks at buffalo. Only our Negroes eat him, he's so coarse, so much like his mud-sucking cousin, the German carp. Nevertheless, thousands of barrels are iced and shipped to New York, providing a steady revenue for the fishermen.

Many a shantyboatman saves money and enjoys A-1 credit with the merchants. On his back he doesn't wear two dollars' worth of clothes, but he may have seven or eight thousand dollars invested in tackle.

We who dwell in permanent habitations know very little of those who drift, drift, drift along the mighty river. They tell absolutely nothing of themselves. Loneliness makes them reticent, and silence as a defensive weapon was here perfected long before Chicago gangsters ever thought of using it. On White River even the dogs do not bark, and, considering their tight-lipped creed, it seems an even more amazing thing that Pink Potter talked.

Pink was a wobbly-gaited, gangling person of hatchet face and regular habits. He made whisky regularly and did a reasonably regular amount of shooting.

But the main point to be remembered is that Pink always kept his own counsel.

They Got Pink Bothered

One day a startled sheriff stared as Pink Potter came slouching into his office at the courthouse and spattered the spittoon.

"Howdy, Mister Sheriff."

"Howdy, Pink."

The loose-jointed swamper stood around until Sheriff Mattox inquired, "Well, Pink, what can I do for you?"

Pink expectorated a whole lot and replied, "Dunno 'zactly what kin be did."

"What's your trouble?"

"Mister Sheriff, I'm a peaceable man."

"Sure." The officer did not smile, although he was familiar with gory fragments of Pink's record.

"I 'bominates a squabble, an' them three fellers keeps a-shootin' at me."

"Shooting at you?"

"Sartin. I can't poke nary finger out o' my boat without they takes a crack at it. Look at my hat!"

Pink's Adam's apple, the size of a doorknob, went gulping up and down his giraffe throat as he exhibited a battered wool hat which showed the perforation of bullets.

"Do you know who did it?" the sheriff asked.

"Yep. It was Marsh Smith, Jim Eggers an' Leadpipe."

"Leadpipe?" Mattox wiggled uneasily in his chair, for Pink's tale had a fishy smell. The three men whom he named were the most incorrigible of trigger addicts, marksmen that would never miss a pop at Pink. Furthermore, Potter himself was not the sort of sissy to hide underneath the petticoats of law. So the sheriff tried to imagine why Pink had appealed to him.

"Somethin's got to be did," the swamper insisted. "I ain't eddicated in high p'ints o' law, but papers oughter be served on them fellers."

"Papers?" The sheriff knew that any deputy who went to arrest Leadpipe would never see home, sweet home again. So he half apologized, "Pink, I'm sorry. All of my men are busy."

"You can't send no regular chap?"

"Not a man in this county would try to make arrests on White River."

"Can't you deppitize some good constable?"

"Not a chance."

"Shucks." Pink stroked a thoughtful chin, then suggested, "Deppitize me."

"What?" The sheriff leaped erect and gasped. "Potter, you don't mean that *you'd* attempt to serve a warrant on Leadpipe?"

"Not fer a steady job. But they got me bothered."

"Suppose," the sheriff queried dubiously, "suppose I do give you warrants for them?"

"Then I promises faithful that I'll march them three skunks straight to yo' jailhouse."

"Three of them? And you just one!" exclaimed the sheriff.

"'Tain't but one jailhouse."

Completely Pacified

It seemed a simple alibi, an easy way out, so the sheriff armed Pink Potter with legal authority to take the bodies of Marsh Smith, Jim Eggers and one "Leadpipe" whose real name was to affiant unknown.

"But, Pink, you don't appear to be armed."

"Nope. Never fetches no weppins to town."

Potter went shambling away and left a sorely puzzled officer, who consulted with an equally bewildered clerk. Court officials and wiseacres discussed the unique situation, but agreed only upon one detail—that they'd seen the last of Pink Potter, which wouldn't be much of a loss.

Pink got his papers on Friday, and at the recess next Wednesday Sheriff Mattox astonished the crowd in his office by pointing through a window. "Yonder comes Pink."

They watched the swamper as he shuffled along the courthouse walk, with head down, looking utterly dejected, then sneaked through the door and said:

"Mister Sheriff, I promised to land them fellers in yo' jailhouse, an' hates to return back like a tuck-tail houn'. I'm plum 'shamed o' myself."

"What's the matter? Couldn't find them?"

"Yep. I knowed whar they was at."

"They resisted arrest?"

"'Twarn't that, not altogether. Y'onderstand, Mister Sheriff, I rounded up them three varmints, an'—"

"What? Three of them?"

"Yep. Th' count tallied kerrect, one, two, three."

"How'd you do it?"

"Thar's ways an' ways o' doin' leetle things."

"After you caught them they wouldn't come with you?"

"Wall, you mought kinder figger it like that."

"What happened?"

Every idler around the courthouse had jammed into that one small room—judge, jurors, witnesses, all listening eagerly as the swamper drawled, "I give my word to march them skunks into yo' jailhouse, but I can't bring 'em without help."

"Where are they now?"

"Up yonder nigh Gunbarrel Slough."

"Fixin' to shoot from ambush?"

"Nope. I done pacified 'em."

"Pacified them?" The sheriff couldn't believe it, and asked another question. "So you need a posse to bring them in?"

"Nope. Just a boat."

"A boat?"

"Yep. You see, Mister Sheriff, after I got them fellers herded an' trampin' ahead o' me, Leadpipe tripped his toe on a grapevine an' fell down. That made him fretful, an' all of 'em started to draw. 'Scuse me, Sheriff, 'scuse me, but I was 'bleeged to shoot. They's lyin' up thar now waitin' for yo' boat."

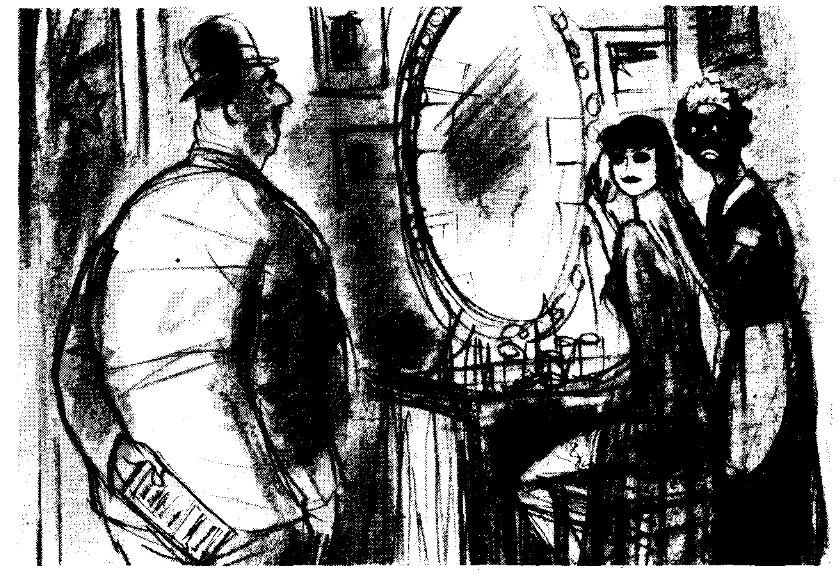
"*Lying* up there? Pink, did you *kill* those men?"

"I'm plumb 'shamed, but they got their O. K. papers."

"Killed all three of them?"

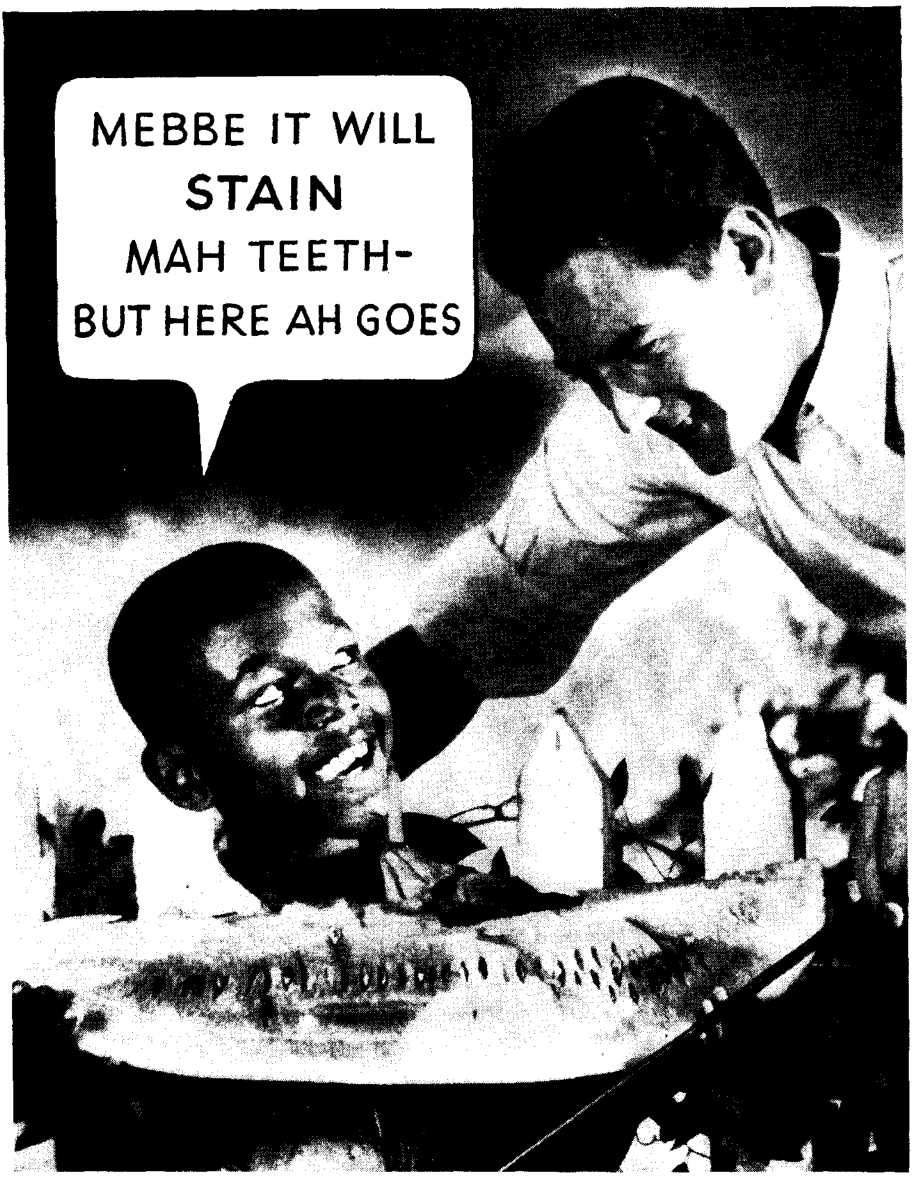
"Yep. One—two—three."

The sheriff's posse found Leadpipe, Marsh Smith and Jim Eggers stretched out quietly, side by side. In their hats, as a railway conductor tags his passengers, each man carried the legal warrant for his own arrest. But to this hour nobody can guess how the killings actually occurred, or why Pink Potter did it in just that way.



"Which one of you ladies is Miss Fifi de Vantine?"

Gregory d'Alessio


MEBBE IT WILL STAIN MAH TEETH- BUT HERE AH GOES

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth—
Colgate's removes all seven

"GO RIGHT ahead, Sambo! Sink those gleaming ivories into that luscious watermelon.

"Sure it'll stain your teeth, Sambo. But so does *everything* else you eat—and drink! All told, your three-meals-a-day leave 7 different kinds of stains on your teeth.

"But *you* should worry! For Colgate's removes all 7 stains—leaving your teeth beautifully clean and bright—a pleasure to behold."

• • •

And that's where Colgate's has a big edge on other toothpastes. Colgate's removes *all 7 stains*.

Know why? Because Colgate's has *two* cleansing actions where most toothpastes have only *one*.

And oh! how those teeth of yours need BOTH actions. For all stains will not yield to *one*—and if you don't remove them all, they gradually build up, dulling your teeth, clouding their natural brilliance.

So get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and try it. The *emulsive* action will dissolve and wash away some of the stains that food and drink leave on your teeth. The safe, gentle *polishing* action will remove the stains that are left.

At the end of 10 days, look in the mirror—and see the best-looking teeth you've ever owned.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

Colgate's removes all seven

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
25¢

ARE YOU FORGING A STRONGER BUSINESS

in this day of National Recovery?

"WHAT is going to happen to *my* business?" The man who asks that question implies that Fate or some force from outside will seize hold of his affairs and control them.

Clearer vision sees that a brave attack has been made on the forces that tear down, and that there is a new opportunity for every man to build up his own business unhindered. To do this means constructive work for strong hands and the strengthening of every part of each business organization. Will you forge your business stronger during the National Recovery?

As you reemploy labor, the new men must be welded into your organization. As you seek more sales, your selling efforts must be shaped to fit new markets. Executives must develop methods to stand the strains of growth and change. These are the tasks that now confront business executives.

As you set up new standards of practice, new standards of work and quality, let these standards apply to the paper you use. Judged by all practical tests, Hammermill Bond is the standard quality-utility paper for general business use the world over.

For many years, Hammermill has made the "tool" of management—business paper.

We have worked with the "toolmaker of business"— the printer. The important part that printing plays in business administration is not fully appreciated . . .

The printed forms and records used in your office and factory are the machinery of the administration of your business. New conditions, new needs, demand new, more efficient "tools" of management. Your printer—

The Quality-Utility Paper for business

HAMMERMILL BOND

LOOK FOR THIS WATERMARK. IT IS OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

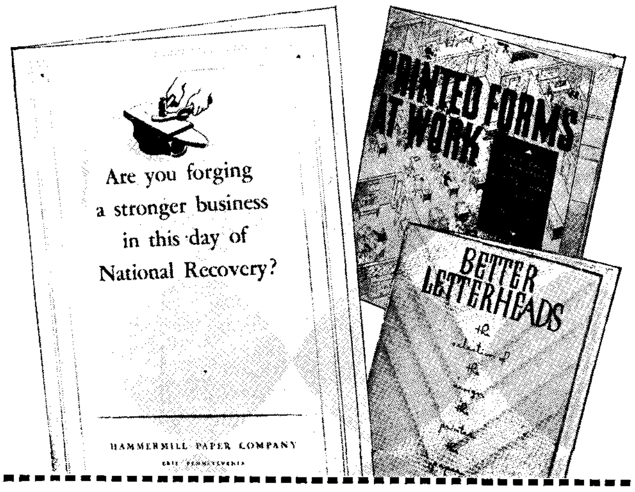
with his wide experience—can help you prepare them. We can help you.

OF INTEREST TO EXECUTIVES

Hammermill has a wealth of information about the use of paper and printing in business, gathered from contacts with thousands of executives. This information will save time and money for any business man who uses it, as thousands do. A timely selection of usable material is combined with the book entitled, "Are You Forging a Stronger Business in This Day of National Recovery?" Sign and attach the coupon to your business letterhead and send it today.

WHAT THE HAMMERMILL WATERMARK MEANS

STRENGTH	Tough, strong-fibred, resists punishment.
WHITENESS	Whiter white, sharp, clear, wins all tests.
COLOR	13 colors, easy to distinguish; all in different weights and finishes.
ENVELOPES	Match perfectly, available everywhere, all colors in various sizes.
UNIFORMITY	Maintained by laboratory control.
AVAILABILITY	Stocked in nearly 100 cities, sold everywhere.
CARBON COPIES	Uniformity assures clear, sharp carbon copies.
WRITING SURFACE	Made for perfect pen and pencil writing, neat typing, clean erasing.
FEEL AND CRACKLE	Always crisp, lively; says "Quality."
PRICE	A Quality product at a Utility price.


Are you forging a stronger business in this day of National Recovery?
HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY
PRINTED FORMS AT WORK
BETTER LETTERHEADS

C-9-16

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNA.

I would like to receive the valuable data on the use of paper and printing.

*Name*________________________________

*Position*________________________________

Be sure to attach coupon to your business letterhead

They're coming through the Ceiling

Continued from page 13

are available to barnstormers, to private flyers, and to commercial lines who do not engage in interstate commerce; but few of these miscellaneous operators avail themselves of many of the aids, and none is under compulsion to do so. A scheduled airline is one under contract to the post office to carry mail; or one, lacking a mail contract, which carries passengers across state boundaries and thus, through the provisions of interstate commerce, comes under federal jurisdiction. Insurance companies demand no extra premiums, impose no anti-aviation clauses, if you agree to confine your air travel to reputable, scheduled lines.

America Tries Her Wings

There is a record-smashing surge of passenger business now breaking over the airlines of the country. Nearly a hundred per cent increase this summer over last. Aëronautic officials see two signs in this; the end of the general depression and the beginning of aviation's rise in the country's business life to a rôle of equal importance with any other form of transportation. If you are a modern business man, geared to these new things, you cannot afford to ignore air transportation. Because of all these exciting portents in the skies, Collier's sent me out to get for you a complete picture of the provisions which have been taken to keep you safe from all harm when you travel over the skyways.

Your reporter, who believes only what he sees and not much of that, went out to Newark; and, with Jim Kinney and Harry Diamond, made blind landings in the same ship, and under virtually the same conditions, as in the great original flight from College Park to Newark. Then, reflecting upon the rest of the safeguards, he decided to turn you over to Johnny Cable of Waterloo, Iowa, and the Department of Commerce. Johnny is always barging along the federal airways, inspecting the aids to air navigation. His boss says that Johnny has had a wider experience with the lights, the radio, and all the various dinguses, than any other pilot. If President Roosevelt wants to fly and doesn't want to hurt the feelings of the Army by taking a Navy plane, or t'other way round, Johnny is ready to fly him. He says he can clean those old hats and shoes and empty tin cans out of his ship in two flicks of a kitten's tonsils. Meantime, while awaiting a call from the White House, Johnny will fly you tonight over the federal airway between Washington and Pittsburgh.

Before we come to that, however, or leave the ground, the safeguards of the Federal Airways System work in your interest. Indeed, a notable feature of the system is the thoroughness with which it is fabricated, leaving no loopholes for slovenly operators or incompetent pilots. It has investigated the record, from the day he was born, of every pilot who may fly you; and it has watched the plane in which you travel since it was no more than a set of blueprints on a builder's table. The company, too, which invites your patronage has met stringent requirements; capital and an enterprising spirit aren't enough.

Here, we may say, is the first step in the system of safeguards: the person or group who desires to operate a passenger line in interstate air commerce is forced to obtain from the Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce a certificate of authority. You can't just talk big and get that. You've got to prove that you are reputable, and you've got to comply with the Air Commerce Regulations, which specify the use of safe methods and approved equipment.

A certified operator of scheduled air transportation must use licensed ships. You may tell a commercially licensed ship by the NC in front of its numerals. Every nation has distinctive letters for its licensed ships: N is the United States, the C means it is licensed to carry passengers commercially. If the N is followed by an R (restricted) or X (experimental), paying passengers cannot be carried. NS means the craft is owned by state or federal government. England uses G. If a ship ever plops down into your back yard and you see the letters SX in its license number, run to the nearest restaurant for an interpreter; it's from Greece. The motors of airplanes in scheduled operations, too, and the propellers, must win from the Aëronautics Branch approved type certificates, attesting their airworthiness. The aspiring operator, in addition, must guarantee to employ an adequate number of airmen—pilots, mechanics—and a satisfactory ground organization, provide certain navigation facilities, and maintain his equipment in airworthy condition.

He must provide, as standard equipment for each of his ships, a complete list of flight and engine instruments, fire protection—and suitable ash containers in the cabin in case you want to smoke! In addition, if he is going to operate at night he must provide for each ship a complete equipment of lights, including landing headlamps, and parachute flares; if he is going to fly over water, rockets and Very pistols and life preservers for each person on board. His ships are forbidden to fly through or over clouds or fog unless they have two-way radio equipment. His ships cannot be taken off the ground unless they carry, over and above the fuel required to fly them to their destination, a reserve supply of 35 per cent. He cannot let any one of his pilots fly more than 110 hours in any one month. Twice a year these pilots must pass, before a Department of Commerce doctor, the strictest physical examination in the world.

These—and many others—are minimum fundamentals. Most of the reputable operators exceed them in practice; for instance, the best lines have their own medical staffs, who exercise constant supervision over the pilots.

He'd Better Be Good

To earn a scheduled air transport rating—that is, authority to fly a scheduled passenger airplane—each pilot must have at least 1,200 hours experience, part of it at night, and must pass, in addition to his normal license test, a special blind flying examination. He must get a perfect mark, too. If you think it is easy—listen! He is placed in a hooded cockpit, from which he cannot possibly see out. It is pitch black in there, except for the shaded lights on the instrument panel. A Department of Commerce inspector, seated in another and open cockpit, then takes the ship aloft and flies it to Halifax and gone; does everything to confuse the examinee, then turns the controls over to him and makes him do stalls, skids, spins, the whole bagful of maneuvers. There's a lot more, to simulate flying in the fog and, lastly, the pilot has to pick up a radio beacon, orient himself, fly to a field and maneuver into a position for a safe landing before he is permitted to see where he is and how right or wrong he may be.

Let's take off now with Johnny Cable to observe the more spectacular features of this great system of safeguards, those which meet your own eyes and ears when you fly as a passenger over a scheduled airline. It is eleven o'clock of a moonless night: with broken clouds at a high altitude and, lower, patches of light mist. We leave Hoover Field, in Virginia, just across the Potomac from Washington, exactly as if we were to fly the regular passenger run to Pittsburgh and Cleveland. Instantly, the Federal Airways System clicks over to the job of safeguarding us.

Men have climbed mountains to build these airways; toiled on deserts; followed pack burros through blizzards and sandstorms; lived in barren loneliness. Since 1926 the work has been forging onward; first under MacCracken, persuasively eloquent; then under Young, intensely practical. Now there are about 20,000 completed miles.

The operator, sitting at the Department of Commerce teletypewriter on the field, sends this message before we are 100 feet off the ground: "Airplane NS1, Pilot Cable, left Washington airport, eleven-two P. M., for Pittsburgh." As he taps out that message it is automatically reproduced on every other teletypewriter machine along the airway that we are to follow. Knowing that we are coming, all stations will maintain a watch for us; and each will, in turn, record on its teletypewriter—and thus inform the whole airway—the time at which we fly past.

Keeping Tabs

This procedure is followed with every scheduled transport plane that flies the airways, day or night; and with other planes which request it. There are nearly 1,400 miles of teletype service along the airways of the United States; and on those stretches where it has not yet been installed this same system of checking and reporting is maintained by the airways radio services. If we do not come along on time, if we stray from the course, the fact will be made known swiftly and corrective steps taken.

In the fuzzy mist Washington, below us, is a mass of glowworms. The Capitol dome, and the 555-foot tower of the Washington Monument, both floodlighted, are sights to behold.

The smear of city lights slides behind us; now all the earth is dark, and you find friendly comfort in the clear bright lights that flash in the darkness ahead. The flashes occur regularly—six each to the minute. Gradually the pattern of the beacons resolves itself to you. They are spaced uniformly—about ten miles apart, and in as straight a line as possible. Visibility being fair this evening, you can see five ahead at once; fifty miles. These are the standard 24-inch or 36-inch lights, which are automatically turned on when the daylight is cut off from a photoelectric cell; that is, when heavy clouds roll in front of the sun, or when night falls. If the country below us were less favorable to flying, it would have many smaller lights between these suns of the airways—acetylene blinkers, and flashing red or white lights marking passes in the mountains or other good places to keep away from.

You notice that the character of the beacon's main white light changes as we draw near to it. From a distance,

(Continued on page 36)

TOUGH ON SHOE BILLS?

NOT WITH THESE SOLES!

MAYBE you feel like they're kicking holes in your pocketbook when football season rolls around —but this year, let them have their fun — and spare your purse — by putting them on Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

There's a sole that can stand the gaff — no sole ever built can beat it for wear. And a long-wearing sole means a long-wearing shoe.

Boys and girls like these sure-footed, waterproof, comfortable soles. And you'll like the savings. They cost no more than other soles — on new shoes or at repair shops. Be thrifty, ask for them by name.

GOODYEAR

Wingfoot SOLES and HEELS

Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

Won by *this* Tobacco New Thousands Now Enjoy Pipe-Smoking

Flavor-Testing Outfit Offered by Edgeworth Arouses Wide Interest

Let us tell you what is going on right before our eyes.

Here in Richmond, where we make Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, we see it going out in answer to demand from nearly all parts of the world.

Then back come hundreds of letters from pipe smokers telling of their happiness at discovering Edgeworth.

For more than twenty-five years that is what has been going on right here "before our eyes."

Do busy men take the time to write letters without a good reason?

No—they do not. The only reason men write to us about Edgeworth—is *Edgeworth*. The quality, the flavor, the mildness—in short, the blend of tobaccos that we call "Edgeworth"—seem to hit so exactly the taste of intelligent smokers that many give in to the friendly urge to express their supreme contentment in letters to us. We always take pleasure in immediately sending our very sincere thanks to each of these Edgeworthers. We pledge them that the flavor and character of the Edgeworth they love will remain the same as they have been for all these years.

Because these pipe smokers the world over declare such unusual devotion to Edgeworth, we ask you to try it. We ask *all* pipe smokers to try Edgeworth at least once. That puts it up to Edgeworth.

You want a MILD *tobacco? Then try Edgeworth.*

We might assault your ears with many brave words about Edgeworth. We are at the receiving end of a steady stream of praise for it—a stream that has been flowing for many years. We could turn on the eloquence at a moment's notice. But we always hesitate. We think it is smoking pleasure you want—not ballyhoo. It is this approval of pipe smokers we want you to consider—not our opinion of Edgeworth, high as it is. (We smoke it!)

So please put Edgeworth to the test. Please try pipe smoking with this tobacco. Accept our offer of a trial smoking outfit and let it show you. Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

On Your Radio Listen to *"The Corn Cob Pipe Club"*

Learn How to Become a Member

Join in the fun this very next Wednesday evening. Tune in on "The Corn Cob Pipe Club" at 10 o'clock (Eastern Daylight Time) over a coast-to-coast NBC network. Hear this program of happy country folks singing together and having a grand old time at the old Virginia Cross Roads Hall. Hear how to become a member of the club.

Send for This Trial Outfit!

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED
EDGEWORTH
PLUG SLICE

Sample packets of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco and an old fashioned corn cob pipe—clean, fresh and wholesome.

You may find that you enjoy pipe smoking more than any other way of using tobacco. (Then you will buy a regular briar pipe and be happy.) Send for this trial outfit and find out for yourself.

The tobacco, pipe, tax, postage and packing cost us 26¢. We ask you to send 10 cents as evidence of your sincerity. Use the coupon for convenience.

"Then back come hundreds of letters—"

"From 1923 to 1930 I traveled in many foreign countries, taking as much Edgeworth with me as I could get thro' the customs—then buying more in Australia, New Zealand, Brazil, Uruguay, Argentine, Chile, Panama, England, Spain, etc.

"Landing in Suva, Fiji Islands, I was walking up from the docks and saw what I thought looked like the famous 'blue tin.' It was in an old, dusty shop window of a general store and sure enough it was Edgeworth. So I bought it. Can you beat this?"

Wm. E. Gray
850 Louisa Street, Williamsport, Pa.

"I am a Scotch Bagpipe player.

"A pipeful of Edgeworth lasts about twice as long as any tobacco I have ever smoked."

R. H. Dickson
721 Cramer Ave., Schenectady, N. Y.

"I had tried all kinds of tobacco, even a can of so-called Scotch tobacco found in a dugout in France, but when I came home in 1919 and a friend gave me a pipeful of Edgeworth, I knew that I had found the right tobacco and have smoked nothing else since."

R. J. Ashforth
361 River Street, Piqua, Ohio

"I have been an Edgeworth smoker for more than fifteen years; which is not so remarkable a record when you remember that smokers do not tire of Edgeworth. It's a companionable smoke; one that does not require a shift to other tobaccos to make it appreciated—equally good every day you use it. That, I think, is the way most Edgeworth smokers find it to be."

S. R. Holland
654 So. Bonnie Brae Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

"A little over twenty-five years ago I was introduced to Edgeworth, and since that time have been a consistent user. Of course, during that time I have wandered from the fold and tried other brands, but always came back to Edgeworth, for after all, Edgeworth really is the best pipe tobacco. I'm cured of the wanderlust, it's Edgeworth from now on.

"During the years I have made many converts to Edgeworth, and today it occurs to me that the makers of anything as good as Edgeworth, an article which during a quarter of a century has remained universally good, are entitled to a word of praise from an old time Edgeworth fan."

Glenn E. Woodcox
902 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

"Received the sample of Edgeworth tobacco and experienced the best smoke I have ever had, and I have been smoking for 34 years."

H. S. Lessenhop
1342 N. W. 9th Ave., Miami, Fla.

Edgeworth is sold everywhere in two forms, "Edgeworth Ready Rubbed" and "Edgeworth Plug Slice." All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. A variety of sizes in vacuum packed tins.

SIGN—CLIP—MAIL

LARUS & BRO. CO., 114 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Virginia

Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send Corn Cob Pipe and Samples of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

(Please PRINT name and address plainly.)

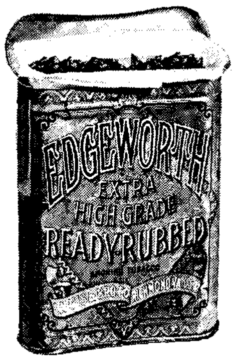
Name..............................

Street..............................

City..............................

State..............................

WIVES—*Do You Want Contented Husbands?*



Over two hundred thousand women have indicated their approval of the inviting aroma of Edgeworth tobacco.

For example, Mrs. R. G. Horton, 609 Glenwood Ave., Ottumwa, Iowa, writes:

"My husband has smoked Edgeworth for more than two years and sure enjoys smoking.

"I really enjoy smelling Edgeworth aroma as it is mild and never strong like the tobacco he used to smoke. And I like to see him sitting in his arm chair by his radio, his feet in comfy slippers, enjoying his paper and pipe.

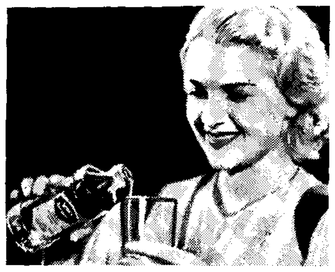
"He looks so contented there that I sometimes wish every husband and father could sit down and be comfortable like that with a can of Edgeworth and a pipe, for I am sure there would be a lot more happy homes and less divorce cases."

Lady—why not send in the coupon yourself and surprise your husband by giving him the Edgeworth trial pipe smoking outfit?

Put EDGEWORTH *in your pipe and smoke it*

If you use a
MOUTH ANTISEPTIC
..it pays to COMPARE!

It's just common sense to look around before you buy. Often you get used to a product and miss something newer and better. That's why we urge you to compare Vicks Voratone with the mouth-wash and gargle you now use.



● Compare the STRENGTH

Diluted with equal parts of water, Vicks Voratone is powerful enough to meet approved standards of antiseptic strength. *Full strength,* it is perfectly safe for daily use.

● Compare the TASTE

Full strength or diluted, Voratone is pleasant to the taste. It brings to your mouth a delightful feeling of refreshing cleanness ...and freedom from doubtful breath and the after-taste of food or tobacco.

● Compare the RESULTS

Use Voratone for a week for bad breath (halitosis), sore throat, or any of its many uses. Unless you like it better than *any* mouth-wash or gargle you've ever used, return what is left and your druggist will refund your money.

● *Then...* Compare the PRICE

The big 35¢ bottle of Voratone holds more than three 25¢ bottles of other leading brands. Only a house like Vicks ...with world-wide sale of quality products...can offer such an amazing value.

VICKS VORATONE
Antiseptic • Mouth-Wash • Gargle • Deodorant

They're coming through the Ceiling

Continued from page 34

it is merely a flash; from above, it is a beam—making six complete revolutions around the beacon tower per minute. The beams are set at a degree and a half above the horizon; scientific tests have proved this to be the elevation at which they are most useful to a flyer. Lower, and he would never see it; trained higher, as a searchlight, and he would not see much of it until he was touched by its beam.

The fifth beacon, you notice, is different; on it the code flashes are in green, which indicates that the beacon is located on a Department of Commerce lighted intermediate field. There are nearly 300 of these Department of Commerce fields along the airways of the United States, in addition to the various municipal and commercial airports. Each is in charge of at least one government man, who is especially trained in the maintenance of the field for the safety of airplanes which might have to use it; and who is qualified in the use of the teletypewriter, the various radio aids to safe air navigation, and in collecting and passing along weather information. The visibility grows poor as we reach the Alleghenies. Sometimes it's not possible to see even one beacon light ahead. But Johnny doesn't seem to be worried. He puts on a radio head-phone set, and passes a duplicate harness to you, but it all sounds like just a lot of buzz-buzz until Johnny explains. The radio range beacon is simply a transmitter which sends out, along the rims of a narrow path, two Morse code signals. Each transmitter sends out four paths, or courses, like spokes, which are aimed along the airways using the airport at which it is situated. On one rim of the path the Morse N—dash-dot—is flashed; on the opposite edge, the Morse A—dot-dash. When these two signals superimpose in the dead center of the path they form a series of dashes, or the Morse T.

Keep to the Right

You know, therefore, that the monotonous dash-dash-dash you now hear indicates you are "on course." You notice an undertone dash-dot—the N signal. Johnny explains this indicates you are slightly off center, because you are compelled by air traffic regulations to keep to the right of an airway. You notice, also, that the beacon signals are interrupted regularly while a different signal comes over—dash-dash-dot. That is the identification signal of the range station you are listening to—Washington. When we are over McConnellsburg we lose the Washington beacon and pick up the one at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which has a different signal.

But, you complain, when you could see the coded light beacons you could tell exactly what progress you were making, but now all you know is that you are on the right course. That complaint is suddenly answered for you. The ordinary radio beacon signal continues, but superimposed on it is a loud, predominating new signal—three clear dots, repeated at intervals of twelve seconds. Johnny explains that it is the marker beacon at McConnellsburg. These marker beacons are interspersed along the radio ranges, on the same wave lengths, and each may be heard over a diameter of about ten miles. The pilot may talk to the operator at the marker beacon station and get first-hand information of ground conditions.

Although we are on top of heavy clouds and may not be able to see the Pittsburgh airport when we reach it, we shall know the exact moment at which we pass over it because of the action of our beacon signals. They will suddenly die away for a few seconds, then pick up again. Over each beacon transmitter there is a phenomenon known as a "cone of silence," a small dead circle. This cone of silence aids pilots who are "on top" in finding airports which may have plenty of ceiling below the clouds.

Ahead of us, presently, part of the dark sky is darker than the rest. When you see lightning flash, revealing the outlines of ominous thunderheads, you say to yourself, "Johnny, won't you please turn back?" Suddenly the beacon signals cut out as sharply as though someone hung up a telephone on you. You steal a quick glance at Johnny; he is attentive, interested, but much calmer than you think he has any right to be. Then you hear a voice: "Station WWAP, Pittsburgh. One A. M. Ceiling 2,000 feet, overcast, visibility five miles, wind S. W., 20 miles per hour. Temperature 58, dew point 50. Barometer thirty point ten. WWAP."

That broadcaster was a Department of Commerce man; and there is another like him every 200 miles along the airways, serving your safety and that of every other passenger aloft tonight, and every night and every day. The whole Federal Airways System is divided into three chains for broadcasting weather and other information; each chain has two definite periods in each hour for broadcasting, so that pilots in flight are constantly informed of the exact weather conditions along their courses. The radio beacon signals are interrupted for each weather broadcast and resumed immediately afterwards. The business of collecting this weather information is a function of thousands of United States Weather Bureau stations throughout the country. The business of broadcasting it belongs to the Department of Commerce.

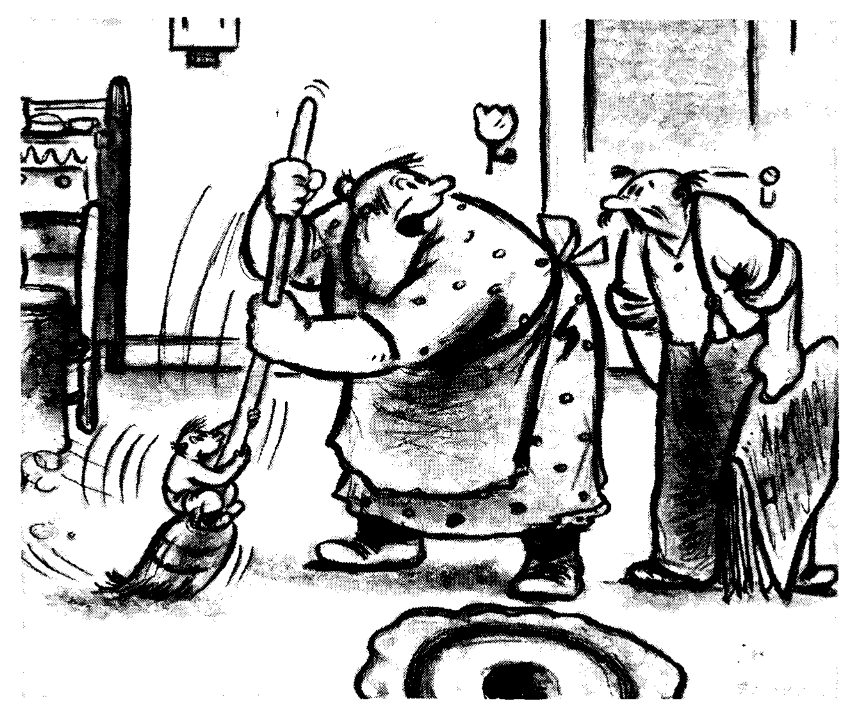
In addition to local broadcasts six times each hour, six times a day, a complete weather map of the entire United States is made up and sent out over the teletype system. These weather broadcasts have been taken advantage of by interests wholly outside aëronautics: The Forestry Service, public utility crews who maintain high tension lines through severe districts, large-scale ranchers and others. The German airmail planes, which are catapulted from the Bremen and the Europa 600 miles at sea from New York, avail themselves of both the radio beacons and the weather broadcast, features not available to them when flying to land on the other side of the Atlantic. The Department of Commerce obligingly changed the direction of one spoke of the Boston radio beacon range to coincide with the course taken by these flyers toward land.

The radio range beacons and the weather broadcasts of the Department of Commerce are on a band between 235 and 350 kilocycles, below the so-called "entertainment" band. But now Johnny cuts off the beacon signals and clicks on another switch—and you learn that still another band, above the entertainment commercial field, is devoted to air safety.

Voices in the Dark

The wave lengths from 3,150 to 6,000 kilocycles have been allotted to the various air transport operators for the transmission of company business when pilots are not listening to the beacons. You hear two pilots over the Alleghenies compare weather notes. A pilot in a ship over Des Moines asks his office at Chicago to notify a certain mother, who is ill, that her son, a passenger on the plane, will be at her bedside within three hours.

Johnny knows the wave lengths of each company, and swings his dial from one to another, exactly as you swing your home radio from one program to another. You talk to ground operators at Columbus, at Kansas City, Atlanta. Suddenly you hear a pilot, in flight over the Southwest, describe a great meteor which is blazing through the sky in front of him. That's a grandstand seat for you! You're still thrilling to the realization that the air above the sleeping nation this night, every night, is alive, pulsing with the business of modern travel, when you suddenly realize that Johnny is spiraling down through a hole. There is a great blob of daylight under you in the night. The Pittsburgh airport. All out!



"Don't stand there an' tell me you didn't put this idea into his head!"

Frank Owen

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

FOUNDED BY JOHN F. DRYDEN

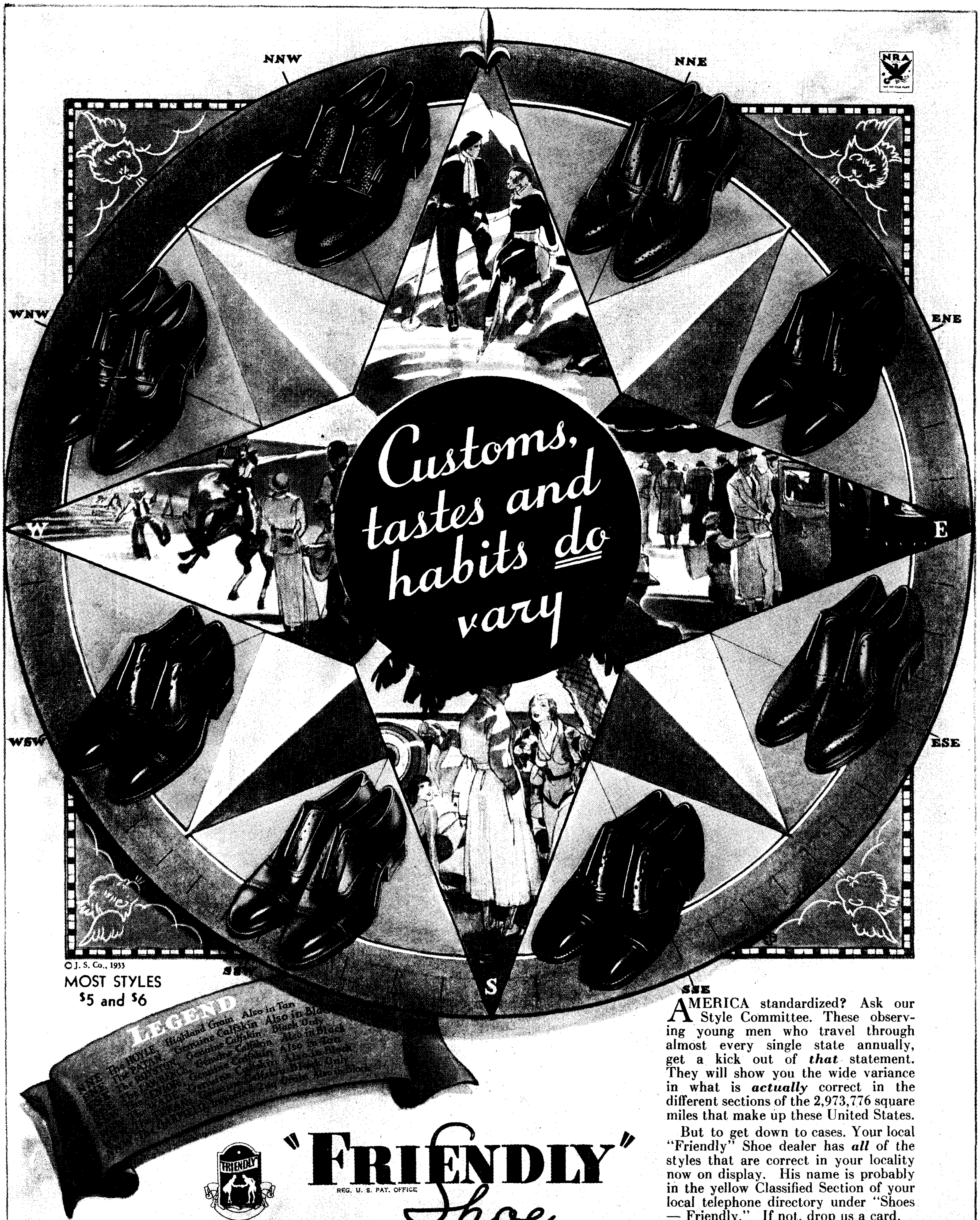
May They Never Be In Want

ADEQUATE PROTECTION FOR YOUR LOVED ONES

ASSURED BY

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* © HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N. J.*


NNW
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WE DO OUR PART
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Customs, tastes and habits do vary
LEGEND
NNE The HOYLE Highland Grain Also in Tan
ENE The PA... Genuine Calfskin Also in Black
Genuine Calfskin Black Only
Genuine Calfskin Also in Black
Genuine Calfskin Also in Tan
Genuine Calfskin Also in Black
Black Only
Also in Black

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MOST STYLES
$5 and $6

AMERICA standardized? Ask our Style Committee. These observing young men who travel through almost every single state annually, get a kick out of *that* statement. They will show you the wide variance in what is *actually* correct in the different sections of the 2,973,776 square miles that make up these United States.

But to get down to cases. Your local "Friendly" Shoe dealer has *all* of the styles that are correct in your locality now on display. His name is probably in the yellow Classified Section of your local telephone directory under "Shoes — Friendly." If not, drop us a card.

"FRIENDLY" Shoe
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY — *Manufacturers* — NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
Division of General Shoe Corporation

Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 20

indulged in an hour, two hours, three hours, of lazy dozing and reading, with long spaces for daydreams in between. In a few years they would go to the Zoo frequently on Sunday to amuse Kit. He would be Christopher junior, but they would call him Kit. Kit would wear a blue cloth coat with a beaver collar in winter, and in summer white linen belted with red about his round little tum. He would be an out-of-door baby, "even if I have to poke him up through the trapdoor in the kitchen to manage it," thought Fanny.

SHE was deeply, refreshingly asleep when Chris came thundering up the stairs at four o'clock. She awakened to find him kneeling beside her, shaking her. And never had Fanny seen the dark face she loved wearing an expression of such reckless delight, nor a look of more affectionate laughter in Chris' eyes.

"Fanny, look, it's four o'clock!"

"Oh, it is not!" said Fanny.

"It *is*."

"Oh, then you're starving?"

"I am not! I had lunch with Gerald Mockby and Oliver Millikin."

"At the Sartoris?"

"At the Sartoris."

"Chris, was it gorgeous food?"

"Listen to her! That's what you think about, is it? What mattered to me was to be talking as calmly as I am to you with old Millikin!"

"I thought," Fanny rested a fragrant, tumbled head against his cheek for a moment, yawned luxuriously, drew off to look at him sleepily again, "I thought he was in Boston!" she said.

"He was. He came down yesterday to talk to Gerald. And Fan, what do you think? They used my notes! I give you my word they used my notes," Chris said, almost awestruck, "as if they were a brief!"

"Oh, Chris, goody! Did they say you were smart?"

"No, you poor fool," Chris said, laughing and flushing. "But I tell you it gives you a thrill when the references you've dug up and put together are—are the right ones, and these big guys—Millikin and Gerald—say to you, 'Is that so, Chris? You're sure of that?'"

"And were you terribly late, Chris?"

"No; they were at breakfast, and Mr. Millikin apologized for keeping me waiting downstairs. He said he'd gotten in very late, about nine, and had had to have a bath and so on."

"He didn't come down just for the Bucknell case, Chris?"

"Ah, but that's just what he did; that's the fun of it, Fan!"

"Oh, Chris! But wouldn't you have thought he'd have come yesterday to see Mr. Kessley? I mean, if he was coming at all?"

"That's where the funny part comes in, Fan. But I want to tell you about it the way it all came out. Are you comfortable?"

"I'm marvelous! Chris, did Mr. Mockby tell Mr. Millikin the disgraceful thing I did yesterday?"

"Wait a minute, now. To begin with, when I went in where they were at breakfast, and Gerald kind of grinned and asked me whether I'd brought the papers or some poetry—"

"Then he wasn't mad!" breathed Fanny.

"Wait! I said of course it was the papers, and that my wife felt terribly about yesterday. Well, then Gerald said—I'll take this just as it came along—'Some day ask your wife what she did to my Aunt Sarah,' and I said that you had been awfully tired and depressed over the mistake last night, and hadn't said anything about his Aunt Sarah."

"That was the house we went to by mistake!" Fanny explained.

"He said you made the hit of the world with his aunt."

"Oh, that's good!"

"It seems—he was telling me this while old Millikin telephoned—it seems that there's been bad feeling between the families, and that when you talked about how wonderful they were it kind of smoked his aunt into telephoning his mother—"

"No, it was the other way. All I said," elucidated Fanny, "was that you and I were starting with practically nothing and lived on Avenue A."

"Tell her about—?"

"Fascination Fledgerby? No. But I sort of said—I may sort have said—" Fanny stumbled, flushed and laughing, "that we hoped for children as nice as her adorable grandchildren some day—anyway, she and the Joseph Mockbys all lived on Avenue A years ago, and it broke her all up to remember it. She said they'd always been good friends, and she sent the other Mrs. Mockby a message—that she was glad we came and glad to do any favor for her—"

"We? Who's we?"

"This old man who talked to me in the train, and asked for a lift. I thought he was simply one more old beggar, but it seems that they were glad to have him come."

"He was an old servant of their father's; the old Judge has been trying for years to locate him, it seems. Gerald told me Jesse Mockby says that this old Towler or Fowler or whatever it is actually saved his daughter's life years ago. You made a hit taking him along!"

"Well, isn't it nice to make these hits," Fanny said modestly. "I thought that young Mrs. Bull liked me, but—"

"They all liked you. Gerald asked me what I ever did to get such a wife," Chris said.

"If Gerald Mockby could say anything decent about me after springing 'Leaning Up a Cypress Tree' on him, he must have a heart of gold!" Fanny murmured.

"He roared about it!"

"He *couldn't* have."

"He did. And by the way, he gave it back to me," Chris said. "You'd forgotten it!"

"DON'T tell me I forgot anything yesterday!"

"You see, here's the catch, Fan: Gerald—well, let me go back and tell you. He and Millikin and I got at the notes at about half past eleven, and we got absorbed in them, and pretty soon Millikin said, shaking his head, 'I'm sorry Kessley got onto that!' and then Gerald said, 'Why, that's something that I meant to explain to you, sir. Mr. Kessley didn't see these notes. All he knows is what I could tell him from memory last night and that wasn't much, because I haven't been working on this case. I left it to Chris here.'

"Millikin shot us a look under that white bush of his and said, 'I thought Kessley went up to Scarsdale just to talk this over with you?' and Gerald said, 'Yes, he did. I couldn't seem to get out of it. He had come into the office Friday and had pressed it so that I couldn't refuse. So I had made arrangements with Chris to meet us both at the train Saturday with the notes, and I thought we could have four or five hours to go over them. But Chris didn't show up.'

"Millikin said, 'You'd given him a tip?' and Gerald said, 'I didn't dare give him a tip; Kessley might have suspected. But,' Gerald said, 'Chris missed the train and sent his wife, and she brought the wrong papers!'

"'How'd that happen?' Millikin said.

"'His wife had another similar envelope in her desk, and in her haste to make the train she grabbed that,' Gerald said.

"'Kessley suspect?' Millikin asked.

"Gerald laughed. 'If you had seen Mrs. Thring arrive, late and dusty and tumbled,' he said, 'you'd have known that there wasn't any joke about it. She'd been all afternoon getting there. She was so relieved about the damn' papers and so glad to get there, she turned 'em over to me with a sigh of relief! And then, when they turned out to be the wrong ones, you ought to have seen the wringing of hands and heard the excitement! I thought the woman would die!'"

"YOU mean," Fanny said, pale with excitement, arresting him with a hand on his brown hand, "you mean that actually they were *glad* not to have Kessley see them?"

"Isn't that what I'm trying to tell you? Millikin said, 'My God!' and his face was one broad grin. He said, 'Gerald, there's more than I thought of in poetry!' He was just one wide beam, and Gerald was grinning too. And after a while Mr. Millikin said to me, 'Where were *you* all this time?' and when I said that my wife had accidentally locked me in the bathroom before she went out you ought to have heard them!

"Gerald said, 'Kessley couldn't think Mrs. Thring was acting; she was almost beside herself, worrying about Chris, telephoning people; she wasn't framing anything!' Mr. Millikin asked him if Kessley was disappointed, and Gerald said, 'Sour as gall.'

"Well, then," Chris resumed, "Gerald and I had club sandwiches, and we all went on with the case, and we made a draft of it for Kessley. And Mr. Millikin said, when we left him, that he wouldn't have had Kessley see those original notes for anything in the world. 'He could have taken an advantage of us then, Gerald,' he said, 'that we'd never have gotten over!'"

"Chris, then we're saved!"

"Saved! There's more. I'd telephoned to Mack, thinking you might have come down to the I. B. C., and he said he had to see me for a minute; it was right near, so I went over. The old boy seemed kind of broken up."

"Mack?"

"Yes, he's had this chance to put his what-do-you-call-it on the air—little dialogues, you know, and he'd just set his heart on your doing it. And he tells me you turned it down so that you could cook my dinner!"

"And so I did. I can't have you coming home to eat mildewed deviled ham and milk with curds in it," Fanny said.

"Fan, you fool! Why, darling, it's only for a few weeks, and we could have dinner at eight for a while."

"But, Chris, you always get here *ravenous*—"

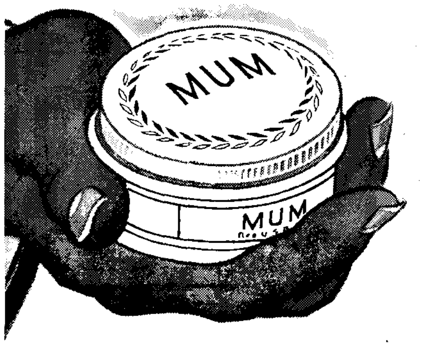
"I always get here ravenous! You make me tired! Why, Fan, why can't we have suppers downtown, for those few weeks, and then go home together? There's no need for you to give up your chance! It might lead to almost anything."

"You honestly wouldn't mind, Chris?"

"I told Mack of *course* to count on

(Continued on page 40)

"...and now I've sold my husband the Mum Habit"



"I'VE had the Mum habit for years. I wouldn't think of dressing for the day without using my Mum." So runs a recent letter from an enthusiastic woman.

"My husband has often said men were bothered with underarm perspiration odor even more than women and wished he had something a man could use.

"When I suggested Mum, he rather hesitated—said he'd never thought of Mum for a man. But try it he did, in spite of his prejudice—and now there are two of us who have the Mum habit!"

• • • • •

The very things about Mum that women appreciate also appeal to men!

For instance, the fact that it is so quick and easy to use. A light fingertipful to each underarm when you dress . . . that's all there is to it. You're safe from any trace of underarm odor for all day!

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to the skin. Women appreciate the fact that they can use Mum right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, the purpose of Mum is to prevent the unpleasant *odor* of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Introduce Mum to your husband. Get him a jar of his own. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c a jar. The Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

Property Owners began to save money *this way* in 1752...

MUTUAL
FIRE
INSURANCE
1752
1932

MUTUAL fire insurance is a 1752 idea—yet it saved over $46,000,000 of property owners' money in 1932.

Never in this long history of 180 years has this sound, oldest form of protection appealed more strongly than right now.

It's a difficult time to handle property successfully. The saving offered by *mutual* insurance is one favorable factor to counterbalance many unfavorable ones.

There is no mystery about how a *mutual* company is able to return savings to its policyholders. It is simply a matter of care in selecting risks; operating as economically as possible and above all helping property owners avoid fires.

The policyholders of the 74 companies comprising the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies include many of the leading property owners of America. The Federation represents *selected mutual fire insurance.* The average age of these companies is fifty years.

Federation companies have returned over $125,000,000 to policyholders in the past ten years, in addition to maintaining full legal reserves and paying all just claims promptly.

If you are interested in protecting your property in legal reserve *mutual* organizations of proven stability—with the highest standards of service—with a long record of saving for policyholders, write today for a list of Federation companies.

This Seal identifies a member company of The Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies and the American Mutual Alliance.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE

An American Institution

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE

WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET CS

Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies,
230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me a list of Federation companies—also a full explanation of the operation and benefits of *mutual* fire insurance.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

THE MUTUAL PLAN HAS OPERATED SUCCESSFULLY FOR 180 YEARS

(Continued from page 39)

you. And he wants to see you some afternoon next week, down there, and get rehearsals started. Oh, and the fun of it is that Madge was wild to do it—wild to do something, and Mack said that he was kind of off Madge; she's gotten so affected since the Phyllis dynasty set in. Anyway, Madge says that she and Phyllis and the Bruntons are going to Europe in November for a year."

"Ah-h-h-h!" Fanny said, on a long sigh. She made no other comment. "Chris, with Gerald Mockby strong for you, and with me making a little money on the radio, we oughtn't to have so much trouble managing Fascination," she said.

"Oh, but wait—there was something I didn't tell you, Fan! This'll excite you. Gerald Mockby walked with me to the I. B. C., and he said that his Aunt Sarah—know who she is?"

"Yep, that's Mrs. Jesse Mockby. That's the grandmother of the babies I told you about."

"WELL, she talked to his mother about you, and asked why we didn't live in Scarsdale."

"Scarsdale! Isn't it only the rich and the noble?"

"Well, listen. Gerald wants us to come up next week-end, just as we were supposed to do this, and when we do, this Mrs. Jesse Mockby wants to talk to you about it."

"Oh, Chris, then we're really going! That makes the whole thing perfect."

"She has—they have, I mean—a place they call Gate House. It's on their place, but when motor-cars came in they began to use the other station, and a few years ago they changed the entrance around to another street."

"Who, Chris? Changed what?"

"The Jesse Mockbys. They have this four-room brick house—Gerald said it was as cute as a bug's eyebrow. It's been standing empty for about four years—since they changed 'round—and it's part furnished, and Gerald says it's perfect for us."

"For us!" Fanny echoed, dramatically laying her hand on her heart.

"That's what he said, and what his Aunt Sarah said. She said to Mrs. Joseph Mockby, 'Why shouldn't these young people have the use of it?'"

"But Chris—help! What'd the rent be?"

"No rent. They said they'd be glad to have it occupied. And from what Gerald says it's on a little back lane, only three blocks from the train, and the old end of town, and with a garden—"

"Be still, my heart!" said Fanny. "But Chris, do we want to be under obligations to them?"

"Well, is it such an obligation? They haven't rented it in all this time; it's empty. And that's not so good for a place. And then, it's my firm, and if they want to do me a favor, why not?"

"Our country place," said Fanny. "Chris, it sounds so good! And we see it next week! I will now arise," said Fanny, suiting the action to the word, "push back my hair, find my slippers without looking for them by merely groping with my feet, and repair to the kitchen. There I will make you tea, or maybe iced coffee, to drink, if you'll crack the ice, with your sandwiches, and open a jar of my own apple butter.

"But first," she said, stopping at the window, "I must have a look at my city."

Chris came and put his arm about her, and they looked out together. The long, languid autumn Sunday had worn to twilight; the streets were still bright, but there was no more sun; a shadowless clear air filled the world.

Men and women were on doorsteps; children raced and screamed along the sidewalks, and caught at railings, and were up and down the brownstone stairs of the old houses like cats. Here and there early lights were lighted, and against them the furnishings of plain little rooms could be seen: a man with a baby anchored in the curve of his shirt-sleeved arm; a woman cooking or holding a sugar bowl in her hands.

Bedding looped the fire escapes; smells of cooking were penetrating the opalescent dusk; church bells east and west and north and south rang the Angelus, and the mellow sounds laced and interlaced the dingy, darkening streets.

Over all trembled the pale blue-gray sky, flushed rosily toward the west, but cooler beyond the river; pricked in the east by the first great gash of a low-hung star. The silhouette of the squared roofs was against it; on the nearest roof, only some forty feet away, Fanny saw a woman seated on a spread blanket, her back braced against a chimney, an infant at her breast.

It was a common enough sight; these women nursed their babies whenever the spirit or the baby's cries moved them to it, but somehow tonight the quiet little picture so near them, the young head with its loosened braid flung back, the protecting arm and relaxed figure, and the baby's downy head against the curved breast, moved Fanny strangely, and she leaned a little against Chris, standing behind her, and her fingers caught at his big fingers.

While they watched, the great arc of the bridge lights flamed up; elevated trains punctuated the confusion of other sounds with their punctual rush and thunder, and a barrel organ, out of sight somewhere down below, broke into a free gush of notes, unheralded, suddenly there—and suddenly silent again.

"My city," Fanny said, half aloud—"slums and elevateds and subways and movies and lights and fire escapes, bridges and shows and hot chestnuts and shoe stores with signs of 'Rubbers' on them. And pushcarts and barrel organs and cops and thunderstorms—and hospitals and snow, and park concerts and delicatessen shops. We're here, Chris. We're New York!"

"We're more than here," said Chris, rubbing his cheek against her soft hair. "We've got a student lamp and two jobs and a country home, and we're going to have—what do you call him?"

"Fascination Fledgerby."

SHE was silent awhile, leaning against his shoulder. After a long silence she said: "Pretty hour!"

"Loveliest of all," Chris agreed.

The light was fading fast now, but life still went on busily in the streets; the drug-store door revolved tirelessly; the newspaper stand did a good business; there were laughter and screams, the chipping of feet on the sidewalk, the cries of babies, honking of motor-cars.

"It's like a symphony," Chris said.

Fanny did not answer, and without disturbing her he bent forward a little to see if she could possibly be crying. But her eyes were dry and filled with the dreamy look he loved.

"Wonderful to be married, Fan," Chris said, in a rare mood of articulate tenderness. "Married and living here, right in the middle of it all, and not afraid!"

Fanny was silent for some time. Then she said, thoughtfully:

"There was something I wanted to ask you, Chris. It was in my mind two or three times, and now it's gone again—bother!"

"Bucknell case?" Chris prompted.

"No."

"Mack?"

"No. Oh, I know! Chris, at the Sartoris do they make club sandwiches with ham or bacon?" asked Fanny.

THE END

Away to Sea

Continued from page 11

"Take you away," he echoed. "Where could I take you?"

"To England? Why not?" She spoke simply, as though he were making a great deal of fuss about nothing. It steadied him—and at once, as though it had only been waiting the chance, another thought sprang into his mind.

"I could take you to my cousin," he said. Cynthia waited. "We spoke of her at dinner the other night—you heard—she is the head of a steel mill."

"A *woman?*"

"The firm should have been mine," he said curtly. "My uncle left it to her for a—for a joke."

"What is she like?"

"She's hard, but quite loyal and honest," he admitted. "She won't fail us. She'll welcome you, and look after you, until—" he broke off.

"Until William can divorce me," Cynthia finished for him. Her voice had not changed. "I'm sorry about the divorce," she added.

"SORRY?" Again he was overwhelmed with that impulse of pity for her. "You ought not to go through this," he exclaimed. "But I can't let you go. We must see this through now—it's the right thing. If you can bear it." He hesitated, confused by the difficulty of his emotions. "You're in my blood," he said quickly. "When it happens like this to two people there's nothing they can do to change it. Nothing else matters. You're in me and I'm in you. It's marriage. The other isn't."

He felt her stir, then her light touch on his sleeve. "You must tell me when I'm to come to you."

After a time he could not endure it any longer. "You'd better go back to the house now."

Cynthia slipped away obediently. . . .

In the morning he was walking toward the agent's office when Vanvoort himself came through the narrow doorway. The older man showed an unlooked-for pleasure in the chance meeting. He held out his hand. Captain Lang's face gave away nothing of the suspense he felt.

"I was sorry you were called back to your ship yesterday evening," Vanvoort said. "No trouble, I hope?"

"Nothing of importance," Lang answered. Accepting the other's invitation, he went with Vanvoort to his office at the other end of the street. His senses, half suspecting a trick, were alert for a change of tone, but the American's friendliness warmed suddenly when they were alone, with tall glasses of a cold and quite innocuous drink on the table between them. He relaxed his guard. When he rose to leave, Vanvoort invited him to another meal.

"You're too kind to me," he said smoothly. "Why?"

"Let us say that I like you," the other man answered. His half-smile, warm and quick, gave Captain Lang one of the least comfortable sensations of his life.

He had accepted the invitation to dinner as the easiest way out of it, but as soon as he reached the ship he sent a boy with a message to say that he was unable to come. The Java would be ready for sea in two days. She would sail in the late afternoon, and the only difficulty lay in getting Cynthia on board unrecognized. She must stay close in his cabin. Once at sea, after the pilot had been sent back, there would be no need for any further care. No one on the ship would know who she was. He would tell the mate that she was an Englishwoman, a friend of his cousin, whom he was assisting to run away from an unhappy marriage. She would have his cabin, of course, and he would sleep below.

He looked round the unpromising room with a new distaste. Well, at least it should be clean. He sent for the steward and ordered him to turn everything out and scrub the place from floor to ceiling. Then he returned on shore and bought new bedding and sheets of the finest linen.

The following day, during the morning, he had a letter delivered to her at the house. It instructed her when to come on board and what to bring with her. If she would have a box—containing as little as she could do with—left that evening at the chandler's, he would see it carried on board. She obeyed.

He was in a—for him—unusual state of mind, not able to settle to anything, and ironically aware that what he was doing would alter his whole life. He had always heartily disliked the idea of settling down, but now he was turning to it: he would ask his cousin to take him into the firm, and in time—he drew a long breath—in time he would get used to living between a house and an office.

Cynthia came aboard the Java at four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour before the ship was due to move out. He had been watching for her in a tight anxiety. She wore a cloak and looked at him only long enough to give him a reassuring smile. His heart warmed with sudden admiration and love.

He shut the door of the cabin on her, and when the Java was under way remained on deck for another two hours until he had seen the last of the pilot. Then he went to her—and abruptly she was in his arms, her head pressed back on his hand.

This—at last—was the right and natural thing. All trace of the excitement he had felt, waiting for her, vanished in the sense of its naturalness. They met like husband and wife after a long separation.

"It was quite simple after all, wasn't it?" she said.

"You make everything simple—and good and right," he answered quickly. His forehead pressed against her arm, he muttered: "I haven't known what peace was until now. I didn't try for it, you understand."

WHEN he went on deck the steward approached him to ask where the passenger would take her meals. "In her cabin," he said sharply. He wondered for a moment whether the men were grumbling already at the presence of a woman on board. The superstitious among them would regard it as a sure promise of disaster. During dinner he caught the second mate's eye fixed on him in stiff Scots speculation.

During the night and following day the barometer fell steadily, with dull, cloudy weather and a big sea making. By early Thursday both wind and sea had become very unpleasant. An hour after he had shortened sail it began to rain thickly, with the barometer still falling and the sea growing worse every minute. He put the ship under a lower main topsail and hove to on the starboard tack. At six o'clock the barometer was 28.60 and still falling. The Java showed a tendency to fall off. Three hours later the wind increased suddenly with a hideous sea, and he had the main lower topsail furled. A few moments later they shipped a heavy sea that carried away the bul-

(Continued on page 44)

Is He Foolish or is he Not?

Worries about his Waist-line . . .
Ignores dingy TEETH, *soft* GUMS

This man draws the line at getting "paunchy." Yet nobody can get within three feet of him without noticing his dull, grayish-looking teeth.

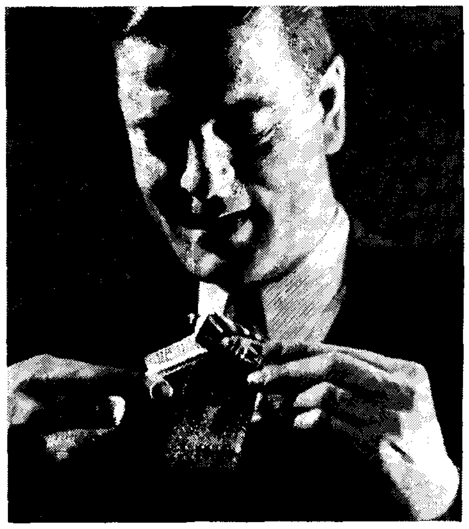
His gums have become so sensitive and tender that they often bleed. He should be using Ipana with massage, every day.

"Pink tooth brush" is a condition arising from inactivity of the gums. The soft foods of today fail to exercise the gums, which lose their vigor, and finally become so flabby and tender that they leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush.

Correct "pink tooth brush" before it dulls your teeth, before it endangers the *soundness* of your teeth. Don't allow it to lead to gingivitis or Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea.

Clean your teeth with Ipana, and each time rub a little extra Ipana right into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, helps firm the gums.

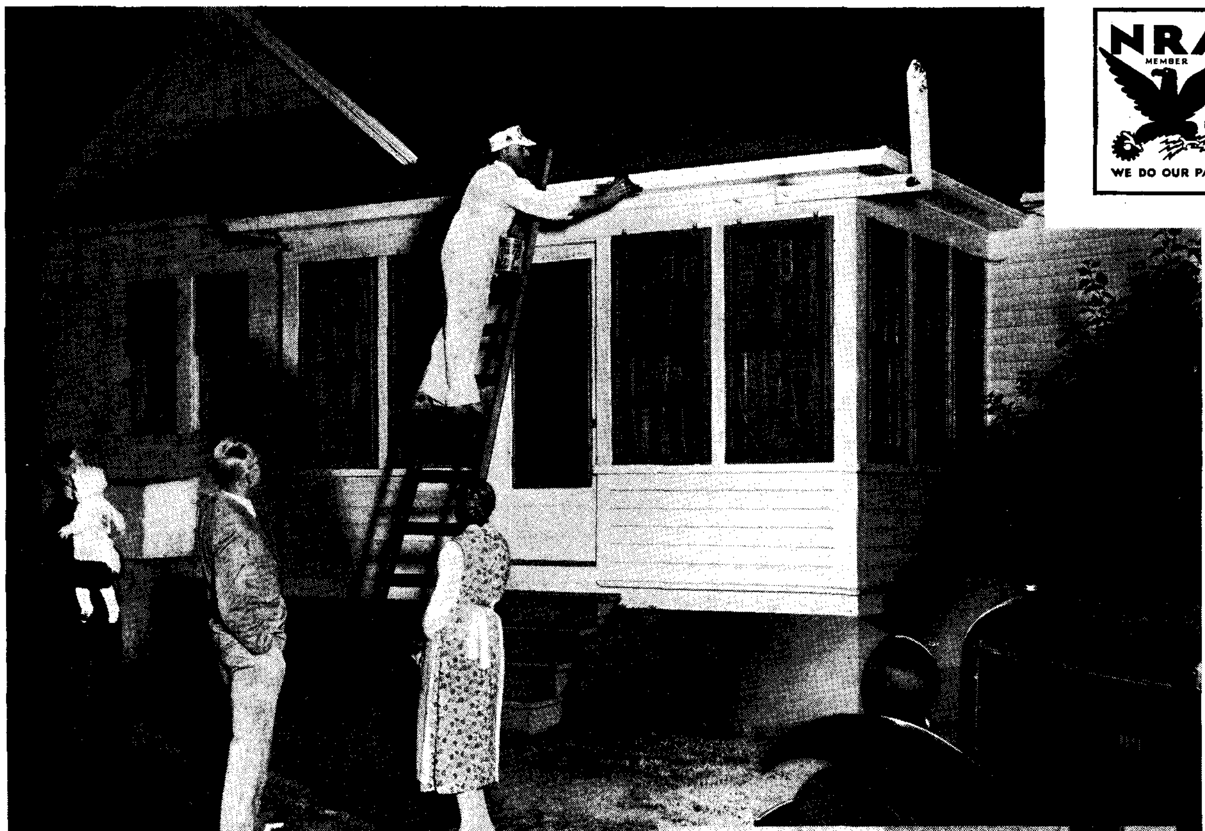
Your teeth brighten, whiten—and soon your gums are so firm that you can stop worrying about "pink tooth brush."

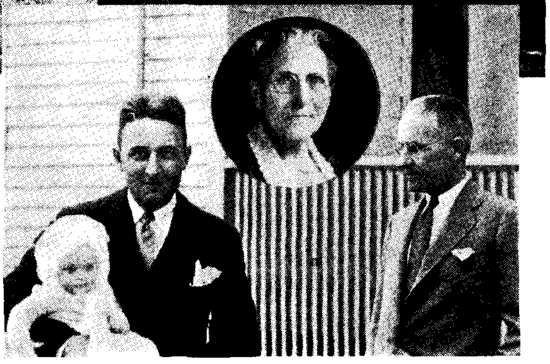


Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with
IPANA
and Massage

VISIT THE IPANA EXHIBIT
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS
General Exhibits Group—Bldg. No. 4
Chicago, June—October, 1933
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH

PAINTING REVIVAL "SHERWIN-WILLIAMS



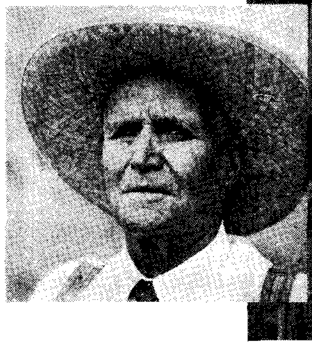


NIGHT PAINTING PRECEDES "4-GENERATION" PARTY. *Essexville, Mich.* (*R. R. No. 1*)—With the aid of motor car headlights, painter works far into night to finish painting the "wee bit hoose" of Mrs. A. MacDonald, 87 years of age, in time for the gathering of the clan. The occasion is Grandma MacDonald's birthday party for her youngest great granddaughter—6 months old. Four generations of MacDonalds were represented. Sherwin-Williams Paint, the preferred brand of the MacDonalds for many years, was used on this job.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

NEWS PHOTO FLASHES FROM EVERY WALK OF LIFE BRISTLE WITH INTEREST. Unpainted — neglected for years—America has finally awakened to the need of paint. In every section of the country—in every walk of life—painting is the order of this new day. And Sherwin-Williams Paints, famous for quality and low cost, lead the way in the nation's biggest painting revival. Renovize—protect—save—with Sherwin-Williams quality paint this Fall. Don't let Winter rot and rust do further damage to unprotected wood and metal. See your local Sherwin-Williams "Paint Headquarters" at once. Write for a free copy of the new S-W "Home Decorator". The Sherwin-Williams Co., 603 Canal Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

COW CALLER SOUCIE CATCHES "FEVER." *Manteno, Ill.*—Celebrities in all walks of life are catching the painting fever. Mr. Treffle Soucie, 75 years old, seven times a champion cow caller, still brings 'em in from half a mile away—without a megaphone. He's painting his barn with S-W Commonwealth Barn Red—a "quality" champion, too.



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS
ENAMELOID

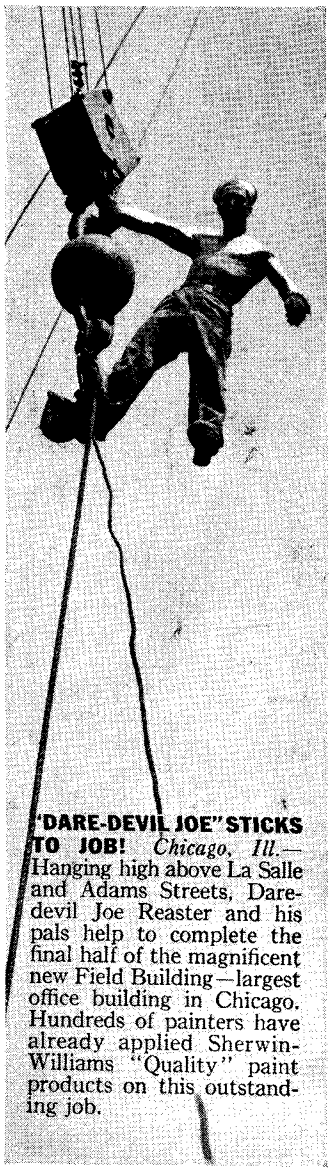
SEPTUAGENARIAN AIDS SANTA. *Philadelphia, Pa.*—For 10 consecutive seasons, old "Barney", (Bernhard Lorch) 76 years of age—has come to the aid of Toymaker Santa Claus at the Philadelphia Old Men's Home. Only the brilliant, long-wearing colors of S-W Enameloid can meet the high standard of this venerable colorist.

HISTORIC MERAUX HOUSE—135 YEARS OLD. *New Orleans, La.*—Situated on the banks of the Mississippi, on the very edge of the Chalmette Battlefield where Andrew Jackson defeated the British, this 135 year old Meraux House is one of the beautiful old colonial homes in and near New Orleans. Both house and barn were recently painted with Sherwin-Williams quality paints.

GRIPS NATION! FOR ME" IS SLOGAN

NEW YORK ARCHITECT DOES MASTERPIECE IN PAINT! *New York City, N. Y.*—Mr. Perry M. Duncan, winner of the coveted Winchester Fellowship at Yale University, has produced exquisite room effects in his beautiful new Bronxville home with Sherwin-Williams quality paints. Mr. Duncan says "I found the Sherwin-Williams book 'The Home Decorator' a valuable source for suggestions in planning exteriors and interiors of homes."

FAMOUS "TIGER" PROTECTS LAIR! *Detroit, Mich.*—"Charley" Gehringer, Tigers' sparkling second sacker, voted "ace of keystoners" by A. L. fans, scored one of his team's four runs in the spectacular Game of a Century at Chicago. Picture shows Charley protecting the roof of his "chariot house" with Sherwin-Williams Preservative Shingle Stain.



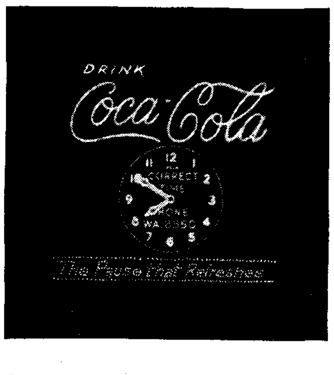
"DARE-DEVIL JOE" STICKS TO JOB! *Chicago, Ill.*—Hanging high above La Salle and Adams Streets, Daredevil Joe Reaster and his pals help to complete the final half of the magnificent new Field Building—largest office building in Chicago. Hundreds of painters have already applied Sherwin-Williams "Quality" paint products on this outstanding job.

SWP
COVER THE EARTH
ATLANTIC OCEAN
AFRICA
EUROPE
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

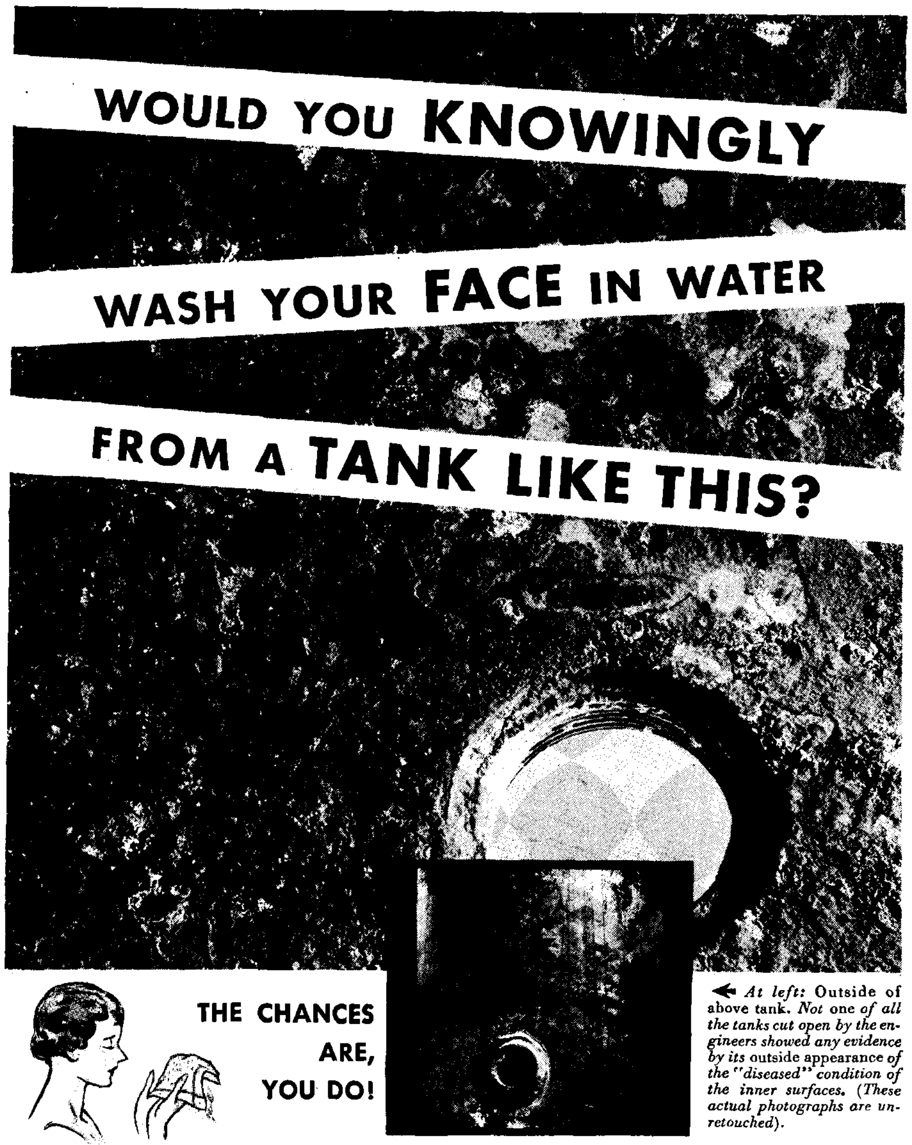
TINIEST MAN GETS HUGE OFFER! *Chicago, Ill.*—Mr. Elmer St. Aubin, world's smallest man, contemplates an offer of $500 to paint huge Sherwin-Williams spectacular sign with S-W Kem Finishes. This mammoth sign faces "A Century of Progress" and the Illinois Central Railway right-of-way, at 24th St. and the Outer Drive, Chicago. The midget, Mr. St. Aubin, is 36 inches tall, weighs 29 pounds and is 22 years old.

"SHERWIN-WILLIAMS, FOR *ME!*" *Indianapolis, Ind.*—A typical scene in leading department and Sherwin-Williams dealer stores everywhere as "back-to-the-paint-brush" movement gains speed.

HOLD IT! WIN $25 CASH. *Cleveland, O.*—Del Long and Clarence Schultz — S-W News Photographers — want interesting pictures. $25 for every one published. Sherwin-Williams employees excluded. Pictures must be unusual, newsy — include the use of some Sherwin-Williams product. Send pictures to Del and Clarence care The Sherwin-Williams Co. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, if you wish photographs returned.



COCA-COLA ON BIG TIME! *Atlanta, Ga.*—This big, timely reminder to "pause and refresh yourself" is 15 feet across. It is the brightest spot in the "upper stratum" of Atlanta. Thousands daily seek its big, red face or call Walnut 8550 and hear a sweet "electrical" voice recommend Coca-Cola and give the correct time, night or day. This mammoth timepiece is finished with Kem Bulletin Colors—another Sherwin-Williams Quality paint.



← *At left:* Outside of above tank. *Not one of all the tanks cut open by the engineers showed any evidence by its outside appearance of the "diseased" condition of the inner surfaces. (These actual photographs are unretouched).*

A GROUP of engineers *in a region noted for the purity of its water* cut open a number of hot water tanks to get the real facts. What they found was almost unbelievable. Metal so rusty, so corroded, so *diseased* that they turned away in disgust. For several of these tanks were taken right out of their own homes! All were apparently sound from every *outside* appearance.

Yet the engineers knew that metal so *diseased* was dangerously weakened. Likely to let go at any moment!

By way of contrast...tanks made of Monel Metal are practically *everlasting.* They are absolutely proof against rust... or verdigris...and they resist every other common form of metal corrosion. They stay as clean *inside,* as they are outside.

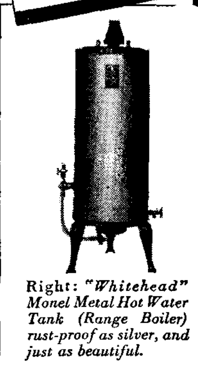
Every "Whitehead" Monel Metal tank is tested by hydrostatic pressure up to 400 lbs., which assures 50 to 100 per cent greater strength than ordinary tanks. Yet it costs no more than the best copper tank.

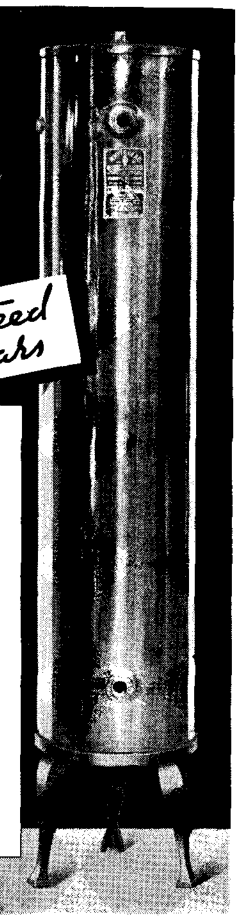
Plumbing and other dealers will gladly show you the "Whitehead" Monel Metal Hot Water Tank. And other items, too; Monel Metal Sinks, Kitchen Cabinet Tops, and ranges with Monel Metal tops. Send the coupon below for illustrated descriptive literature.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL CO., INC.
73 Wall Street New York, N. Y.

Every "Whitehead" Monel Metal Tank is guaranteed for 20 years. You don't gamble when you buy a Monel Metal Tank—you KNOW *you'll get lifetime service.*

Guaranteed 20 years





Right: *"Whitehead" Monel Metal Hot Water Tank (Range Boiler) rust-proof as silver, and just as beautiful.*
Above: *"Whitehead" Automatic Storage Gas Water Heaters also have tanks made of Monel Metal built into them.*

MONEL METAL

Monel Metal is a registered trade-mark applied to an alloy containing approximately two-thirds Nickel and one-third copper. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

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73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me further information on:

☐ Monel Metal Hot Water Tanks and Automatic Storage Gas Water Heaters.
☐ Monel Metal Sinks, Ranges, Tables and Other Equipment.

Name________ Address________

____

Plumber's Name________ C 9-16-33

Away to Sea

Continued from page 41

warks on the larboard quarter and tore the skylight off the poop.

During the growing danger the thought of her in his cabin persisted, more like a toothache than anything. He forced a moment to go in to speak to her. She was less alarmed than he expected. She urged him not to think of her, she was all right, not afraid.

The Java was more under water than above it, and instead of freeing herself she gave signs of settling. He gave orders to cut away the topgallant masts. This had too little effect. The topmasts followed over the side, but still the Java lay on her beam ends, with the rain and wind worsening.

FOR the rest of that day and during the night Lang forgot Cynthia as completely as if she had never existed. Toward midnight the wind began to veer to the south as the barometer slowly rose. With daylight it began gradually to ease off, the sea still hideous enough, and the decks of the Java swept clean. When he remembered her it was with a heart shock that for an instant drove every thought out of his head. Another three hours went before he found the time to go to her.

She was lying across the floor of the cabin, rolling with the movement of the ship. As he stepped in, a lurch of the Java flung her to his feet.

He lifted her and carried her to the bed. The only marks on her were the bruises. He felt for her heart and found it beating unsteadily. Looking round him he saw first a bright-colored shawl caught round the leg of the table. He snatched at it and contrived to fasten it across her, strapping her in the bed.

He had to go to the saloon for brandy and brought the steward back with him. The greater part of the liquor ran out of the corners of her mouth and he gave up trying it. The steward had uncovered her feet; he was rubbing them and Lang pushed him aside. You can't cure a case of concussion by rubbing the patient's ice-cold feet. He thought it was concussion. She must have been flung down with great force, and after that, for heaven knew how many hours, she had rolled like a sack or some other inanimate thing about the floor.

He left the steward with her. Stepping outside, he spoke directly to the mate. The order to put back was listened to in silence. Utter weariness had exhausted that officer beyond even the sensations of surprise.

Under jury rig the Java made heavy going. She was not an easy ship, and even in moderate winds her decks were rarely dry. Now she lurched and strained and tumbled along, as clumsy as an old cab horse.

The cook got the galley fire going and hot stones wrapped in blankets were put round Cynthia's inert body. Lang watched her without any expectation that she would recover consciousness. He felt certain she was going to die and the only unsettled question was whether she would die before they made land.

He was cold and steady. An immense, unbelievable satisfaction filled him—as if this were the best of all ways to end it. It was a clean finish.

As soon as they were alongside the wharf he sent the steward ashore for a doctor and another man with a letter for William Vanvoort. The letter gave her husband the facts, without attempting regret or explanation. There was nothing to be explained.

The doctor arrived five minutes ahead of a closed carriage, from which stepped an elderly woman servant and another woman whom he took from some likeness to be a relative of Vanvoort's. Neither spoke to him. Covered in her blankets, Cynthia was carried across the wharf and into the carriage while he watched, gripping the quarter-deck railing with one hand. As the carriage moved off he went back into the cabin.

Toward evening that day he received a note, unsigned, written from Vanvoort's office, informing him that Mrs. Vanvoort was conscious and that hopes were held out to them of her recovery. Something like contempt for Vanvoort rose in him as he read it. In such a situation he would have seen the other man damned before he would reassure him.

After a time he began to have a faint conception of Vanvoort's state of mind—but he liked him none the better for it. He did not answer the note. Instead he found means by bribing a clerk to inform himself privately of the stages in her slow recovery.

The repairs to the Java dragged on into the second month. He was surprised by the indifference and apathy of his mind. Then one day when he was walking past one of the stores in the center of the town he ran into the servant who had come with the carriage. A shock like the lash of a whip went through him. He put his hand on her, and she backed away, with a face of loathing and terror.

"I suppose you think I'm the devil himself," he said.

She could not answer him that it was just what she believed. To her New England notions only the Lord of Evil himself had so much physical perfection.

"Tell your mistress I'm still here—and waiting still," he said. With a flicker of grim mirth he added: "If you don't, I'll come to the house for her."

She half ran from him. He went back to the Java and waited. All the emotions he had been smothering clashed through him suddenly and, when the answer came, fetched by the same woman servant, it was a full minute before he could read it.

The note in the unaddressed envelope was from Vanvoort—three precisely written lines. Mr. Vanvoort would be obliged if Captain Lang would wait on him in his office that afternoon. He felt the familiar leap and steadying of his blood. He looked at the woman with a cool smile.

"Tell your master—I'll do what he asks."

HE SPENT the next three hours in a methodical sorting of his few personal papers. He wrote directions for their disposal, addressed the packet to the mate, and put it in the front of his desk drawer, where it would be found with the least delay. Obeying an unanalyzed impulse he took his revolver from his pocket and laid it beside the papers.

Facing Vanvoort across a table, he felt no emotion except a controlled excitement. Without being able to guess what was in the other man's mind, he was yet certain he could deal with any situation that turned up.

"You wanted to see me, sir."

"Why, no," Vanvoort answered slowly. "I don't know that I want to see you. To tell you the truth, I feel a pretty considerable distaste for it."

"Well, you sent for me, at any rate."

"What will you drink?" Vanvoort asked. He said nothing until the tray with the thick, cut tumblers stood between them. When he spoke again his manner had changed: it was less impersonal and harder.

"You sent a message to my wife by her servant—"

"I thought that the least marked way."

"Certainly." Vanvoort put that aside as if it were of no consequence. "The message was delivered to me—partly because my wife went away yesterday morning."

Lang changed his mind about speaking in the fraction of time it took him to pick up the note of finality in the American's slow voice. He waited.

"I'm afraid I don't interest you," Vanvoort said.

"On the contrary, you interest me furiously," Lang said in a gentle voice.

THE American's self-control broke with the suddenness of a snapped spring. "I wish to God you'd gone down," he stammered. The tumbler he was holding smashed between his fingers. The first thing Lang noticed was the extraordinary thickness of the glass. Then drops of blood began to well from Vanvoort's thumb and he wrapped his handkerchief round it. He jerked open a drawer and Lang saw the barrel of a long, foreign-looking revolver. "You should have drowned her and yourself. The only honest thing to do."

Lang had risen. "Would it give you any satisfaction to shoot at me?"

Vanvoort stared at him. "You damned—sentimental—Englishman," he said softly.

Lang felt the blood in his face. For a moment he was so much at a loss that he could only stand rigidly, trying to control the jerking of his nerves. "Then have the kindness to tell me why you sent for me," he said harshly.

Vanvoort sat down, nursing his hand. Eying him across the table, Lang fancied that he could see his skin dull as he got himself in hand again. The red stain on the handkerchief widened.

"My wife is with her cousin in Boston," he said. "I've had the address written down for you. I believe you know that she's almost recovered." He glanced down absently at his hand. "You will want to wait on her there."

"Does she expect me?" Lang said.

"I believe so."

After a moment Lang realized that the other man had reached the end of his self-imposed effort. He felt a strange, hot pity for him. In the same instant he began to take an almost detached interest in his own sensations. He hesitated, his hand on the door. "Can I do anything for you? Your hand?"

"You can get out of my sight," Vanvoort answered, without emphasis.

Lang closed the door gently on him and went out.

He walked directly to the wharf. The least responsible side of his nature had suddenly come uppermost and it was with a feeling of assurance—familiar to him in the beginning of an adventure—that he made his plans and gave orders. The refitted Java could sail in two days. He told the mate that their passenger would join the ship at Boston and watched the man's expression change swiftly from curiosity to resignation. As soon as they sailed he had his things carried out of the cabin and for the second time it was scrubbed from roof to boards and the new linen spread. He had put completely out of mind the anxiety with which he had once awaited Cynthia's first sight of the shabby room.

This mood—of almost callous satisfaction—lasted him until he was waiting for her in the drawing-room of her cousin's house. It changed at the first sight of her to self-mockery. His heart was racing, quick, deep strokes that drummed in his ears. He loved her more than anything in the world and he wished he had never set eyes on her. Some part of his mind was still sore and jumping. That last glimpse of Vanvoort, as he had seen him in the instant before he closed the door, forced itself on his memory—the American's dark, heavy face, eyes empty and baffled, mouth clenched. He stood and looked at Vanvoort's wife without moving.

Cynthia came toward him slowly. He had forgotten how she moved, and watched her between love and anguish.

"I saw your husband," he burst out.

She seated herself and looked gravely at him. At once he thought that she knew all he was thinking. He felt a deep throb of relief, as though a strain had been suddenly withdrawn. Without speaking he crossed the room and stood close to her. An extraordinary sensation of warmth and happiness possessed him—as if he had only to wait there and he would be reassured, his thoughts straightened out for him and his body eased of its tension. He waited.

"You mustn't punish me because my husband made you feel small," she said quietly. Her eyes met his with a full, serious look. Then to his astonishment she smiled.

The words had gone straight to the knot in his nerves and loosed it. He felt relaxed, pierced to the heart with shame, and madly happy, in one confused moment. "You always say the right thing," he exclaimed. He stopped—unable to explain to her how her very recognition of his selfishness, the impulse that had made him avenge his mortification on her, had cleared him. She knew exactly what he was and yet wanted him. "I love you more than everything now. I can't do without you."

"Did you mean trying?" She gave him her sweet, friendly smile.

WITH his arms round her he remembered the letter from his cousin. It was the answer to the one he had written more than two months before, and it enclosed a letter for Cynthia. He knew just the serious, sincere phrases it would use. He gave it to her and watched her read it. He was surprised and a little disappointed when she put it down without comment, but forgot that in his growing impatience. He could not wait to get her out of this country in which he was only a stranger. Taking his arms from her he frowned at the somberly splendid room.

"When can you leave?" he said abruptly.

"When you wish, my dearest."

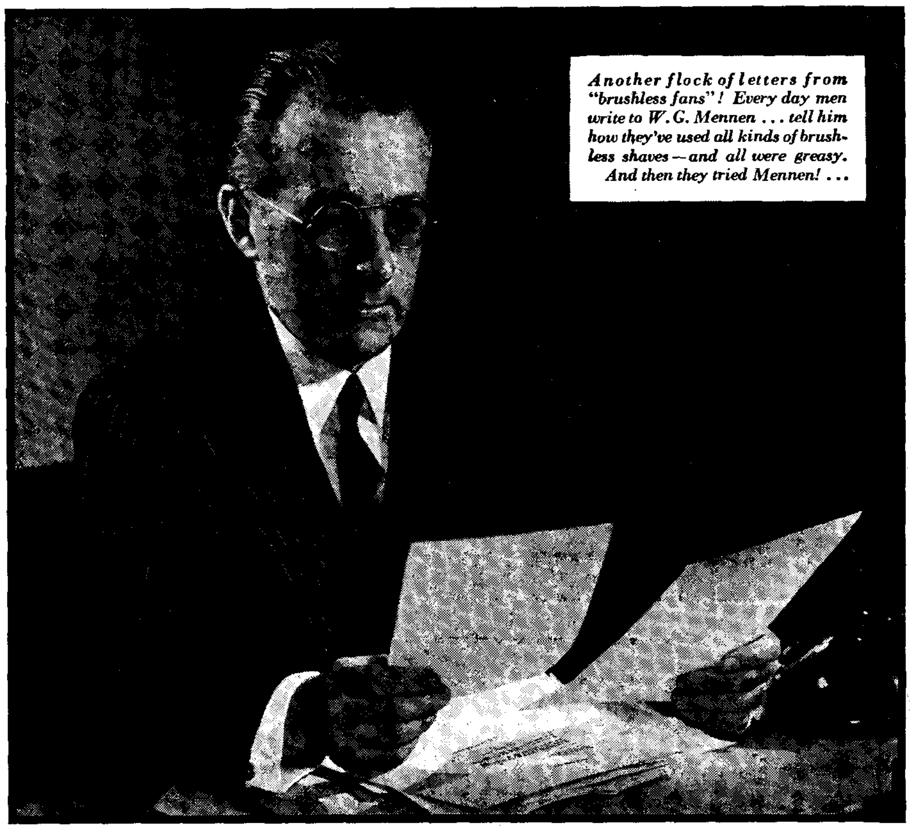
"In the morning?" A little ashamed, he tried to soften the moment by suggesting to her that she should bring her maid with her this time. "I'll turn the second out of his berth." He smiled at Cynthia. She was looking down at the floor and all at once he was acutely conscious of her youth. Her self-possession—on which he had drawn carelessly to steady himself—seemed oddly pathetic and appealing, like the self-possession of a child. He felt triumphant and humble. He loved her now madly—with all the forces of his body and with all the energies of a restless, complex intelligence, in which there was a great deal that was violent and uncertain. Whatever happened to them, this moment, this surrender of himself to her, was real and was for a lifetime. He touched her lightly.

"What are you thinking?"

She moved and smiled. "That I must send your cousin a letter this evening by a quick boat. To let her know that we shall be—" she paused for less than a light breath, "—home in only a few weeks." She gave a little sigh, so light that he could not have heard it, and he only felt it because her heart was pressed to his.

GREASE . . . GREASE

how men hate the grease!



Another flock of letters from "brushless fans"! Every day men write to W. G. Mennen . . . tell him how they've used all kinds of brushless shaves—and all were greasy. And then they tried Mennen! . . .

Now men from 48 states hail my new Brushless Shave because it's a cream—NOT A GREASE

W. G. Mennen

"I NEVER could stand grease on my face. When brushless shaves first came out I tried them. But not for me! Maybe I was prejudiced, but I just couldn't go the grease.

"Then men began to write me letters. They liked the brushless idea, but the grease peeved them, too. Smeared up their faces. Clogged the razor guards. Messed up the wash-basin and towels.

"Then I went to work with our chemists. I figured that a brushless shave good enough to hurdle my prejudices would certainly please other men. My idea was:—it must be a cream—not a grease. It took 13 months of work, but finally we got it—and what a HIT it made with shavers! The first announcement rang the bell. Up, up went the sales. Now letters pour in by the thousand. Men who tried old-time brushless shaves—and hated them—are flocking to Mennen Brushless for these 5 advantages. . .

THE 5 IMPROVEMENTS

1. **Wilts Whiskers**—and smooths the path of the razor. The blade *sails* over the skin—cuts clean, Swift! No pull!
2. **Shows white on the face.** You can see the path of the razor.
3. **Washes off EASILY**—off the hands, off the face, off the razor, off the basin. Being creamy and not greasy, it dissolves quickly and doesn't mess up everything.
4. **Economical.** It spreads easier so you can use less (about 1/3 less).
5. **Protects your skin**—and makes it feel relaxed, smooth, clean. Particularly good for dry, tender skins.

"Convince yourself! See Special Offer below. *It's a real bargain!*"

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
MENNEN
Brushless

SPECIAL OFFER!

3 PRODUCTS—ONLY 10¢

To get acquainted I offer you generous sizes of Mennen Brushless Shave, Mennen Skin Bracer, Mennen Talcum for Men—*all three for only 10¢.* Offer good only a short time—only one to a person. Mail coupon *now* with 10¢ to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. C-6.

DODGE OWNERS SAVE

"SHOW-DOWN" PLAN BARES 7 PROVED ECONOMY ADVANTAGES IN THE BIG NEW DODGE SIX

OWNERS REPORT BIG SAVINGS—MORE THAN $150 ON RUNNING EXPENSES ALONE

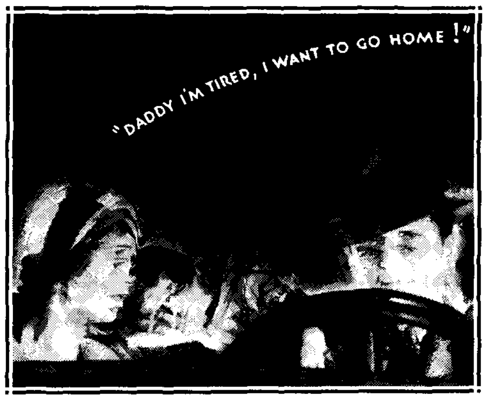
"COSTS SO LITTLE TO RUN" SAY OWNERS—AND FIRST COST IS JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN LOWEST-PRICED CARS

I DON'T SEE SO MUCH OF YOU THESE DAYS
I'LL SAY YOU DON'T! I DON'T NEED GAS SO OFTEN SINCE I BOUGHT THIS NEW DODGE

AMAZING GASOLINE ECONOMY—Owners tell us they get 18, 19 and 20 miles to the gallon of gas. One woman writes "I get 24 miles to the gallon." Dodge is built to save you money. Extra weight means extra gas—so there are no excess pounds in this new Dodge Six! That gives you more brilliant performance, too.

NO VALVE GRINDING FOR 30,000 MILES AND MORE WITH THIS VALVE SEAT INSERT!

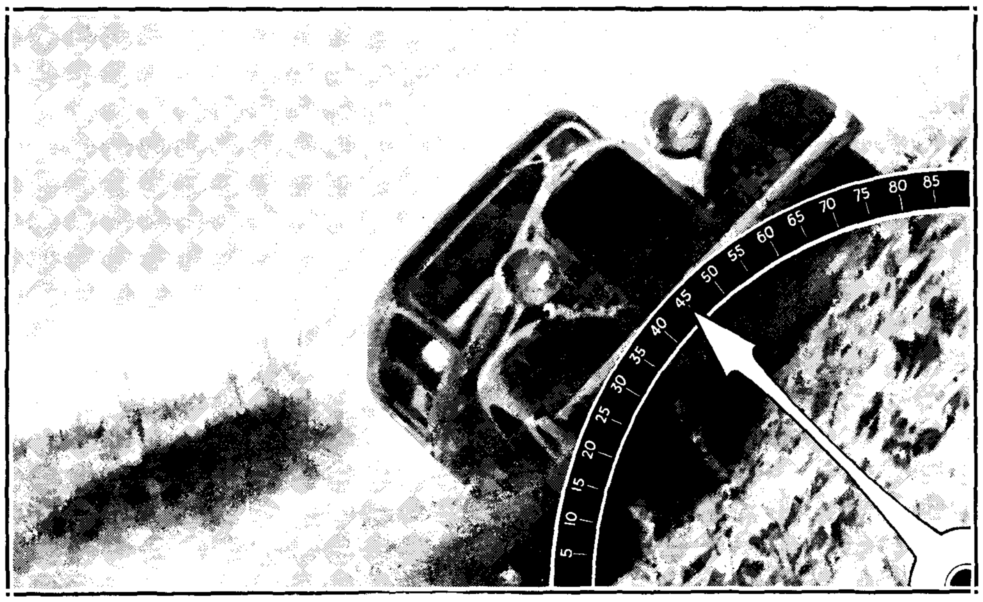
ANOTHER GAS SAVING—The arrow above points to a chromium alloy exhaust valve seat insert. This new discovery is used in all Dodge engines. It is a tremendously hard little ring forced into the engine block. Then the exhaust valves, instead of pounding down directly against the engine block, strike against these tough alloy rings that can't "pit" or "burn" like ordinary engine block metal. Since valves fit better, it saves gas and improves compression. Also, carbon is checked by the hard, smooth surface of these inserts, and valve grinding is postponed for 30,000 miles and more. It's just one more example of Dodge craftsmanship and fine engineering . . . saves you money and gives you better and more satisfactory performance!


"DADDY I'M TIRED, I WANT TO GO HOME!"

VIBRATION TIRES THE NERVES—and the constant shaking shortens the life of the car.

"DON'T TURN BACK—I'M NOT TIRED!"

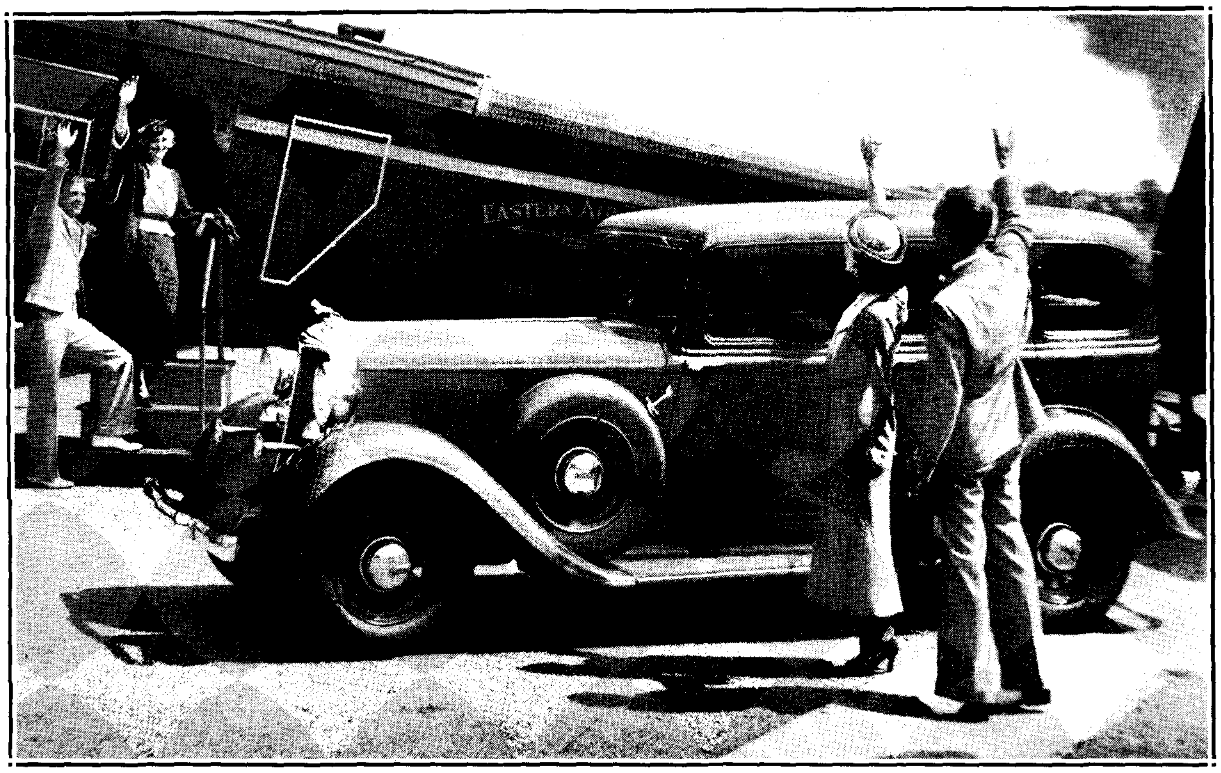
FLOATING POWER NULLIFIES VIBRATION—and lengthens the life of the new Dodge Six.


5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75 80 85

WON'T TIP—EVEN AT THIS ANGLE!—Here's the big Dodge tearing along the rim of the test pit at an angle of nearly 45 degrees! But it won't tip! Its double-drop frame keeps it close to the ground—helps to give it a low center of gravity. You can take sharp curves with safety. And it's an X-bridge type frame—ten times stronger than the ordinary type of frame construction.

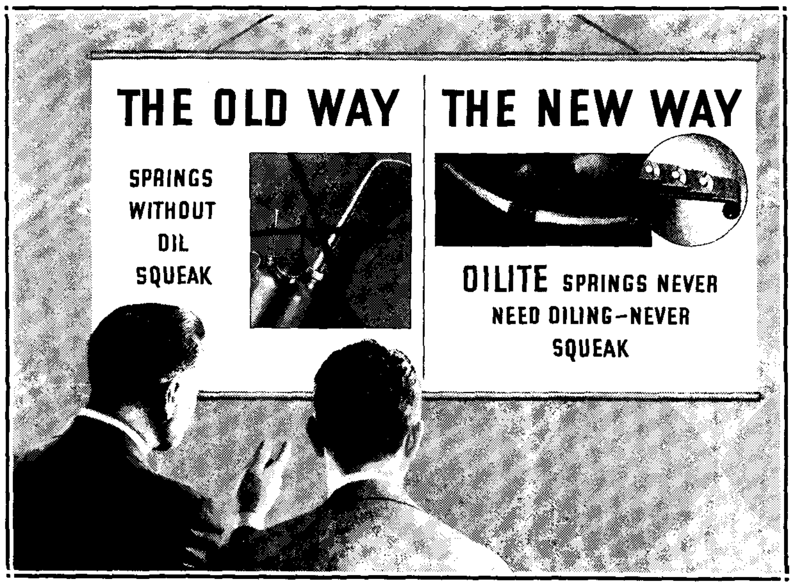
"CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH A CAR THAT'S NOT DEPENDABLE" declares Babe Didrikson, famous girl athlete, and Olympic Champion. "When I want to go somewhere, I want to go in a hurry. I don't want to be stopping for gas all the time, or because some little gadget needs fixing. I've given my Dodge some tough workouts all around the country—but it's built to take them! I can depend on it to carry me through with plenty of speed and safety and surprisingly little expense."

OVER $150 ON UPKEEP EXPENSE ALONE

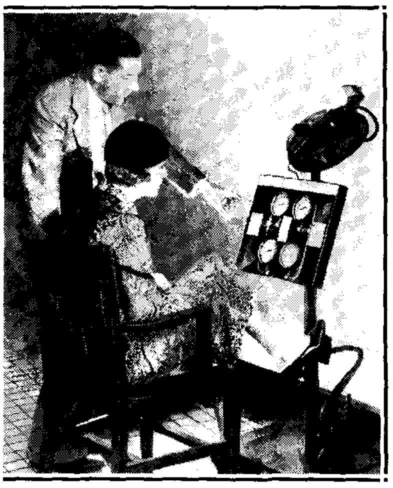


WHAT A BEAUTY FOR LOOKS!—Even style experts rave over the smartness of this new Dodge Six. Such luxurious upholstery and fittings . . . such comfort . . . with Patented Floating Power engine mountings! For just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars. Remember, too, that Dodge is a Six—you can't expect to save money with more cylinders!

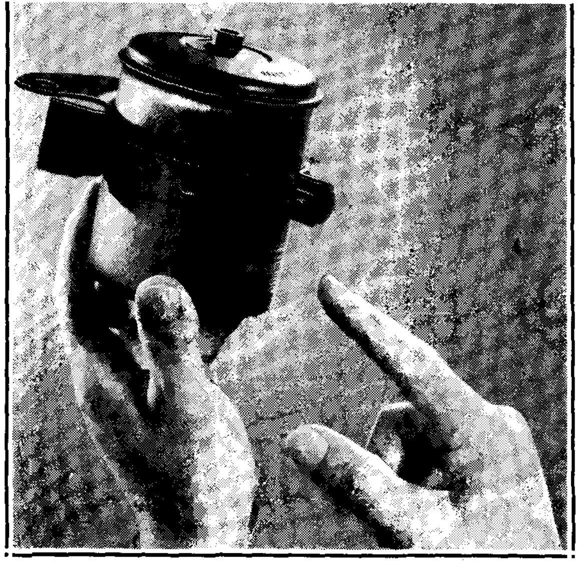
LISTEN! GEARS ARE QUIET—You can shift into every speed in a new Dodge Six—even reverse—and you won't hear any clash or grind. Now *anyone*—with a quick, simple twist of the wrist—can shift quietly, always, at any speed.


THE OLD WAY
SPRINGS WITHOUT OIL SQUEAK
THE NEW WAY
OILITE SPRINGS NEVER NEED OILING—NEVER SQUEAK

NO OIL FOR DODGE SPRINGS!—"Oilite" inserts in Dodge springs never need oiling—and springs never squeak! They are self-lubricating. They catch the bumps and jars. Dodge springs have metal covers, too . . . They keep out dust and dirt.

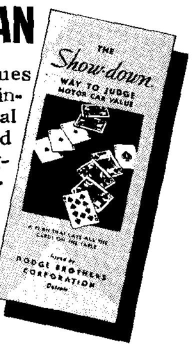


SEE BRAKE ACTION FOR YOURSELF!—If you want to see why hydraulic brakes are safer—surer—try this testing device in a Dodge dealer's showroom. It shows why hydraulic brakes are self-equalizing; why you don't have to spend money to keep them in adjustment.

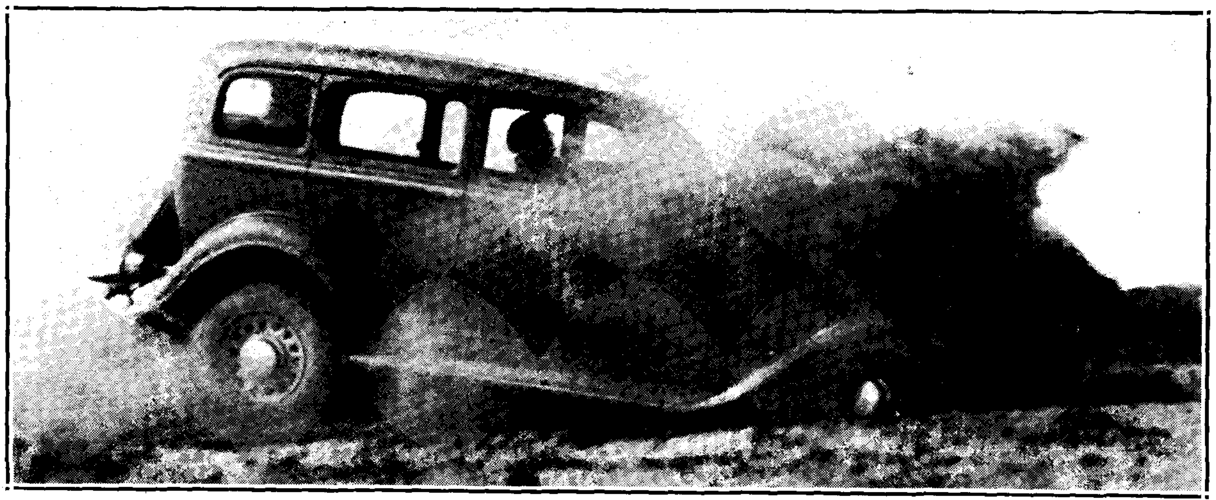


SAVE MONEY ON OIL—An oil filter is usually a high-priced car feature. But you get it in the economical Dodge. It cuts down oil consumption—also lengthens engine life.

ASK ABOUT THE NEW DODGE "SHOW-DOWN" PLAN



It's the new way to judge car values—for yourself! Gives you facts instead of claims. Strips mechanical details of technical language and gives you the truth in plain English. And get the free "Show-Down" score card. Take it home with you. Learn about the 7 Dodge economy features that save you up to $150 in operating expenses alone. Prove to *your own* satisfaction Dodge gives you the most for the money!



HOW DODGE CAN TAKE IT!—Dodge goes through dozens of terrific tests, not only to guarantee that it's a rugged car that can take any punishment, but to prove that it will stand up longer—won't need frequent repairs even with hard usage.

DODGE "6" $595

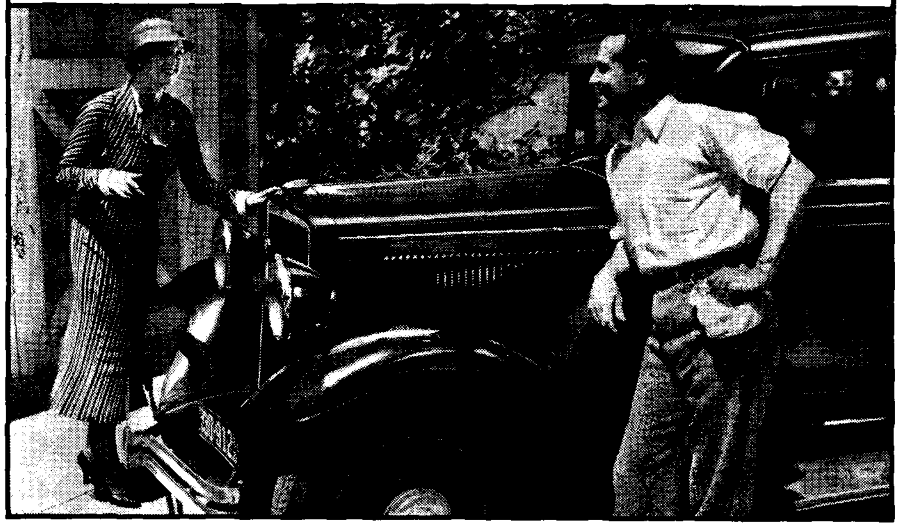
And up, F. O. B. Factory, Detroit

WITH 115-INCH WHEELBASE
PATENTED FLOATING POWER

Sunday morning "Sure it's dirty ... but I'll have it cleaned and waxed by noon!"

Sunday noon [after William has restored the car's beauty with Johnson's amazing new wax method.

"Billy, you're a magician! The car looks like new! Let's go for a ride!"



New Wax Method easier to use . . . gives longer lasting protection

It's really astonishing how many "dirty old cars" there are. Stand on any corner five minutes and count them! And count the newer cars too, that will be shabby and dull looking soon enough if they are not wax protected.

We don't blame Bill's wife for being ashamed of a dirty car. It wouldn't have been so shabby looking if Bill had known sooner about Johnson's wonderful new wax method. The new method takes much less work than previous methods—so easy you'll gladly do the job yourself. Yet it gives longer-lasting beauty and protection — costs very little — greatly reduces car-washings—increases trade-in values $50-$200.00.

It utilizes two new Johnson products. (1) *Johnson's Auto Cleaner* actually works miracles. Different from anything you've tried. Takes less work, doesn't scratch the surface. Dries to a white powder, easily removed. (2) *Johnson's Auto Wax* is soft in the can for easy application . . . yet it gives the hardest possible coat of genuine wax — to protect the finish against ultra-violet sun rays, weather, dirt. Car stays shiny with minimum effort if you use this new wax. Go to your dealer for introductory offer or send in the coupon below.

FREE Polishing Cloth. For limited time only. Bolt of polishing cloth free with combination purchase of both products. Cleaner is 75c, pint size — wax is 35c, enough for 4 or 5 waxings. Combination $1.10, bolt of polishing cloth FREE. At hardware, grocery, drug and department stores . . . service stations and auto supply stores.

Get trial cans of both products at your nearest ten cent store. Or send coupon.

JOHNSON'S
① AUTO CLEANER
② AUTO WAX

● S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. C-9, Racine, Wis. Please send me a generous trial can of both the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. I enclose 20c to cover postage for both.

Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________State____________
Dealer's Name____________________

Awaitin' at the Church

Continued from page 21

"If you should ask the average Frenchman what was his conception of internationally minded statesmen he would reply: 'A little club of foreigners devoted to the interests of France!'"

If it should ever become apparent, across the Atlantic, that Franklin Roosevelt was more concerned with aiding Europe than with getting the United States out of the doldrums, Europeans would want to pin medals all over him.

Pro-Rooseveltism was quite keen in England early this year. It reached high-water mark at the time of the British token payment to the United States. Because the President accepted that payment the British were full of kind words for him. Winston Churchill went into raptures of praise, calling him "great, wise and generous" and telling fellow Britons that "Roosevelt's comprehensive and far-seeing work" was a "message of hope and peace to all the nations." Neville Chamberlain, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, also joined in the chorus of approval, going so far as to say that the President's coöperation had been valuable to the British in avoiding repudiation of their debt obligations.

Various Opinions

Later, when the chill wind of isolationism began to blow from America to Europe, there came a change. The feeling that President Roosevelt, for the time being anyhow, meant to go his own way regardless of Europe, annoyed most Europeans—though some clung to the belief that he knew best what America needed. "You cannot coöperate when you are shooting Niagara," said one prominent Briton. And that stormy petrel of international finance, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, President of the German Reichsbank, advised the governments of Europe to mind their own business and let Roosevelt mind his.

"One of the great mistakes of the modern world," he remarked, "is the tendency for statesmen of one nation to tell statesmen of others what they ought to do."

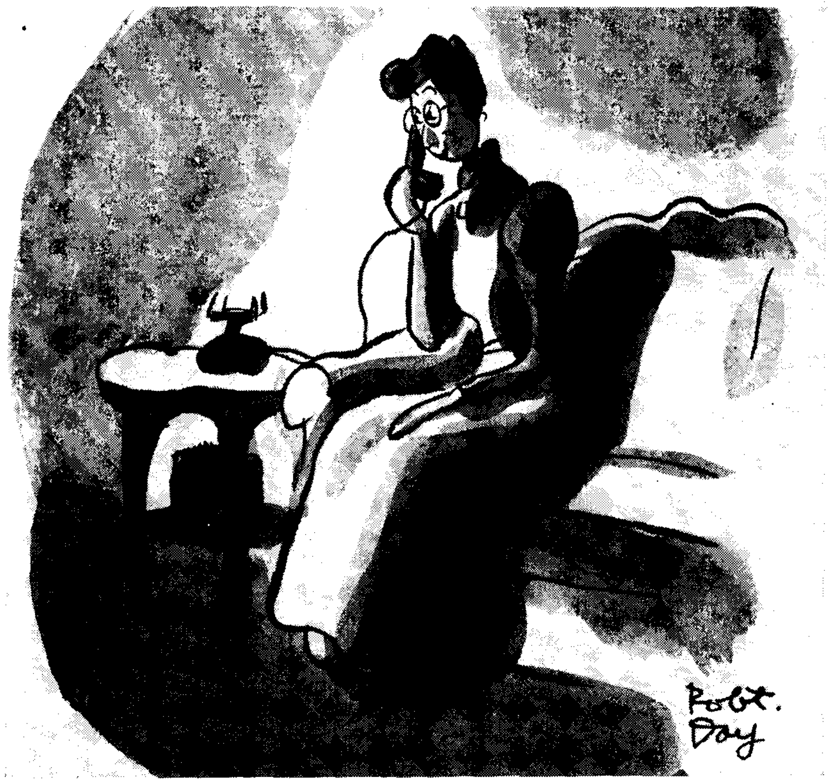
The dictatorial powers conferred on President Roosevelt by Congress made a tremendous impression on Europe. Sir Wilmot Lewis, the London Times Washington correspondent, who left his post to attend the Monetary and Economic Conference, said: "Roosevelt has been made, so to speak, General Manager of the United States; his Board of Directors has departed on a holiday, and he is free to act."

Those dictatorial powers started a regular epidemic of writing about the American President among eminent Europeans. It seemed for a while as if one could not pick up a paper without finding a "Roosevelt-is-Right" or "Roosevelt-is-Wrong" outburst, dashed off in high excitement by some European captain of politics or economics. Hints from Washington as to what Roosevelt might be expected to do eventually with his new powers set these personages chattering like a cageful of agitated monkeys at a zoo.

At the thought that the American Chief Executive might possibly become a full-fledged, frowning dictator like himself, Benito Mussolini, master of Italy, decided that he must learn something about the new man looming up across the Atlantic. So he hastily took from his bookshelves a copy of "Looking Forward," which Roosevelt wrote a short time ago, and bent his beetle-browed gaze upon its pages. The result was summed up in an article, published while London was simply ringing with the name of Roosevelt.

"Roosevelt," said Mussolini, "is still sticking to the system of indirect intervention by the State, through the action of more or less permanent committees of a political or administrative character. The atmosphere in which the whole doctrinal and practical system moves is certainly similar to the atmosphere of Fascism, but it would be an exaggeration to say more."

Another eminent European, who, though no longer in power, certainly



"Is this the NRA headquarters? Well, my husband says he will have to work overtime at the office tonight. Will you please investigate?"

Robert Day

tasted something like dictatorship in the days of the World War—David Lloyd George, Britain's war-time Prime Minister—also sniffed the possibility of a dictatorship in America. At the time when the President, though far away, overshadowed all those gathered at the Monetary and Economic Conference, Lloyd George wrote:

"We are anxiously waiting for the Roosevelt offensive against the vested stupidities from which the world seems quite unable to emancipate itself."

The man in the street in Europe was similarly awestruck at the thought of the thunderbolts which Franklin Roosevelt might still have tucked away up his sleeve—a sample of which, hurled at the Monetary and Economic Conference, had such a dire effect that the Conference was never the same afterward, despite expert patching and bandaging and first-aid in general applied by Ramsay MacDonald.

American Presidents Abroad

I was reading a newspaper on a London bus recently when a fellow-passenger, seated behind me, who was glancing over my shoulder, said abruptly:

"So he's going to leave Europe in the lurch!"

"Who?" I inquired.

"Why, President Roosevelt, of course!" He was quite surprised that I thought he could have meant anybody else. Another announced angrily, to all and sundry traveling on a London underground train: "I thought Roosevelt was a statesman. But now I think he's an idiot!"

In spite of the great interest in President Roosevelt which is evident all over Europe nowadays, there are still plenty of people there who refuse flatly to get excited about anybody or anything except their own immediate concerns. Sometimes this narrowness of view crops up even in persons who, you might suppose, had more breadth of vision. For instance, one educated Frenchman, approached on the subject of what he thought of Roosevelt, flew into a rage, and bellowed:

"Roosevelt? Bah! He is a friend of Germany and an enemy of France!"

Asked how he arrived at such an astonishing conclusion, he stormed:

"Roosevelt made beer-drinking in the United States legal. He did not make wine-drinking in the United States legal. That proves him pro-German and anti-French!"

Another Frenchman, whose opinion of the American President was also sought, replied:

"Not interested!"

"But some people believe that Roosevelt will go down in history as a great statesman."

"Not interested!"

"Explain yourself."

"The only thing in the world that really interests me is getting taxes in France reduced. President Roosevelt cannot get taxes in France reduced. So he does not interest me!"

That anecdote, of course, deals with an extreme case of European isolation from America. Nevertheless, persons resembling its hero are not as rare as one might expect on a continent like Europe, which is so proud of its sophistication and so intolerant of American "unworldliness." It will be no small achievement for Franklin Roosevelt if he succeeds, during his term of office, in really impressing himself upon the consciousness of Europeans.

Take the whole list of his predecessors. How many of them have "got over" in Europe—that is, Europe outside of England? Only Woodrow Wilson. And even the average Englishman has been aware, more or less dimly, of only five others—Washington, Lincoln, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Hoover.

Of these, Washington and Lincoln are, to the average Briton, more symbols than human beings; and Hoover is remembered less as a personality than as the starter of a European policy which he couldn't finish.

Which leaves Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt. Cleveland dared to defy Britain in the Venezuelan imbroglio of 1895, and, as a result, has been remembered by the British ever since as an American of flesh and blood. As for Franklin Roosevelt's cousin, Roosevelt the First—those teeth, that sputtering speech, those glasses, that furious and picturesque energy—how could they help making a reality out of him?

But say "Franklin Roosevelt" anywhere in Europe nowadays and the natives will jerk their heads to attention and their ears will twitch with eagerness to hear more from you. Is Roosevelt the Second destined to line up, in the European mind, alongside Woodrow Wilson? The next few months ought to provide the answer.

At the present writing Europe in general has pretty well convinced herself that President Roosevelt has joined hands with the American isolationists. Some who think that way get very sad about it; others, though, whoop with joy. The latter are those Europeans who are terribly sensitive about our "meddling" in their affairs; they abound across the ocean and are very vociferous and have nasty tempers. In France, for instance, you can hardly mention any traveling American representative of Roosevelt (of the Norman Davis type) without having some French conscientious objector to us make the welkin ring with remarks concerning the "sort of American who wants to cut a fine figure internationally," or concerning interference by "Americans with childish ideas."

Europeans, even broad-minded ones, are altogether too prone to believe that if President Roosevelt takes a hand in international affairs he should be led around like a tourist on a personally conducted tour, and told when to wash, what to eat, and how good it would be for him if he went to bed early, and allowed nice, wise Europeans to tuck him in, and kiss him good night, and settle tangled questions while he slept, and tell him all about it in the morning.

Valuable Inexperience

That is an impression which you often get when you talk to people in Europe about President Roosevelt. At a certain point, during conversations in France and England and other lands across the ocean, the visiting American is frequently admonished: "But really, you know, your country is so new, and your President is such a novice, and our countries are so old that we must necessarily know more than you do about these difficult things"—an admonition which led one peppery Yankee to retort, after reviewing, in his mind's eye, struggling Britain and nervous France and Bolshevized Russia and Hitlerized Germany:

"Well, I don't see that you fellows have made such a howling success out of your ancient continent!"

And it was probably an overdose of talk of that kind which led Prime Minister Bennett of Canada to speak the following words to his fellow-delegates at the Monetary and Economic Conference—words which might well be construed as support for daring New-World policies like those of President Roosevelt:

"The nations of the Americas have had relatively little experience in inter-

(Continued on page 50)

THE ALL-ROUND BUSINESS MAN NOW FACES HIS BIG CHANCE

Modern Business

THIS MESSAGE is addressed to men who want to profit by the upswing in business.

Out of every hundred men who read this—men now earning from $3,000 to $10,000 a year—a few, *a very few*, will get large salary increases in the next two years.

Not everybody will make money in the business revival. That is the particular point about business conditions today that is most important for you to remember. *Not everybody will make money.*

Who *is* going to make money?

Certainly not the man content to plod along in his present position and *wait* for a rosy future. Right now business (and that means *your* company) is beginning to reach out for men with new ideas. What does business expect? Just this: Men with experience, vision, and the business training that makes them *bigger* than their present jobs. Men whose business knowledge is up to date. Men who can accept bigger responsibilities, and *lead*—not follow some one else's worn-out ideas. In the shuffle of the next two years some men will step ahead fast—on merit.

How can a man get this broad executive training and the confidence it brings? Must he wait for the slow, painful growth built on bitter experience?

No. For 25 years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been teaching the very things that have helped more than 400,000 men forge ahead financially.

To men who are sick of standing still financially, men determined to *do something* about it, we offer a copy of a little book. It is called "What a Business Man Must Know Today." It is for men who should be earning much more money, but somehow lack the self-confidence to step out and get it. It explains some of the changes that are taking place today. It tells how you can equip yourself to take your place in the new business structure with confidence and increased earning power.

This booklet is for men of serious purpose only. It will take half an hour to read, and it is free. Frankly, it is difficult for us to understand how any man who intends to make himself independent in the next five years can afford *not* to read it. Send for your copy today. It will come to you by mail, without obligation.

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(In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)
Send me "What a Business Man Must Know Today," which I may keep without charge.

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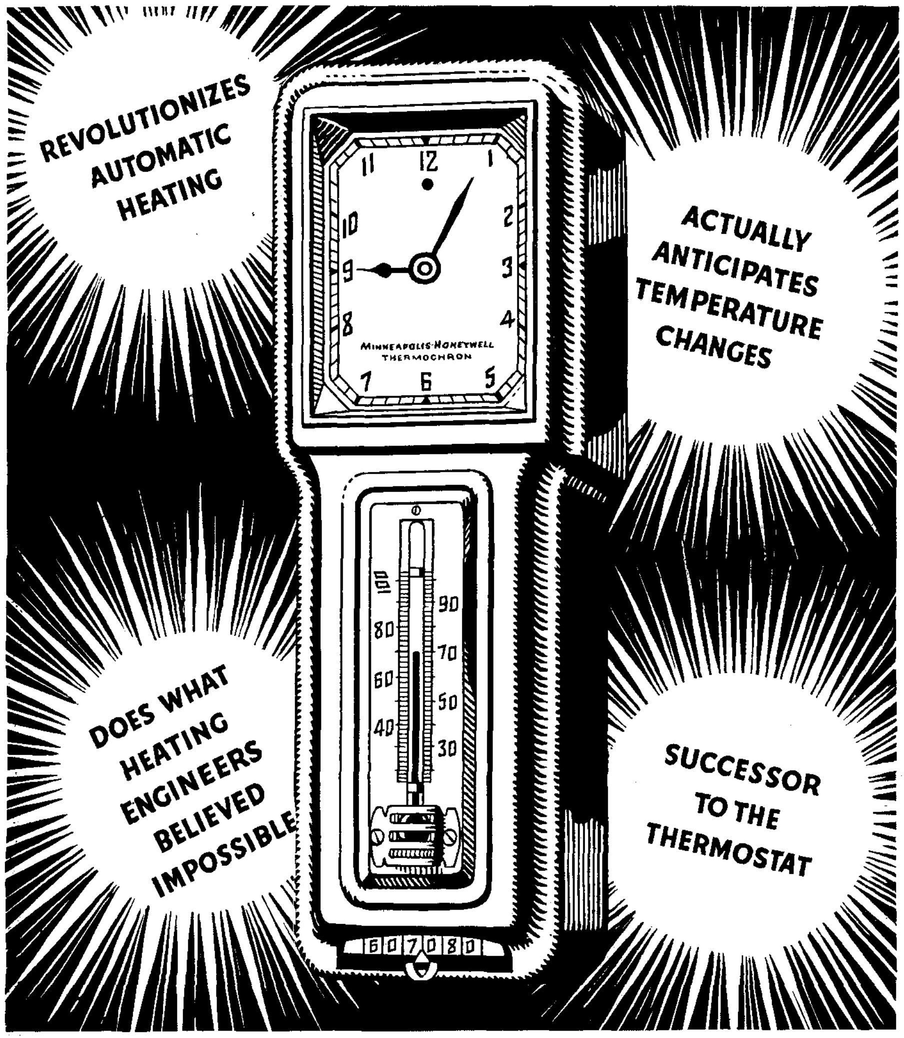
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MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL THERMOCHRON

SEE THIS AMAZING NEW THERMOCHRON

Before Buying Any Heating Plant

● Go to your heating dealer today—see how this revolutionary new Minneapolis-Honeywell invention supersedes the thermostat as the last word in efficient, economical control of automatic oil, gas and coal heating systems.

LEARN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A THERMOSTAT AND THE THERMOCHRON. See how the Thermochron forever eliminates unhealthful, fuel-wasting temperature variations — heretofore unavoidable due to the inability of even the best heating plants to deliver full heat volume, or shut it off, the instant the ordinary thermostat clicks "on" or "off." As you know from experience, there has been a time lag before the fire slows down or gets up speed during which the temperature often coasts several degrees over or under the set mark.

See how this ingenious device anticipates the coasting action inherent in all heating plants by pre-timing the thermostatic on or off action. In addition to unusually close, positive thermostatic action, every half hour—48 times a day—the Thermochron automatically "feels" the heat trend—*evenizing the heat-flow before the furnace has a chance to lag.*

CUTS FUEL BILLS 10% TO 30%

See, too, how the Thermochron can be set once and for all to turn down the heat at bedtime to a comfortable sleeping temperature—to fire up automatically before you get up, letting you sleep an extra hour. By thus saving heat during sleeping hours, by preventing overheating daytimes, the Thermochron cuts fuel bills as much as 10 to 30%.

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The Thermochron costs only a little more than a conventional thermostat—yet it may save you the entire cost of your new heating plant within a few years. It is already standard on many late oil, gas and coal furnaces—it can be installed on your present plant. See it at your dealer's, or phone the local Minneapolis-Honeywell branch. Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, Minneapolis. Branches in all principal cities.

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL

Heat Control Systems for Homes, Large Buildings and Industry

(Continued from page 49)

national affairs. . . . But that very inexperience is of value in the present-day world of realities."

The blend of admiration and awe with which many Europeans are watching the progress of President Roosevelt's program for restoring prosperity to his country was well exemplified by J. L. Garvin, editor of The Observer, perhaps the best-known writer-editor in England, when he told me:

"From this side of the Atlantic President Roosevelt seems to be attacking his vast problems with startling vigor; and people, spellbound by the drama but unable yet to guess the dénouement, are just wondering what the end will be. Either way, the ultimate effect on opinion and action will be world-wide."

And, a couple of days later, he wrote:

"The Russian Five-Year Plan is exceeded in magnitude of interest by President Roosevelt's economic dictatorship. . . . When this process is called a movement for 'isolation' it is not justly described. It is better than that."

What Will America Do to Him?

Some Europeans believe that President Roosevelt will turn out to be just another politician. They think that he will simply keep his ear to the ground and jump the way he thinks voters want him to jump, irrespective of his own personal convictions—if any.

Some people in Europe doubt that President Roosevelt will make more than a moderate use of his special powers. They doubt that he is made of dictatorial timber. They will be surprised if he shows himself anything like a Mussolini or Hitler. And, even if he does challenge comparison with that tough pair, they feel that the American Congress has by no means reached the requisite stage of docility for letting itself be pushed around like a German Reichstag or Italian Parliament.

Of course, many Europeans suspect that Roosevelt may yield to the prevailing fashion (which seems to indicate that Chief Executives this year will be worn dictatorial) and launch out here and there on actions of Mussolinian or Hitlerist ruthlessness, trusting to get them approved when Congress reassembles. But they remember altogether too well what happened to Woodrow Wilson. It is two to one that, no matter what Europeans think about Roosevelt—no matter whether they would like to welcome him, should he come prancing helpfully into their midst, with open arms or with shotguns in both hands—they will always ask: "Can he get away with it?" The ghost of Wilson, you know! The spook of Henry Cabot Lodge, flapping around in his Republican shroud! Nothing that Americans ever did made so much impression on Europe as what they did to Woodrow Wilson!

To counteract this impression, pro-Roosevelt Americans have been busily working on Europeans of late, in an endeavor to make them understand the situation in the United States—as these Americans diagnose it. They point out that, whatever Congress may think of the President, he is strong with the American people. They tell Europeans that, when the time comes for a showdown with Congress, Roosevelt will know how to make the minimum of concessions in order to prevent open revolt. And they set forth elaborately to European listeners their conviction that, by the time Congress convenes again, the President will have had such a success with his internal reconstruction policy that it will be impossible for congressional opposition to make any headway against his prestige with the country at large.

In short, these Americans are telling Europe that Roosevelt can act, if he will, à la Mussolini or à la Hitler, and have more than an even chance of getting away with it.

Even though European internationalists persist in hoping for the conversion of Roosevelt from isolationism to internationalism, they are at present extremely melancholy about the prospects for such a miracle. Some, indeed, have about given up hope. Contemplation of their downcast eyes and sorrowful mien reminds one of a song, sung in vaudeville theaters all over the United States when Franklin Roosevelt was young. Its refrain began:

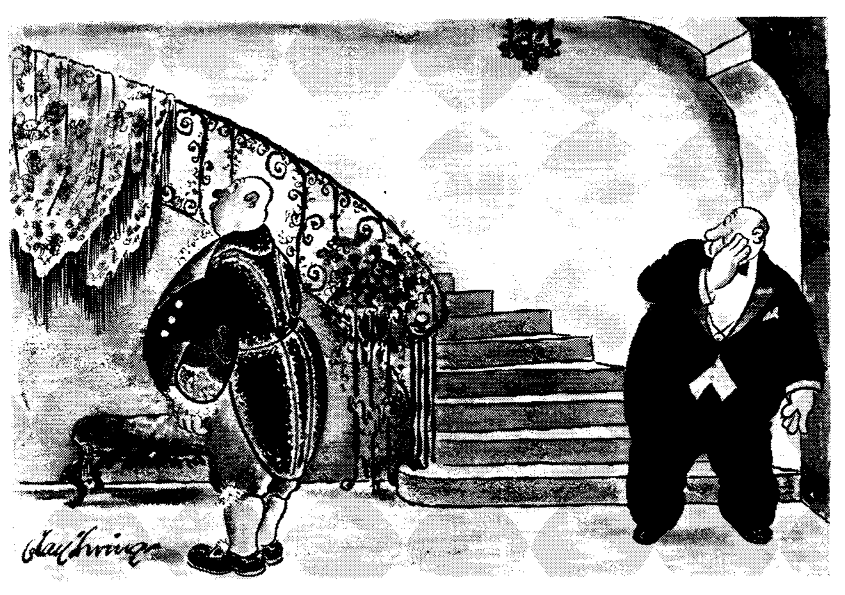
"There was I,
Awaitin' at the church—"

It told the story of a bride whose wedding day was marred, not to say ruined, by the fact that the bridegroom failed to show up. As an excuse he sent a note reading:

"Can't get away
To marry you today—
My wife won't let me out!"

When that song is brought to the attention of Europeans who look upon the United States as a storage-warehouse of help for Europe, they find a striking resemblance between the deplorable crisis which it depicts and the present stage of European-American relations.

As they see it, the bride is Europe. The delinquent bridegroom is President Roosevelt. The wife who won't let him get away is Congress.



"Better scram, Jeeves! The Missus is looking for her stockings!"

Jay Irving

Wild Enough

Continued from page 15

young when I left and all I have of him are the family reports. So I left Pendleton without a word."

Her candid glance touched him again; the fire spread a richer coloring across cheeks from which all definite emotion had subsided. But, passing around to chuck more wood into the stove, he thought some inner defense had fallen before ease. Abruptly it was full night outside, with the snow ticking the window panes and an odd rumor coming across the opaque dark. It turned him motionlessly attentive; and then he went hurriedly along the windows to draw the burlap curtains together. He brought the lamp to the kitchen and afterwards rummaged Rand's cupboard.

The girl said: "Your remark about my equipment stung a little. Am I that transparent?"

"I'm sorry."

Her answer was almost curt: "Don't say things you don't mean. But if you mean them, stick by them. Is this part of the ranch?"

"No, we're both visitors here tonight."

"Will I be able to thank the host?"

"I doubt it."

CHANGE stirred the dreaming quiet of her face. "You were waiting for somebody, and not in friendliness. Sam Medellon says you can be tiger as well as gentleman. Your face was hard and bitter. It is trying to be smooth now, without luck. If I have disarranged a scene I'm truly sorry."

Her long sheer-modeled legs extended frankly toward the stove; the room's drowsiness further softened the alive audacity of that curved body. Yet her slanting glance contained the same acute and introspective wonder. "They say my grandfather had a cat's perceptions for trouble. I'm like him. I may not know, but I feel. My life's been wholly that—a feeling without direction."

"Your grandfather would also have apologized for interrupting a scene. But if it looked interesting he would have asked a part. He never liked being a spectator. It was, as far as he was concerned, a black-and-white world."

"There were no complexities in his days," she observed gently.

Rand's cupboard yielded a lump of bacon, a stiff sheet of corn bread and a can of coffee. Miles Anderson sliced the bacon into the frying pan and slid it across the stove. He filled the coffeepot from the water bucket; laid two pie tins and two crock cups on the table. "What's complex in your days?"

He heard then the first break in her self-assurance, the first stir of rebellion. "Why am I here in this cabin? Why did I come back to a land I never really remembered?"

"I've heard that people get stage fright on the eve of a wedding."

"Biology?" she said. The flush deepened and he saw the inner resources of this girl turn vigorous. "I'd not be afraid of that," she said. "I'm not shy. How could I be, educated with the set you saw in the hotel lobby? There's no vinegar in me, Miles. I'm—I'm rather humanly robust in my desires." The little silence came, accenting that remark. She watched him obliquely, and added: "You saw it when you first looked at me."

He said, brutally direct: "You've waited too long for marriage."

"Perhaps," she agreed. "Perhaps." Silence and reflection again. It was clearer and clearer to him that below the false quiet a turbulent energy lay unexpressed, without means of expression. "But that isn't all, Miles. There's got to be something behind the giving, something received for girlhood lost. Look." She sat straight, suddenly demanding, suddenly afire. She lifted her two arms and the curve of shoulder and breast strengthened beneath her dress. "Haven't I strong bones and muscles? What am I for? Not just surrender." A great square engagement solitaire flashed out a smoky brilliance.

He said: "If these are your thoughts one day before the wedding, you're marrying the wrong man."

"The torch scene," she said, matter-of-fact, "wasn't deliberate."

"Of course not. But you run a risk."

She said, speculatively, "Do I?" She shook her head. "My training has been nothing if not practical. For what it may be worth, I know when a man goes savage."

He took off his coat and hung it on a nail, and when he swung around he found her eyes set on the gun tucked inside his trousers band. A thread of excitement flashed out; that deliberate intentness bore on him again. They fell to the plain meal.

"You've asked me almost no questions," she mused.

"When you've made up your mind you'll tell me."

"Well, what could be done?"

He pointed to the telephone on the wall. "The road's blocked now, but your man could get here by midnight with horses."

"Let's think of another way. Lew wouldn't thank me for putting him to that much physical effort."

"The snow plows will open the road by morning. I can find you a little gas from my car then."

She said, gently: "Would you mind?"

"No. The risk is yours, not mine."

"Reprieve," she murmured.

Miles Anderson rose, but the girl said, "Let me," and moved around the table. She filled a pan with water, placed it on the stove to heat. Her hand dipped into the water and the great solitaire exploded sudden shafts of light. Judith Steele looked thoughtfully at it and slipped it off her finger to the table; and, seeing those supple, graceful hands plain and unpossessed before him, Miles Anderson turned into the front room with shock somersaulting violently through him.

THERE was a tholepin hanging beside the door latch, and he seated it; there was a rifle canted against the wall, and he lifted that and opened the magazine. He emptied the magazine, carried the gun to the kitchen. Presently the water was hot and Judith Steele fell to the dishes. Idle, he watched her lips soften and firm up and soften again while her thinking isolated her. The lustrous head rose and her eyes, glowing, looked through him and beyond him.

He said heavily, "You're marrying the wrong man," and broke off. The wall phone struck one faint tone preliminary to a long, tinny alarm. Judith Steele straightened, swift shadow turning more somber the actual, urgent beauty of her features. Miles Anderson took down the receiver, remaining silent until he heard Henry Horn's prosaic voice, looping up and down eighteen miles of storm-sagged wire, arrive noncommittally.

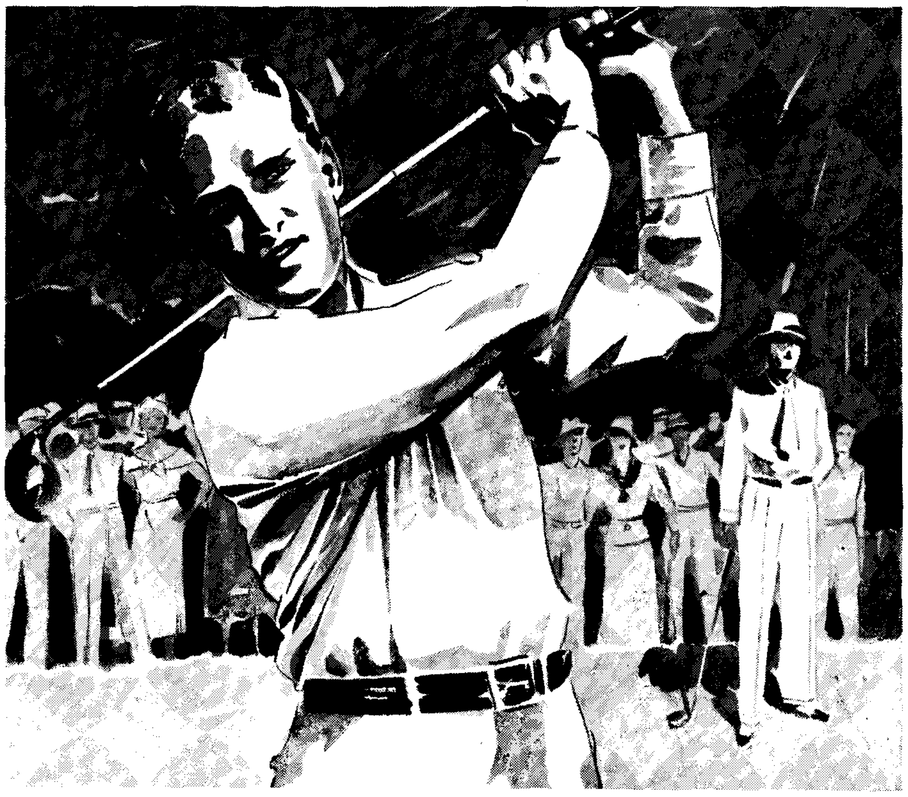
"There?"

"Yes."

"There's a half million dollars' worth

(*Continued on page 52*)

YOU MAY ENJOY BETTING ON YOUR GOLF GAME—



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● What a drive! What a thrill! What a game! Maybe you won. Maybe you lost. Still it was fun. But gamble when you buy a battery and there is neither fun nor profit in it.

USL batteries deliver 41% more cold starting power than the standard required by S. A. E. (Society of Automotive Engineers). And tests made on 666 batteries of 17 different makes prove that USL batteries give 85% longer life than the average life of all other makes tested.

Ask a nearby USL dealer to tell you about "Activite", the new patented plate material, and show you the new "Durabar" (double-protection) separator which make possible the extra power and longer life of USL batteries.

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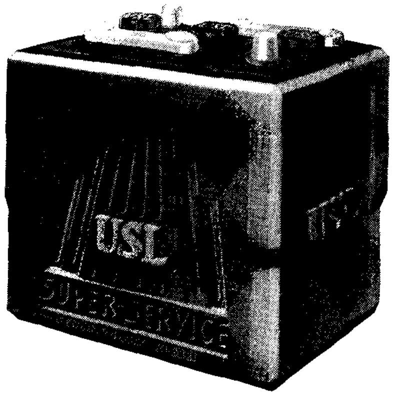

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When you buy a USL battery you have a product which has built into it 34 years of successful experience and research — a battery which is used as standard equipment on many leading automobiles —a product which is enthusiastically endorsed by 18,000 USL dealers and millions of satisfied users.

More Power USL Longer Life
BATTERIES

HE ALWAYS BROUGHT HOME PRESENTS
. . . AND AN ATTACK OF
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Don't try to curb
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
with cheap substitutes
Delays can be dangerous

IT was always a happy evening when dad got home from a trip. There were candy or flowers for mother—new toys for the youngsters—and something else that he wouldn't *intentionally* wish on the family for worlds.

In his shoes he carried home a stealthy infection that spread tiny, watery, peeling blisters and *itching* to every toe in the house.

Don't you infect others

You can pick up "Athlete's Foot" in the most spotless bathrooms and showers of the best hotels—in clubs or locker-rooms—anywhere that bare feet walk on wet floors. *And you can spread it in your own bathroom.*

Better examine your toes tonight. Is the skin turning red in spots? Are there blotches of dead white skin, stickily moist? Blisters? Skin cracks?

Start using Absorbine Jr. at once—for these are the warnings of "Athlete's Foot."

Absorbine Jr. kills the germ

"Athlete's Foot" is so difficult to kill that socks must be *boiled* 15 minutes to kill the germs once lodged there.

Laboratory tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues. Clinical tests also prove its effectiveness.

Don't risk imitations!

Beware of weak and worthless imitations which have flooded the market to trade upon the proved success of Absorbine Jr. When you fail to stop "Athlete's Foot" it can run into even more dangerous infections. Thousands of grateful letters say Absorbine Jr. gets results. All druggists sell it, $1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

For SUNBURN, Too!

For broken, burning skin, Absorbine Jr. is cooling and healing. Not greasy. Pleasant to use.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, bruises, aches, burns, cuts, abrasions, sprains, sleeplessness, sunburn

(Continued from page 51)

of Frisco luxury floatin' around the hills in silk stockin's and a light car that won't shed an ounce of snow. Seen her?"

"No."

"She left without aye, yes or no. Filling-station man at summit saw her pass east. Before dark. That's all. You sure you ain't seen her?"

"No."

"Well, she'll sure freeze if she's stalled on the road. This Drummond's been breathin' down my neck for three hours."

There was a long pause. Miles Anderson studied the wall, making stray lines on it with a thumb nail. He said: "I wouldn't worry—until morning."

Henry Horn's grunt was distinct. "Why didn't you say so?" He hung up.

"Thank you," murmured the girl, "for the interlude."

"Tomorrow's the day you get married."

"Miles," she demanded, "what do you think of me?"

"Why?"

"Never mind."

She sat on the bunk, slender legs tucked under, her back against the wall in the attitude of repose; but there was no repose inside the lax symmetry of that body, no calm. The wide and even eyes were sultry with rebellion, and underneath the roundness of shoulder and breasts that sense of a turgid energy strengthened. He looked once, and then away, speaking through his pipe smoke:

"Guerdon Steele walked into this country penniless and when he died he left a million dollars that your father took to Frisco to invest and that you, in your turn, can't possibly spend. Guerdon never gave a damn about money. He sowed his dollars in the streets of Pendleton when he was drunk. When he was sober he laughed about it. He liked living—he liked what he could smell and see and feel. He never rode a gentle horse, he never sat in a chair when he could squat on his heels. He trailed a horse thief eight hundred miles, found three thieves waiting for him—and left all three dead right there.

"When his own turn came to die he was lord of eighty thousand owned acres and his only regret was that he knew his son hated the place and wouldn't keep it. So he arranged for eight Umatilla Indians to come after he was dead and carry him away on a travois and bury him after dark and burn a fire on the grave so all trace of it would be lost. Some of the things he did weren't pretty, but none of them was small. He was a sort of savage, never knowing a mild moment, never wanting to. Good luck or bad luck didn't matter. It was the game that counted, and it had to be lively. There were others in the land like him, but I think the pattern's busted now."

Judith Steele laced her fingers together. "No," she whispered. "Not altogether broken." And she studied him with a flickering strangeness.

"That's your bed," he said, and stood up. Rising, she watched him take the top blanket and walk to the kitchen.

WHAT woke him was the muted threshing of horses' feet in the thick snow, the echoes penetrating that otherwise stillness of the buried hills. The notice brought him instantly up from his blanket on the floor; for all his sleeping had been fitful, contingent on the certain knowledge that they would come before full day. Faint, gray light swirled through the rooms and when he slid the curtains of the kitchen window aside he looked out upon a cheerlessly violet world. He saw nothing of them then; only heard a brief and cautious call run from the trees:

"Rand."

He passed to the front room, drew the tholepin from the door latch; he lighted the lamp and let his fingers brush the top of the gun aside his waistband. And then he looked down at Judith Steele, curled child-like beneath the quilts, the copper hair shaken around sleep-flushed temples. He had meant to waken her, but she was already awake and watching him quietly, and he thought then that she realized there was trouble. Saying nothing, he cut a path toward the kitchen with his hand and turned away, hearing her slip quickly to the kitchen. Afterwards he parted the living-room window curtains and surveyed the narrow clearing again.

Two shadows emerged from the trees, each rider and horse making a welded shape against that curt, chilly twilight. Rand's name was spoken more insistently; the horses stumbled on through the drifts and halted. A voice arrived: "Get on—get on." In another moment they had circled the house and stopped by the front door, seeming to wait. Judith whispered from the kitchen, "All right, I'm dressed," and at that Miles Anderson retreated from the lamp and faced a suddenly opening door across the width of the room.

ABE LEBOLD came in first, his big palm extended, the fingers splayed. One curl of jet, dense hair crept down from the brim of a sleet-caked hat and struck an instant air of recklessness across a face extremely broad and blunt. Big jaws shelved out from flat neck hinges and a kind of animal health simmered in eyes as unwinkingly watchful as those of a wolf. Behind a shoulder of this vast man stood the henchman Forgan, vertical lines of his shad cheeks gray with changeless evil, protected as always behind the physical greatness of LeBold. Both men stopped and stared over the lamp—for that one moment sightless because of the long night in their eyes. Forgan kicked the door shut and LeBold said: "We're late, Rand. How about some coffee?"

Miles Anderson said, inexpressibly soft: "Coffee, Judith."

The rigors of shock seized both. Forgan took one sideward step and lifted an arm, fingers hanging limply from the wrist in a way that reminded Anderson of a setter come to point. But Abe LeBold, hearing what he could not yet see, was a dark statue stained by the lamplight's yellow. Then Miles Anderson saw recognition color his contracting pupils. LeBold's first talk was quick and cautious and hard:

"Stand fast, Forgan."

"You'll get the coffee," said Miles Anderson.

LeBold's glance raced down Miles Anderson and discovered the gun; it lifted over Anderson and found the girl; and it returned to Anderson, narrow and greedy for facts. He murmured out of lips motionlessly apart: "Where's Rand?"

"I couldn't use Rand."

"It ain't clear."

"I tapped Rand's wire and heard you call him day before yesterday. I know the location of every campfire you made from Y Cross to Canada, from Canada back to Y Cross. Five of my men have had you in sight between sunlight and sundown ever since the twenty-eighth day of November. Rand is your supply agent. I knew that, so I got rid of him."

"A set trap," breathed LeBold. "So where's the men now—where's Henry Horn?"

"No. I tally my own sheep. Didn't you know it?"

"Cold turkey?"

"Not quite cold. You and your mongrel have got guns. You're faced this way. That's better than being faced the other way—like Tom Cherburg was."

Thin irony relieved LeBold's singing phrases: "Find twelve men to agree on that. And what've you got to make sure?"

"Think again. Cherburg left my ranch and went straight to Lobo Creek. That's where we found him, with his face in the water and a bullet through his head. You were on Lobo Creek. Nobody else was, that week. If it isn't enough, you've been prowling the edges of my range for a year. If that isn't enough, you ran for Canada after he was killed."

"Make it stick in court."

"Think again," urged Miles Anderson. He was there in the kitchen doorway, torso and shoulders and head filling it while the brief words ran into the hush like liquid across glass.

"It'll never reach trial," said LeBold. "I know what law is."

"You get a break," said Miles Anderson. "Judith, there's wood outside in the shed."

The door behind him opened and a cold wind gushed on his neck. The door closed.

"You're pretty smooth, Miles," LeBold muttered. "But I think I'll give you my gun and take a jury. I've done it before—and walked the streets of Pendleton a free man. It's the wrong year for a shoot-out."

"It's the same—this year or fifty years ago. As long as grass grows and cattle run. Some things don't change. Tom Cherburg was a friend of mine."

LeBold said, evenly, "Your girl's in the doorway." But that was fake and Miles Anderson knew it from the pure shafts of yellow rage pouring through LeBold's heavy eyes. The man's shoulders rippled with the exertion that sent his arm down and forward and up; and the stunning detonation smashed the too-small space of the rooms and seemed to rend apart the rafter joints. It was one fragment of action smeared into another, nothing clear, nothing distinct. Above LeBold's vest points and below the girth of his neck lay the plain target of his chest, and into it Miles Anderson, without remorse, flung his bullet. Forgan screamed, fired wild, and the lamp flame danced and died in that bedlam, and the smoky, acrid silence came pulsing back to the room.

THE scene Anderson saw then was like a moving film whose central pieces had been cut to speed the finish, which was of LeBold lying dead beneath the table and Forgan creeping toward the door, dragging a shattered arm beside him. Down somewhere in the trees a strong shout hollowly beat along the bitter air. The back door opened and Judith Steele ran in, crowding past Anderson and flattening herself against the living-room wall.

Forgan tried to open the front door and failed; and the shouting was then directly in front of the cabin. Forgan said, "Cherburg was your friend and I told LeBold it was bad business gutting him," and cringed away as Henry Horn battered in the door and a clean rectangle of daylight breached the inner gloom. Behind Horn stood a deputy, gun swinging up; behind the deputy stood Lew Drummond, very pale.

But it was Judith Steele that Anderson watched, all the rest of this play turning dim even then in his brain. The lithe body pressed against the wall, shoulder and hip and palm, and along that flat surface her figure made a medallion of wild, vital beauty. The silhouette he saw was without fear, without regret.

Henry Horn said, not surprised: "You said on the phone, not till daylight. Here's daylight. This is it, Miles?"

"I told you the story would come."

"Judith," exclaimed Lew Drummond, and ran at her. "What a miserable thing to put you through!"

"Forgan," said Henry Horn, "what's there about a busted arm to make you shiver so?"

"We can ride one of the horses back to the car," Drummond told the girl.

She went slowly to the bunk and picked up her coat. Drummond held it and Drummond stared at Anderson with a stony unrecognition—a gentleman expressing his deep anger. But Judith suddenly turned to Miles Anderson, all her words rounding out in the hush: "You have made one thing forever impossible for me, Miles," she said.

MILES ANDERSON plugged a little snow in the radiator and cranked a stone-cold engine to life. He bucked back into the highway and drove between the sheared snow walls, unmindful of the radiator's sudden boiling. At the filling station he stopped for water and eased along the quick turns out of the Blues, soon speeding across the reservation. Pendleton was sloppy with a traffic-churned slush and great pillars had been shoveled in front of the hotel walk, wherein some pragmatic artist had sculptured twin Thunder Birds. Miles Anderson stopped at the desk.

"Miss Steele?"

"Number two-ten—if you can wade through the bridesmaids. They got everything up there but an Episcopal cathedral. But the fellow bein' married has been takin' something for his cold and something's wrong. Tell me? I seen weddings before and they don't begin like this."

He walked thoughtfully to the stairs. A man hustled across the lobby and said: "Wait. Henry Horn phoned in. Henry said Forgan confessed that LeBold had ambushed Tom Cherburg last November and that he'd heard you were looking for him. So he was on his way back to spot you. But it's funny. There's this girl—"

"Not now," said Miles Anderson, and went up. The door of Number 210 was open and a pair of the San Francisco girls came out and brushed his elbow and looked up at him with sudden keenness. He stopped on the threshold, saw Lew Drummond in the center of the room speaking to Judith posted at the far windows.

"If it's another weird impulse, I won't stand for it. Eight hours alone with the man! I'm modern, but—" The two girls were coming slowly back along the hall. Judith Steele caught sight of him and her body straightened around and he went in, not sure any more, not confident, feeling Lew Drummond's angry glance eating at him. But then it no longer mattered, for Judith was moving toward him and smiling from half-parted lips. He said, gently, to Drummond:

"It's tough. But sometimes it happens like this."

"Not in eight hours!"

"What's time?" said Miles Anderson. "She's Guerdon Steele's granddaughter."

Drummond was a faint shadow on the edge of his vision, just a shadow growing fainter and fainter behind the high and glowing tumult in Judith's eyes. He said to her: "What's time?"

She made a little bow, at once gay and reckless. "This is the beginning, Miles. Everything else has been waiting—for both of us."

"Some things never change, Judith."

"Not in eight hours!" complained Lew Drummond.

One of the girls at the doorway caught her breath. "Lew," she said. "Lew, come on out. I could have told you the other night. You're—you're not in that tradition."

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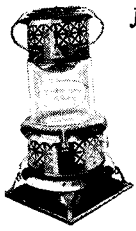

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CARTER'S INK

She went to the Fair

Continued from page 9

to call his office after lunch. Mrs. Martin, in charge of the Women's League headquarters, turned out to be an old friend of Grandma's—they'd met at conventions of the State Federation of Women's Clubs; and she said they really must manage to be on the Twelfth Street Bridge at dusk, and see the lights go on under the impulse that had started from Arcturus forty years ago.

They lunched in a German beer garden west of the lagoon; then Hubert went to the telephone, and came back much disgruntled.

"Thought I had this week clear," he growled, "but I've got to work this afternoon. Shall I meet you somewhere here, for dinner?"

"I'll be half dead by dinner-time," his sister admitted. "Let's dine at the apartment; then you can take Alice somewhere afterward."

"All right. . . . What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"Mrs. Parrish and I were going to the Oriental Village. Alice—"

"Alice wouldn't care for that," Hubert announced.

Alice, if anybody had asked her, would have agreed—but he hadn't asked her, he had told her. She was about to tell him defiantly that the Oriental Village was exactly what she was going to see; but—

He wanted to marry her; and nobody else wanted to marry her. She liked him, and she ought to be doing something with her life; as his wife she'd be useful, and probably happy. . . . Not like what she'd felt for a week, in a Cape Cod bungalow; but that had got her nowhere. She knew better than to trust an emotion like that again.

"No, I wouldn't," she assented meekly. "I'll go swimming instead."

So Hubert hurried off to the nearest gate; and the three women stood looking for rickshaws.

"There!" said Mrs. Lewis. "Three of them, empty. Rickshaw!"

They came up—three grinning, sweating young men in white shirts and blue-piped orange shorts. . . . Alice stiffened, felt a surge of rage and humiliation. The one on the right. . . .

HIS grin faded as he saw her; his deep-tanned face turned pale, its muscles were taut. He had the decency to give no sign of recognition; but Alice wasn't in a mood to appreciate that.

"Dick Adams!" she blazed. "What on earth does this mean?"

"You ordered a rickshaw? Where to, please?"

The other women, in the other rickshaws, had started toward the Oriental Village; but Grandma called to her—

"I didn't catch the name, Alice."

"Never mind the name!" said Alice. "I w-wouldn't introduce a Chinese coolie, would I? Nor a white man who's doing a coolie's work!"

She looked at him as she said it, but he was unmoved. . . .

"To the bathing beach," she commanded, climbing in. "And if you run hard all the way I'll see that you get a liberal tip."

Over his shoulder he tossed back to her, with maddening calm—

"We can't be compelled to run more than a hundred feet, madam."

"Oh. . . . Well, you'll get the tip anyway."

"Thank you, madam. I'll try to earn it."

"You'd really take a tip?" she gasped. "From me? . . . And if you call me madam again I'll jump down and hit you!"

"No," he admitted, "I wouldn't take it—from you. But I take tips from other people. I need them."

There was silence, then—a long silence, while he edged through the swarming crowds on the Boardwalk.

"Dick," she said at last, "do you *mean to say this is the only job you* could get?"

"At the moment. The country is full of unemployed Ph. D.'s." (So he'd got his degree, anyway. She'd often wondered.) "I was lucky to get this," he added. "Most of these jobs are filled by track men."

"But even professional football is better than this!"

"I lost out on that—broke my leg the first game and was out for the season. Then I had to take a clerical job, and couldn't get in condition for the next fall. . . . I've had worse jobs than this, since then. It's never less than twenty a week; sometimes over thirty. . . . With tips."

"But can you live on that, in Chicago?"

"Oh, yes—in a South Side furnished room. I even save a little. . . . I don't live the way you do, of course; but I never did."

THE way she lived. . . . If he could see her *washing dishes, and cleaning* house, and rolling her own cigarettes because she couldn't afford to buy them. . . . No more was said till they reached the beach; then—

"Dick! You're hired by the hour, aren't you?" He nodded. "You could wait here while I swim, without losing money?" He nodded again. "Then you could just as well go swimming with me," she suggested.

"I will not! You wouldn't ask a Chinese coolie to go swimming with you, would you? Nor a white man doing a coolie's work."

"So that hurt you, did it? Well, you've let yourself in for it. . . . I'm paying for your time; I'll bet the rules don't let you refuse—"

"To pull a rickshaw. But I can't be hired as a gigolo."

"All right," she said after a pause. "Stay here and wait for me."

He sat down on the sand; presently he saw her, in a scanty suit and scarlet cap, plunging into the feeble waves. Beyond the crowd, beyond the ropes; out and out— Uneasily he looked around for the life guards, but none was near. . . . She was a tireless swimmer; they used to spend long hours together in the water, that week of their marriage. . . . But that was buoyant salt water, and a good deal warmer than Lake Michigan. The scarlet cap was far out now—dangerously far out. . . .

He took off his shoes; in shirt and shorts he plunged in after her.

After a long time he reached her. She was floating in the top layer of water warmed by the sun, and she looked at him rather frigidly.

"Oh. So you changed your mind, did you? Why?"

"You know why. You came way out here because you knew I'd follow—"

"Well, I c-couldn't stand talking to you in a rickshaw, and seeing you working and sweating like a horse— Pulling me!"

"That's my job," he said grimly. "We'd better go back in, Alice. Your husband might not like this." She gasped. "Wasn't that your husband?" he demanded. "The fat man you were saying goodby to outside the beer garden just as I came up. You treated him like a husband."

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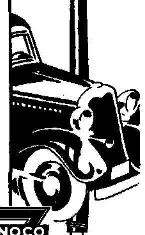

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"I did not! . . . You know how I treat a husband. Sometimes I was rotten to you, I know; but sometimes— Why did you stop writing to me?"

"I'd broken my leg. I was afraid you'd want to pay my bills."

"I would have, if I'd known. We still had it, then." He looked at her in amazement. "Now—" she said, and told him what had happened.

"You poor kid!" he groaned. "Well, in that case I can admit that I was a darn' fool three years ago, when I wouldn't live on your money. I've learned since then that anybody's money— Still, I couldn't have got my degree before you went broke; and I'd be out of a job—"

"But nevertheless—" Alice sighed, her shoulder brushing his in the water. . . . You can kiss a girl when you're both floating, if she coöperates. . . . They swam in; and smoked together on the sand; and she told him everything—even all about Hubert.

"Hell!" he growled. "You'd be crazy to marry him. . . . No—you'd be crazy not to. I—I don't make enough to ask you—"

"I wouldn't live on tips, anyway—not even for you."

"And my job only lasts while the Fair lasts," he concluded. "And teaching jobs will still be scarce in the fall. . . ."

"I—I guess I'd better go," said Alice. "How much do I owe you?"

"Not a cent. This was on the house. . . . On me, I mean."

"DICK, I won't do that. You work for a living. I—I'm sorry I ever said anything about the tip, but what's the regular fare?"

"I'll let you pay me," he conceded, "if you'll let me spend the money on you in the Streets of Paris tomorrow night. I'm on the night shift—but I can get off by midnight, and it's just going good then."

"I can't; I'm going with Hubert. . . . But his sister's going too," she added, weakening. "And Grandma. If you—if you just happened to turn up— I know it's no use; but I'd like to dance with you once more."

But she looked desperate when she rejoined Grandma at the Y. W. C. A.

"It's too bad you missed the Oriental Village," said Grandma. "Simply remarkable, the things those women can do. Though I'm not surprised your Uncle Clem would never tell me about it. . . . So that was Dick. I liked his looks, Alice. Did you make it up with him?"

"Oh, don't be so romantic! . . . I've got to get ready for dinner."

"At Mrs. Lewis'? You're having your dinner sent up to this room," said Grandma firmly. "You've got a headache. . . . Now don't give me an argument. If you go out with Hubert tonight, in this frame of mind, you'll say something you'll be sorry for. I don't know whether it will be yes or no, and probably you don't either; but I know you'll be sorry in the morning, whichever it is. Give yourself time to think it over."

"I guess I'd better, at that. . . . But how did you know, Grandma?"

"Oh, dear! Don't you think we ever got ourselves into jams, back in the eighties? The technique was different then, but—"

Hubert, arriving for dinner, found his sister alone.

"Alice has a headache," she said. "You'd better work quick, boy. I saw the cause of the headache—a big handsome brute named Dick Adams."

"Dick Adams? Good Heavens! They were—they were engaged, once."

"Oh. Well, he's pulling a rickshaw now, and she doesn't like it. There's a bit of snobbery about your friend Alice; it's apt to happen, when girls from a place like Ordsburg go to school in Paris. Still—"

"Damn!" he said. "And that merger will hold me up most of tomorrow. Can you—can you keep an eye on her, Fan?"

"I'll try to. The grandmother, thank God, seems to want to rest tomorrow. She's all for seeing sunrise from the Streets of Paris; says she doesn't want to start till along toward midnight. That lets me out; I've seen that sunrise once and once is enough. But the old lady will probably give out sooner than she thinks; you can take her home—and then, if you can't persuade Alice to go back and see that sunrise—"

"I'll do it! She's got to say yes or no tomorrow night."

Mrs. Lewis called Alice the next morning, and was delighted to hear that the headache was gone. Perhaps, if her grandmother wanted to rest today, they could drive out for lunch at one of the country clubs. . . . So Alice went out; and an hour later Grandma got up and dressed, and went to the Fair grounds. She went to the office in the Administration Building to find out where she could reach a certain rickshaw boy. He was on the night shift, but—

An hour later a sleepy young man was called down to the rooming-house parlor to see an old lady who said she'd heard so much about him that she was curious to see what he was like. Before she left she knew all about him; but he didn't see what good that would do. He had no right even to think about Alice; he couldn't keep two people, even if she was willing to live on tips . . . Still—Just one more dance—

That afternoon Hubert had a telephone call from his sister.

"Tonight or never," she said. "Alice told me everything today. I think you can get her if you play her right—but it seems that she promised Adams a dance if he turned up tonight at the Streets of Paris. She rather wishes she hadn't now; she really is fond of you, Hubert. Still, if she sees him tonight— Well, you never can tell what may happen."

"Oh, Lord. . . . I'd like to call that party off. I've had a hard day in a hot office; to have to dance all night on top of it—"

"Old Mrs. Parrish would scalp you, if you called it off. But if you can brace up and go through with it, I'll see that you don't have any competition. I have a sudden—and secret—desire to see the Fair this evening; just ride around till midnight, looking at the lights. Adams is working from six to midnight and I've pulled some wires and got him assigned to me. When he's hauled two hundred and seventeen pounds all over the place for six hours. . . ."

"GRANDMA, you'll kill yourself!" Alice protested for about the tenth time, as old Mrs. Parrish and Hubert came off the dancing floor in the Moulin Rouge Casino at the Streets of Paris.

"Nonsense! I can sleep all day tomorrow; and I love to waltz."

"You waltz very beautifully," said Hubert, panting but gallant.

"When I get a partner like you. The young men don't seem to know how to waltz, any more. . . . My, this beer is good!"

But she drank it with a sinking heart; it was half past one. They had gone all over the movie-lot reproduction of Parisian streets, seen all the peep shows—much denatured since Mrs. Lewis had seen them, to Grandma's disgust; they'd wandered through seven or eight cafés, and had drunk beer on the tree-bordered, open-air plaza beside the lake. Now, for half an hour, they'd been dancing in the stuffy, crowded Moulin Rouge—and there was still no sign of

(Continued on page 56)

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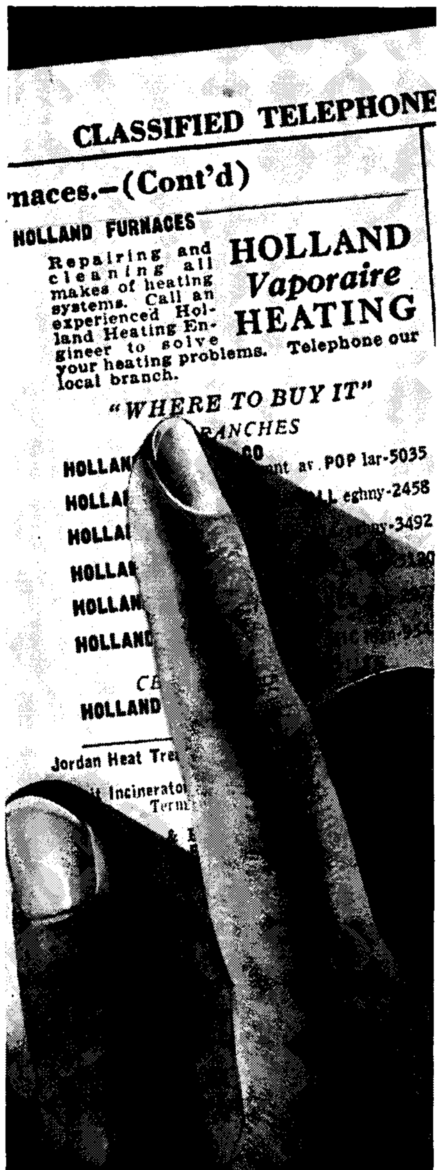
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(Continued from page 55)

the young man who had told Grandma this morning that he was going to have one last dance with Alice.

Then she saw Dick in the doorway—Dick in street clothes, tall and husky and young. Grandma stood up and waved to him, wildly; it was all she could do to keep from giving three cheers.

"Well, young man!" she said as he came up to her. "You're late."

"Couldn't help it. There was a terrible fat woman— Why," he recalled, "she was with you and Alice yesterday, when I first saw you!"

"Hubert's sister. . . . Well—what did she do to you?"

"She hired me at six o'clock and kept me pulling her around all night—not a minute's rest. And I had to take her; I'd be fired if I didn't. She gave me a twenty-dollar tip, but—"

"You took it, I hope?" Grandma interrupted. "Fine! If it's part of your job that's nothing to be ashamed of. . . . How are your feet?"

"Good enough to dance with Alice," said Dick cheerfully.

Alice hadn't realized how embarrassing it would be to introduce her ex-husband to her probable future husband. She tried to take it coolly; Dick seemed to take it coolly; but Hubert looked as if he'd seen a ghost. . . . Which he had; when you think your competitor is out of action, to find him appearing suddenly, suave, cheerful, young—young; that was the worst of it. Any man who could drag Fan around for hours and still be able to walk— It made Hubert feel, suddenly, very old. . . . And now the music was starting, and he had to drag this old woman around the floor while Alice floated lightly away in Dick's arms.

BUT they didn't float far; the crowd was so thick, by now, that you could hardly move. The indefatigable Grandma made Hubert keep on trying, but Dick looked hopelessly at Alice.

"Let's have a glass of beer—outside."

They had it at a terrace table under an overhanging tree, with the lake lapping the shore just below them. Around them, the skies were bright with a fantastic illumination, red and white and green and blue.

"Glorious!" Alice sighed. "Dick, do you suppose the world our children are going to live in really might look like this?"

"*Our* children?" They both flushed suddenly, and were silent.

"Is—is this where you see the sunrise?" she stammered presently.

"Yes. . . . It's a great sight. Sunrise in Chicago, with a mob of people having a good time behind you— It makes you feel that maybe, after all the misery of these last years, things are going to break right. Being around this Fair all the time gives you a different outlook."

"I know it. . . . Funny," she said, "I could have a job at the Fair."

"Alice! Could you? . . . Lord, if you could only just be around—"

"Oh, it's nothing much. A friend of Grandma's runs the Women's League headquarters. The girl who answers the telephone for her has to go back home, and Grandma asked Mrs. Martin to hold the job till she spoke to me. I'd love it—but I don't suppose I could live on fourteen dollars a week. Grandma seemed to think I could manage it, if I could get somebody to share a furnished room with me—"

She broke off suddenly and stared at him, flushing slowly. He stared at her, with a dawn of incredulous hope—

At just that moment a thin birdlike old lady who had been dancing indefatigably suddenly wilted, and had to be carried back to her table by her stout and panting partner. There was a commotion, waiters fanned her while the stout man looked alarmed; presently she seemed to revive.

"I'm all right," she bleated feebly. "Only I'm afraid, Hubert, I'll have to ask you to take me home. Where's Alice? . . . Oh, did they go out in the open? Well, they'll be back; and there's no use trying to find anybody in the Streets of Paris on a Saturday night. I—I think I could hold a pencil; I'll leave a note for her with the waiter. . . . I suppose you want her to wait with Mr. Adams till you come back, Hubert?"

He knew he ought to want it; if he left her with Dick— But all he could think of was that he was hot and damp and exhausted, and that his feet hurt as they had never hurt before.

"Never mind," he sighed. "Adams can see that she gets home."

. . . And meanwhile, at a terrace table beside the lake—

"We could manage it," Dick was saying excitedly, "and even save money. And you wouldn't have to live on tips. . . . Of course," he conceded dubiously, "your job—and mine too—would only last till October. After that—" The girl whose hands were clasping his laughed at him.

"Who cares what happens after that? Things will break right; we'll make them break right, somehow. . . . Dick, let's go and tell Grandma; and then—Where do you live?" He grinned at her.

"Hey, wait a minute. We've got to get married again. . . . There's a place called Crown Point," he said. "Over the Indiana line. People get married there at all hours. We'd have to hire a car to get there at this time of night—but I got a twenty-dollar tip this evening. If you wouldn't mind using that money that way—"

"I can't imagine a better way to use any money," said Alice.

That high optimism faded a little as they went back to break the news to Grandma—and to Hubert, the answer to a bankrupt father's prayer. When she saw them, drab discouragement might sweep over her again— But they were gone; the waiter handed Alice a note which she skimmed—

"Grandma's tired out," she announced. "Hubert took her home. But she says she's all right; I needn't worry about her—and I'm sure she means it. So let's see where we can hire a car."

. . . The sun was rising as the car carrying Mr. and Mrs. Adams rounded the curve of the lake shore on its way back to Chicago. The lake was a dazzling glitter; far ahead the Michigan Avenue skyline loomed bright in the sunrise. (Shadows behind it, maybe, but Dick and Alice couldn't see them.) And spots of color, on the buildings of the Fair—

"It certainly gives you a different outlook," Alice agreed.

"It certainly does. . . . I suppose you've got to go back to the Y. W.?"

"For my clothes? Oh, I can collect them this afternoon."

"I thought maybe you'd want to find out if your grandmother's really all right," he said; and Alice began to laugh.

"I didn't tell you all that was in that note, Dick. She said that she could carry on till sunrise, but that poor Hubert was half dead. . . . And she said she'd seen you and me look at each other, and that if I came back to the Y. W. before noon I was no grandchild of hers. And I'll bet she never even heard of Crown Point."

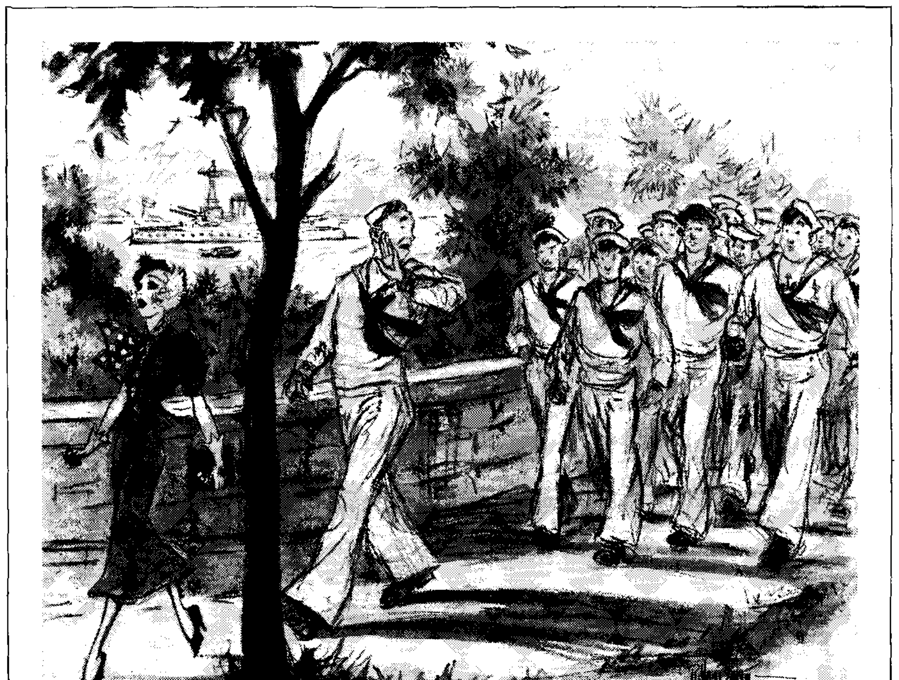
IN THE dusk of Sunday evening, Mrs. Parrish and her friend Mrs. Martin stood on the Twelfth Street Bridge, waiting to see the lights go on under the impulse that started from Arcturus forty years ago; and while they waited, Mrs. Parrish entertained her friend with the romantic story of her granddaughter's remarriage.

"But, Mrs. Parrish!" said Mrs. Martin uncertainly. "I was glad to give her the job, of course; but if they couldn't have got married without it you took a terrible responsibility, ever telling her about it. They'll have barely enough to live on, and they both lose their jobs in October— Don't you feel that they're taking a dreadful risk?"

"I never heard of any two people getting married that didn't take a dreadful risk," said Grandma. "And by the law of averages, it's about time for us Parrishes to get away with some of our finesses. . . . Ah!"

Along three miles of the Fair, lights blazed out suddenly, shining on bright-hued buildings—pale blue and yellow, deep blue and red, every color of the rainbow.

"I don't suppose such a sight was ever seen on earth before," Grandma mused. "It makes you feel that if the human race can do that, it could do quite a few other things, provided it set its mind to them. . . . Well, it took us a long time to get here, me and Arcturus; but I kind of feel that we accomplished something after we arrived."



"She said she doesn't like sailors!" *Raeburn Van Buren*

Society Girl

Continued from page 22

lies in her immense vitality, her flash. Her bearing is self-confident. She is cordial without discrimination to everyone who is accepted in her sphere of society; she is snobbish to outsiders. Her veneer of gayety is unbroken.

She is smartly dressed. Her clothes are current. She patronizes only shops which have an established reputation for smartness; she copies the fashion magazines. She lacks elegance and individuality. Her skin, her hands, her hair are well-groomed.

She talks on any subject from Roosevelt to roller-skating. She has decisive hearsay opinions, although her knowledge is scant. She discusses sex and its variations with interest, and as unself-consciously as clothes and Bermuda. She shines in relating her activities; her success lies in an amusing exaggeration of fact. She enjoys hearing herself talk. Her vocabulary consists of stock words and expressions, which she uses indiscriminately; such as lousy, amusing, swell, pansy, smooth, bitch, divine, revolting, ass, bender, grand, amazing, flop, dull, on the make, hard to take, pulled a fast one, beautiful white body.

Social Success

Popularity is her life-blood; self-promotion her weapon. She goes out to be seen. She accepts invitations from everyone who is acceptable to her friends, regardless of whether she finds them dull. At a night club, a party, a speakeasy, a beach, a hunt meet, she will go out of her way to speak to acquaintances to make sure she is noticed.

She is an exhibitionist. She is always under the impression that everyone is looking at her, and she plays to the gallery. If she is lunching in a restaurant with a girl, her gestures, her animated talk, her beguiling smiles are not for her companion; they are for the man at the next table eating spaghetti.

She is two-faced. She is effusive and admiring with her friends and acquaintances; behind their backs she is viciously critical. She derives a keen enjoyment from this. By devaluating their attraction she lessens their power as rivals, and increases her own stature.

Her days are spent fulfilling a series of appointments from photographic sittings to committee meetings. When this becomes sufficiently monotonous to her she studies psychology, takes a secretarial course, goes in for art, takes a job. She enjoys impressing her friends with her artistic tendencies, or her business ability. She is usually hired for her social connections and the job consists of persuading her friends to buy clothes, permanent waves, etc. She is enthusiastic, she works hard. But at the mention of a trip South, a wedding out of town, an invitation to visit, she quickly vanishes from the business world. When life palls again she starts on another venture.

She appears to be on intimate terms with her family but actually she does not confide in them. She outlines her activities, her likes and dislikes, sufficiently to make them feel secure in their understanding of her. Her attitude is "what they don't know won't hurt them."

Her ambition in life is to marry a man who, from a worldly point of view, is considered a "good catch." She plays to win and not for the fun of it. Every man she meets she eyes as a potential husband and if she decides she can do better she does not discard him but keeps him on the string under a pose of comradeship which she uses to enhance her own desirability and keep her in circulation.

She has no standards for living. She plays croquet without wickets. She is the victim of a debunking era. She degrades romance, reliability, patriotism, family devotion, conduct and good manners. She lacks the comprehension of love, the sincerity to love; therefore she does not believe in love. She accepts the first man who is pleasing to her friends and physically agreeable to her.

She will kiss any man who is attractive to her. She encourages advances to satisfy her vanity. When she realizes he is "on the make," she toys with the idea; she doesn't end the relationship. Until the bitter end there is no way for him to tell whether she will or she won't. And if she won't, she suddenly adopts a misunderstood attitude and scrambles, temporarily, to a Victorian pedestal.

She is a moral coward. She is afraid of the censure of her crowd. She hasn't the guts to take an independent line of action without first soliciting their approval. She has made life a great deal easier for the young man. She will tolerate anything he does for fear of jeopardizing her popularity. Men regard her as a "good sport" and to retain this admiration she accepts drunkenness, discourtesy, unpunctuality. If she is taken on a party with cheap women, if obscene stories are told, she may complain to other friends, but she continues to receive these men. Her excuse to the world is called sophistication.

When she does make the grade, when she does marry the proper catch, she enjoys no great awakening, no new awareness. Her circle of friends increases, but the horizon does not widen. Her attitude toward herself and her environment is permanent. Her development was not only retarded during her débutante year; it was completed.

Self-promotion is still her consuming interest. She becomes a matron with relish; she does it up brown. She capably runs the ménage. She entertains charmingly; she adores chaperoning house parties. She sweetly drives her husband to the train. She takes a mild job if she needs the money. She attends meetings, keeps appointments, is seen at the smart places. She even has a child the first year, and gives it absorbed attention on odd Thursdays. She loves her husband and her child very, very much. She is a very desirable young woman. And she wants everyone to tell her so.

Perpetuating the Type

But when the newness wears down, when the glamour is thinned, the gap appears. Her lack of inner resources, and her inexperience in pulling her oar in a unit, muff the chances for compatibility. If she does not divorce she concentrates on being a social leader. If she does divorce she soon remarries. Her interest in moral questions does not wane, but her technique becomes more correct. With the background secured through marriage she can play the game with more discrimination, more sureness.

She perpetuates her type by raising her girls to be belles. They live according to the same formula and are ground out in the same pattern as she. They are paced through the school routine; they make successful débuts. Before the rising generation has a chance to get a new slant, to branch out, they are right back to where they started from. Thus the merry-go-round.

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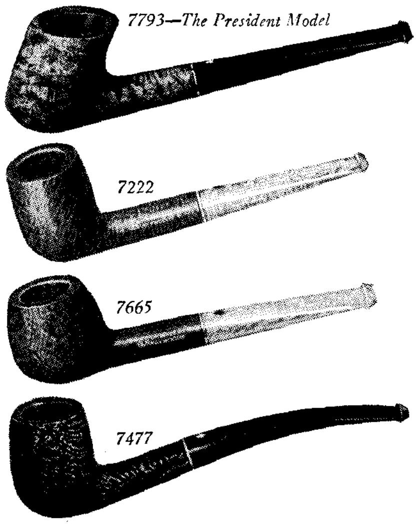

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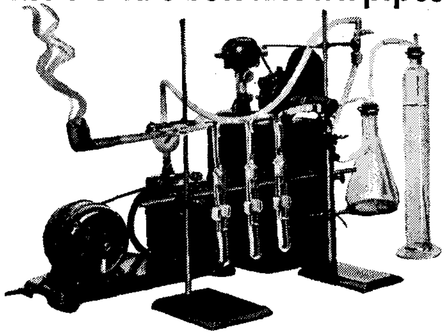

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763

The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 19

happened. The verdict of the jury was unanimous. Mr. Samuel Jesson had committed suicide while temporarily insane.

A triumphant egress, that of Mr. James Huitt. He was the man of the moment. He had supplied the crowded court with the thrill it had been hoping for. Acquaintances tried to detain him in the passage and in the corridor, but he shook his head and passed on. One however, thicker-skinned than the others, blocked his final exit into the street. It was Mr. Tyssen!

"If you had told me that story last night, Mr. Huitt," the young man said reproachfully, "it would not have done anyone a bit of harm and it would have done me a lot of good if ever I want to go back to the shop."

"It is not my mission in life," Mr. Huitt rejoined coldly, "to do you good at 'the shop'—whatever that may mean. With your permission I should like to pass."

"One word first, if you please," the young man insisted. "You have brought this upon yourself. You were the first to use the term 'blackmail' in court. You must have had something at the back of your mind. Now, be a little more human, sir. Give me an idea as to what you think yourself."

"What I am thinking at the present moment, sir," Mr. Huitt remarked with dignity, "is that you are being very impertinent and that you are very much in my way."

"Have a heart, sir," the other begged. "I want to get on to this blackmail stunt. It couldn't have been anything else to have made a man strip himself like that. Do you know anything of his past history?"

"If I did," Mr. Huitt assured his questioner in cold exasperation, "I should not tell it to you. Constable!" he called, beckoning to a burly policeman who was standing in the vicinity.

The policeman swung around. Tyssen removed his cap with a grin.

"One up to you, Mr. Huitt," he admitted, as he strolled dolefully away.

OUTSIDE in the sunny village street Mr. Roland Martin was leaning back in the corner of his limousine smoking a cigar and waiting for the hero of the hour. He was doomed to wait still longer, however, for a thin, aristocratic-looking man with tired eyes and the general appearance of indifferent health, who had lounged into the court and taken a place by the coroner about halfway through the proceedings, leaned from the driving seat of a very powerful two-seater car and intercepted the bank manager.

"Good afternoon, Huitt," he greeted him, nodding languidly. "I got into court just in time to hear you throw your bombshells."

The bank manager had the air of one who was really a little flattered by this notice but had *savoir-faire* enough to conceal it.

"The bombs were not of my making, Lord Milhaven," he protested. "It was my duty to help the coroner as far as possible."

"Quaint idea, that of blackmail," the great man of the neighborhood meditated. "I suppose there must have been something of the sort."

"We can, I think," Mr. Huitt observed with gentle irony, "leave the police to deal with the matter now that they have had the way pointed out to them."

"Rather well put, that," the other approved, as he paused to light a cigarette. "One can never tell these fellows anything, but initiative is certainly what they lack. They won't go out to look for crime. They wait for it to come to them. . . . Doing anything tonight, Huitt?"

"Nothing outside my ordinary routine, your lordship."

Milhaven touched the starting button of his car and signaled to his chauffeur to get in and close the door.

"Come up and dine," he invited. "Eight o'clock. Short coat. Her ladyship's away. I will let you off early—I know what you city grubs are."

"I shall be delighted," Mr. Huitt replied.

His lordship nodded and drove on. The bank manager stepped into the waiting limousine in full and proud consciousness of his friend Martin's almost awed astonishment.

"YOU seem quite pally with the great man," the latter remarked as they rumbled off.

"Lord Milhaven is always very kind," Huitt acknowledged, "although up till now I have only been invited for tennis. You must remember, Martin, that he is a director of our bank. He has, in fact, an account of his own at my branch. He paid me quite a long visit the other morning and he was kind enough to invite me to luncheon at the Paradise Golf Club on the day the Oxford and Cambridge Society come down to play their match."

"You are in luck and no mistake, Huitt," Roland Martin remarked enviously. "Where do you want to go?"

"Home—if it doesn't take you out of your way," was the placid reply. "I was afraid the proceedings might take longer so I arranged for my absence from the bank this afternoon. I propose to change into flannels and have a set of tennis."

Tyssen, more unprepossessing than ever in motor outfit, roared by upon his ancient but powerful motorcycle. Martin looked after him.

"Isn't that our new neighbor?" he inquired.

Huitt's thin lips were drawn very closely together.

"A most unpleasant young man," he pronounced.

Mr. Huitt's proficiency at the game was always a source of wonder to the members of the Oasis Lawn Tennis Club. Notwithstanding the fact that he chose to play in spectacles, his timing of the ball was usually perfect. With arms like the pipestems to which Timothy Sarson had once good-naturedly compared them, he seemed to drive upon occasions as hard as any of the younger members of the club. He never varied his serve and with him a double fault was an unknown occurrence. He admitted to being forty-four years of age but no one had ever seen him out of breath. He played with cold and merciless precision but without any outward evidence of enjoyment. Tyssen, who had been his unsuccessful opponent for three sets, came and sat down by his side during the serving of the home-made lemonade which was the staple beverage of the place.

"Even a coroner's inquest, Mr. Huitt," he remarked, "does not seem to upset your nerve."

"Why should it?"

Tyssen rolled a cigarette with agile but yellow-stained fingers.

"I don't know," he reflected. "I suppose because I am trying to be a writer

(Continued on page 60)

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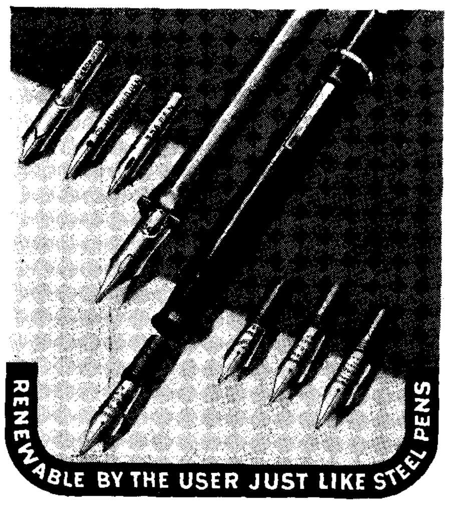
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(Continued from page 59)

I have developed an undue sense of drama."

"I would embrace some other profession, then," Mr. Huitt suggested.

"I shall have to find out, first of all, whether I am going to be a rotten failure at my present one or not. I may have luck. You cannot tell."

Mr. Huitt looked as though he did not care. He edged farther away from his companion and affected to be interested in a set which was being played. Tyssen, however, had no idea of being shaken off.

"There seems to me," he confided, "to be something thrilling about the thought of that poor fellow Jesson having to come to you—one of his best friends—to draw out all his money from your bank and yet not be able to offer you any explanation."

"Your imagination is too indefinite," Huitt commented dryly. "Apart from a sense of regret, which one always feels when a friend does a foolish thing, the situation made no appeal to me."

"I think it was Mr. Anthony Sarson who said the other day that you hadn't a nerve in your body," Tyssen remarked.

"Taken literally the statement was, of course, ridiculous. On the other hand, I certainly do not understand the modern use of the term nerves."

Tyssen smoked furiously for a minute or two and then threw away the tangled remains of his untidily rolled cigarette.

"You yourself," he pointed out, "admit that poor Mr. Jesson's hurried and furtive visits to you with their sinister purpose seemed to indicate that he was being blackmailed. Isn't there something dramatic to you in that thought?"

Tyssen turned suddenly and faced his companion with a freshly rolled cigarette between his rigid fingers. Mr. Huitt, however, continued to follow the movements of the players in the set which he was watching. He answered indifferently:

"Not in the least."

"If everyone felt like you," Tyssen reflected, "a great many crimes in the world would go unpunished."

WITH the utmost deliberation, Mr. Huitt rose to his feet and walked into the locker-room. He adjusted his racket neatly into its press, counted the number of his tennis balls, discharged his reckoning with Mrs. Harris for one cup of tea, two slices of bread and butter and one glass of lemonade, donned his sweater and prepared to take the little stroll along the side of the stream up to his house. Tyssen, with his sweater knotted around his neck and the inevitable cigarette in his mouth, joined him.

"I am afraid I make myself rather a nuisance to you, Mr. Huitt," he apologized awkwardly. "I can't help it. I shall claim the privilege of my profession to hang on to you now and then."

"You are a guest here and, I gather, for a short time only or I might perhaps find it possible to say to you that I am not concerned in your profession," was Mr. Huitt's calm response. "Furthermore, if it is these nerves, which you think every man should possess, which drive you out of your bed at night to make nocturnal expeditions all over the neighborhood, I do not see that I am much worse off for their absence, as I have to catch the eight-twenty train every morning."

If Tyssen was startled by his companion's thrust he showed no signs of it.

"Good evening, Mr. Huitt."

"Good evening, sir. . . ."

Mr. Huitt let himself into his very attractive-looking abode with a latchkey, mounted the stairs, divested himself of his clothes and without any obvious signs of enjoyment indulged in a prolonged shower-bath. Afterwards he performed a leisurely toilet and descended to his small library. Arrived there—it was a room of formal and not displeasing appearance—he did a singular thing for a man who was going to a country house dinner party with the Deputy Lord Lieutenant of the county. After a few moments of impassive listening he opened first a cabinet and then with another key he unlocked a private drawer. From that he took out a revolver and a small bag of cartridges. He loaded the weapon, moved the catch with firm fingers to safety and dropped it into his hip pocket.

It was just as though Mr. Huitt, the bank manager, had been in the habit of carrying a gun all his life.

PAULINE suddenly gripped at her brother's arm. They were walking down the long pine plantation which bordered the twelfth hole of the famous Paradise Golf Links and Anthony was already dangling between his fingers the key which unlocked the exit gate.

"What was that, Tony?" she exclaimed.

He had paused to light his pipe and looked round a little doubtfully.

"I didn't hear anything," he admitted.

Pauline moved nearer to the edge of the wood, followed by her brother. Just as they reached the boundary the sound was repeated—the unmistakable plop of a golf ball upon a well-kept green.

"Jove! There's someone playing at this hour of the night," Anthony Sarson observed in puzzled fashion. "He'll catch it if old Townley finds him."

"But how could anyone get on to the links at all?" Pauline demanded. "You know how strict they are here. Every gate is closed at eight and there was not a soul in the club-house when we came away."

"One of the caddies," Anthony suggested.

"Don't be silly," his sister answered.

They moved stealthily forward and stopped under the shadow of the trees. The twelfth green was only a yard or two away and around the pin, within a foot or so, were five or six golf balls. Anthony Sarson stared at them in amazement.

"But where on earth did they come from like that?" he exclaimed. "There's not a soul in sight."

"I'll tell you where they came from," Pauline whispered with a little breath of excitement. "Do you see that single oak tree just off the course on the left-hand side? There's a man beside it! Wait!"

Again there came a plop upon the green. This time the ball broke with a curious little spin to the left and stopped within a couple of feet of the hole.

"Must be Bobby Jones dropped down from the skies," Anthony Sarson declared.

"Put out your pipe, Tony," his sister begged. "I want to see who it is. He will have to come down to collect the balls."

Anthony stepped obediently back into the wood and parted with the contents of his newly lit pipe. Then he rejoined his sister. The figure of the player was dimly visible now.

"We have not a man in the club who could have played those six shots," Anthony observed, "and as for the pros—well, there isn't one of them would dare risk his job. A golfing poacher! I never heard of such a thing. Look at him stealing along. He's only got one club, too. Well, he'll have to come here," he chuckled. "What on earth are we going to say to him? I couldn't raise my little finger in anger against a man

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$1.00 a month buys

Age	Insurance	Age	Insurance
18	$1275	35	$813
19	1248	36	786
20	1221	37	759
21	1194	38	734
22	1167	39	708
23	1140	40	682
24	1112	41	657
25	1085	42	632
26	1057	43	607
27	1030	44	583
28	1003	45	559
29	976	46	535
30	948	47	512
31	921	48	489
32	894	49	467
33	866	50	445
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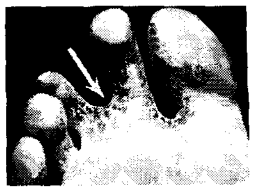

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who can play shots like that. I'm not sure that I could even make up my mind to report him!"

"I should think," Pauline suggested in a low tone, "that it is someone who has been refused a ticket to play and who has been lying hidden all day."

"Might be that," her brother assented doubtfully. "This is the only club I know of in the world where a friend cannot put you down if he plays with you. On the other hand, he is not attempting to play a round. He seems to have just played those six balls from the same spot and on to the one green where he is entirely out of sight from the club-house."

"Keep quiet!" Pauline enjoined. "You see what his game is? He is coming down as far as the fence, then he is going along by the side of it. He will have to pass right by us all the same."

They waited in patience. The moon had become brighter during the last ten minutes. Suddenly Pauline uttered a stifled exclamation:

"Tony—isn't there something familiar to you about the way he walks? It looks like someone I have seen lately."

Her brother's hand grasped her wrist.

"Well, I'm damned!" he muttered. "It's that clumsy fellow, Tyssen, who plays tennis and who is down here fiddling about with novel writing!"

"It can't be," she murmured.

"I tell you it is," he whispered.

TYSSEN had suddenly become unmistakable. Sheltered as he seemed to be from all possible observation, he was walking upright now, his hands in his pockets and his club under his arm. He was within a few yards of them when Anthony stepped forward.

"Hello, my young friend!" he exclaimed. "Having a little night practice, eh?"

Tyssen stood perfectly still. To Pauline, who was watching him the more closely, there seemed something inexplicable in his suddenly drawn face and flashing eyes. He made no response at all for the moment. Instead he turned his back upon them, crossed the green, picked up the balls and dropped them into the pocket of his loose tweed coat. Then he strolled back towards Anthony and his sister. The eyes of the former were riveted upon the club which Tyssen was carrying under his arm.

"What's that club you've got?" he asked.

"A light iron," Tyssen answered. "It's an English club—one of Taylor's, I think. I bought it at Lockwood & Brown's."

"Look here—am I going crazy?" Anthony demanded in a tone of perplexity. "Where are the rest of your clubs?"

"Haven't got any—not here, at any rate," was the brief rejoinder.

"Did you play those balls onto this green," Anthony asked, "from the other side of the oak tree?"

"You must have seen me if you have been standing here watching."

Anthony measured the distance with his eye.

"But it's a matter of two hundred yards," he pointed out.

"I daresay," was the careless reply. "I was always thought to be rather a long hitter when I played."

"When you played!"

Pauline had a sudden idea.

"Tony," she said, "don't you think we had better be moving on? We can take Mr. Tyssen with us. I don't know how you got onto the links, Mr. Tyssen," she went on with a smile, "but there might be a little trouble if you were found here at this hour of the night, and Hegges, the gamekeeper, is due in about a quarter of an hour. You had better come out with us."

"That is very kind of you, Miss Sarson," Tyssen acknowledged. "I'm not particularly keen upon being found here, I must admit."

"Come on," Anthony invited. "We can talk afterwards."

They passed down by the side of the plantation along the tall, wooden-slatted fence and through the postern gate on to the Common. Anthony secured the lock and, producing his pipe, he filled it.

"There are two things I should like to ask you, Tyssen," he said a little shortly.

"Go ahead."

"First of all, what made you take to practicing golf shots in a forbidden spot at this hour of the night?"

"First, because I like doing it," Tyssen replied. "I could not get even a temporary membership here if I wanted it and the Paradise Golf Links are as good as any in the world. Second, I have a peculiar, a ridiculous but none the less a real reason for not wanting anyone around here to know that I play golf a little."

"Play golf *a little!*" Anthony repeated. "Well, I have seen the Walker Cup matches twice but I have never seen anyone play iron shots like yours."

"I used to practice a good deal," Tyssen mumbled uneasily. "May I ask a favor of you?"

"What is it?"

"I told you that I had a special reason for keeping my golf to myself. Would you mind not giving me away? If you will do that I will promise not to trespass upon your golf links again."

"Why, of course we'll promise! Won't we, Tony?" his sister broke in.

Her brother smoked his pipe in silence for a moment.

"It's a queer thing to ask," he observed. "I suppose you realize, Tyssen, that on the strength of those few shots we have seen you play I know that you would rank among the half-dozen best players in the world! I have been captain of the Oxford team for two years and I know what I am talking about."

"I understand something about the game, of course," Tyssen admitted, "and I realize that I am in your hands. If you do as I ask, though, I promise that you will never regret it and you will do a fellow human being a wonderful turn."

"Tony," Pauline begged, "you must consent."

Anthony smiled pleasantly.

"Well," he conceded, "there are not many things in the world I could refuse to a man who can get a cut on an iron shot at two hundred yards with a trajectory no higher than poor old Jimmie Braid's! I'll promise. Yes. On one condition. I shan't tell you what that condition is for the present but it won't do you any harm."

"I'm terribly obliged to you—and to you, Miss Sarson," the young man said, turning towards her awkwardly.

THEY had reached the gate of the Sarsons' abode. Anthony placed his hand upon his companion's arm in friendly fashion.

"Look here," he invited, "we are all late. My sister and I are not going to change; we stayed, having cocktails with some friends up at the club. Come in and have something with us. The old man has stayed up for a city dinner and we are going to sit down alone just like this. Come along—there's a good fellow. I promise that we won't talk golf! In fact, I've got to push off to a dance later on."

"I'm sorry—"

"Please, Mr. Tyssen," Pauline murmured.

"Very kind of you," he accepted huskily.

(To be continued next week)

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IN my first five years as a salesman, I never made more than $45 a week. I knew I ought to make more. But I was ignorant—untrained—didn't really know how to sell. I was commencing to despair of ever learning by experience. It wasn't until one day, when I was reading a certain magazine, that I ever knew there was any other way to learn.

What I read gripped my imagination. I wrote to find out more about the sensational training mentioned, and the amazing new Free book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which was promised. When the book arrived, however, it had a companion—a tiny pocket volume called "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling."

Do you know, that little book was alive with ideas for me! Just one page tipped me off to a bad mistake I was making. Moreover, it showed me how to save at least six recent prospects—turn them into sales, although I thought my chances were gone. In one day, just calling on those six old, supposedly hopeless prospects, I got every one of them—and made $90—two ordinary weeks' pay!

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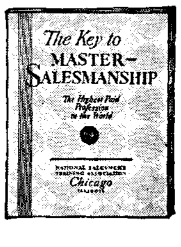
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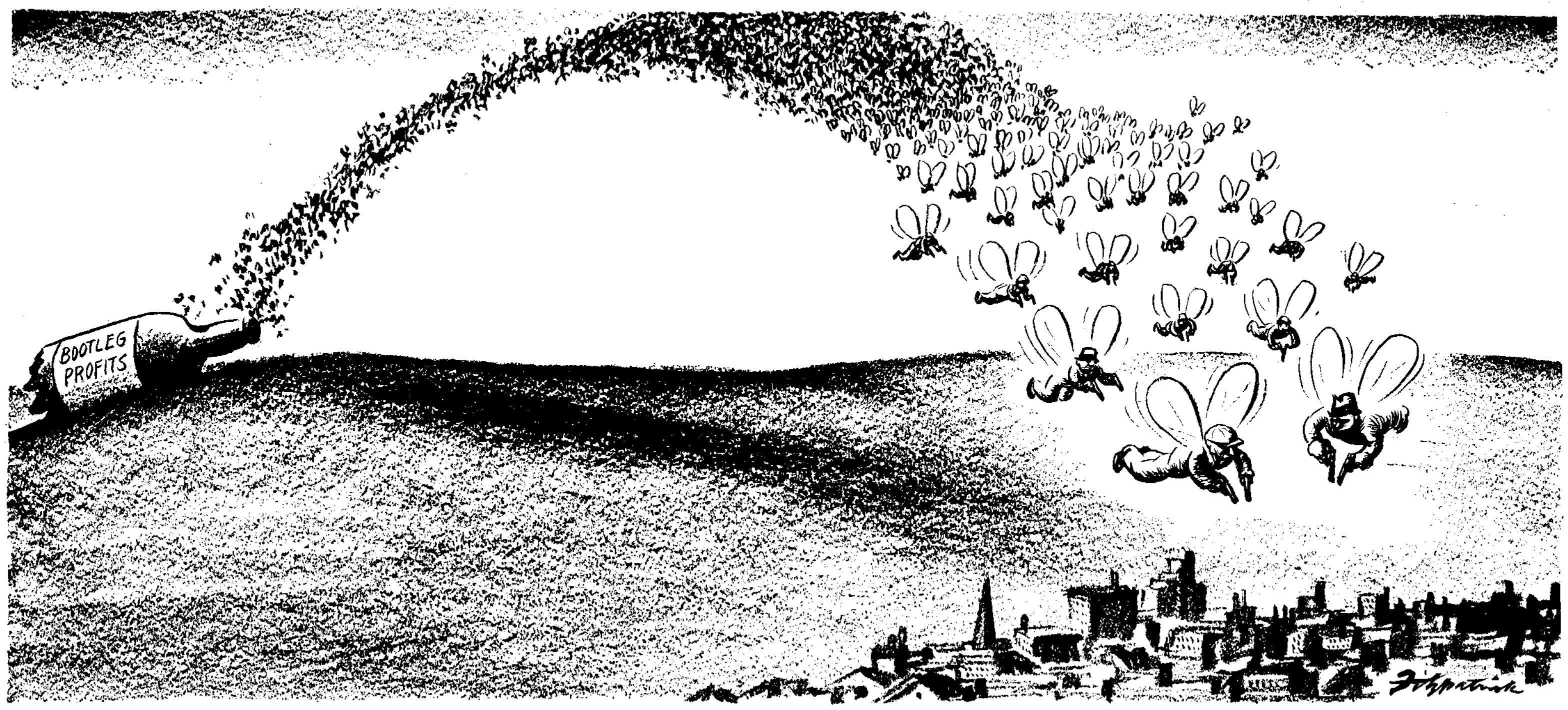


Kidnapping and Prohibition

BEYOND all doubt the appalling outbreak of kidnapping is a direct result of prohibition. We sowed the wind and we are reaping the whirlwind.

During thirteen long years criminals were, in effect, licensed. Liquor could not be had lawfully and so liquor was had unlawfully.

In every important city, in thousands of rural districts in every state, gangs of criminals were tacitly licensed to deal in alcohol.

Public officials condoned and ignored the criminals in the lawless liquor trade because public opinion demanded strong drink. Only criminals were willing to take the risks involved in supplying this commodity. Since influential citizens demanded a service which only criminals could render, criminals had to be tolerated.

In the process, however, our law-enforcing agencies were demoralized. All things considered, the police and the prosecuting officials stood the strain very well, but inevitably some were corrupted and all were weakened.

Now the immensely profitable trade in alcohol is being taken from the bootleggers. Legal beer was the first step. Struggle as they will, the old lawless beer runners cannot successfully compete with honest brewers. The legalization of beer deprived organized crime of a vast source of revenue.

The practical suspension of prohibition enforcement so far as spirits are concerned was the next step. With states voting as they have for repeal, enforcement is impossible.

Years ago most of the dry states abandoned state enforcement. Even the areas historically most arid refused to appropriate sufficient money to enforce prohibition. Responsibility was handed to Washington.

Now Washington has adopted the only policy possible and that means, briefly, nonenforcement. Congress, under the goad of public sentiment, cut the appropriations of the enforcing bureaus. Agents were dropped and the situation created in which enforcement became physically impossible.

With non-enforcement criminals are not essential to the distribution of hard liquor. Drug stores can and do dispense it. In the competition the drug stores and other well-organized commercial organizations are winning over the bootlegger.

The vast army of criminals, gunmen and racketeers who were recruited to protect the outlaw liquor trade are now being forced into the ranks of the unemployed.

It is obvious, however, that criminals who so long have had easy money in large quantities will not now voluntarily accept poverty. They will continue to look for easy money in large quantities. Kidnapping is their present racket.

Thirteen years of licensed crime have produced appalling consequences. No gangs of criminals ever permitted to form are more cruel or unscrupulous. Our government faces a task without parallel in the history of crime.

Murderers, gunmen, thieves and extortioners were bred and trained by prohibition.

Now that prohibition has all but gone, these murderers, thieves, gunmen and extortioners have turned upon the public which tolerated them while it used them.

We are in for the biggest war upon crime ever undertaken by a great modern nation. Not since more than a century ago when civilized governments decided to drive piracy from the seas has anything comparable existed.

President Roosevelt has indicated his willingness to exert the full force of the federal government in this new war on crime and racketeers. This is highly desirable, since kidnapping is largely an interstate crime. Except as prohibition agents were corrupted, federal law enforcement officials have had an excellent record of intelligence and efficiency in discovering and punishing criminals. We shall need all the help the President can give us. The best men available should be employed in the new National Police Bureau.

Essentially, however, in this country police service is a responsibility of state and local governments. The real burden of cleaning out the gangs of criminals, racketeers and kidnappers must be borne by local police.

In nearly every city the police know the criminals by name and by reputation. Most of the recent kidnappings which have attracted public attention have been the work of men known to the police. Hitherto it was necessary to overlook the existence of these known criminals.

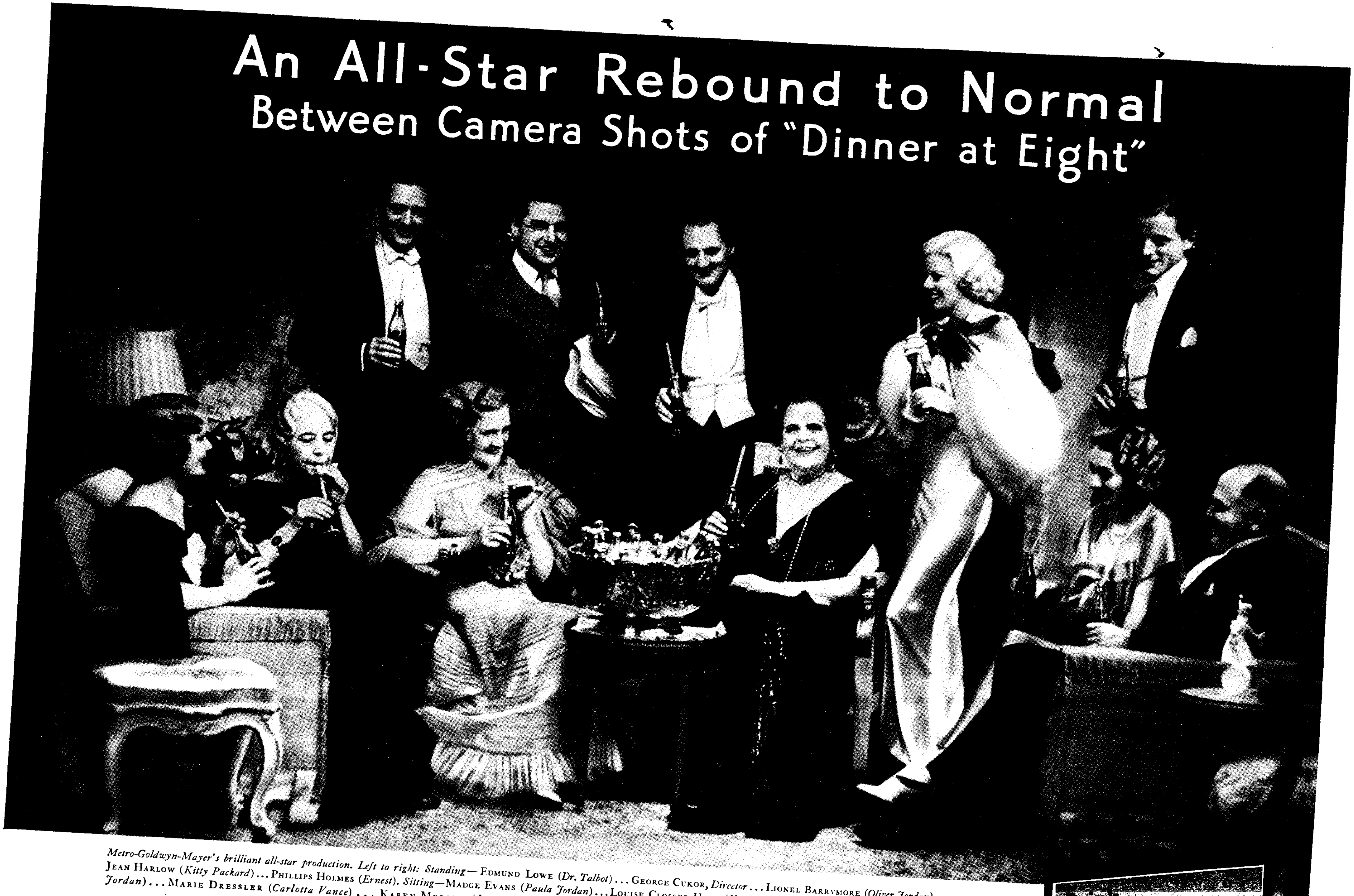
It is not necessary now to ignore their existence or to condone their activities. On the contrary, every police department should concentrate on watching closely the behavior of these men so long employed criminally. Under the watchful eyes of the police the risks of crime are too great to be undertaken.

In some cities the police are still under the domination of corrupt politicians. Where these conditions exist the police alone are not able fully to protect the public. Where the criminal is safe from police interference because he is under a politician's protection, only the voters can act.

This puts the responsibility where it belongs. As a nation we insisted that the police tolerate a certain amount of crime. We supported politicians who saw to it that liquor was supplied without too much police interference. Now the situation has been changed and in self-defense we must break down the alliance between crooked politics and habitual crime. In no other way can we be safe.

An All-Star Rebound to Normal

Between Camera Shots of "Dinner at Eight"



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's brilliant all-star production. Left to right: Standing—Edmund Lowe (*Dr. Talbot*)...George Cukor, *Director*...Lionel Barrymore (*Oliver Jordan*) Jean Harlow (*Kitty Packard*)...Phillips Holmes (*Ernest*). *Sitting*—Madge Evans (*Paula Jordan*)...Louise Closser Hale (*Hattie Loomis*)...Billie Burke (*Millicent Jordan*)...Marie Dressler (*Carlotta Vance*)...Karen Morley (*Lucy Talbot*)...Grant Mitchell (*Ed Loomis*)...A David O. Selznick Production.

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